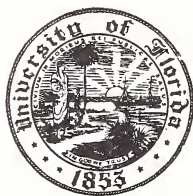


THE AGE OF THE MANAGER

A Treasury of Our Times

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THE AGE
OF THE MANAGER

A Treasury of Our Times

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A Treasury of Our Times

Edited by

Robert and Seon Manley

The Macmillan Company, New York

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This book is for

Robert R. Manley, Sr.
and Webster C. Givens

PREFACE

Management man and woman bear the stamp, Made in U.S.A., just as surely as the products that roll from the assembly line. For the last fifty years we have nibbled at, then swallowed too quickly, but finally digested, a new revolution that has affected every man, woman, and child in the United States. Some of the spokesmen for our society still have industrial indigestion, but it has been more than two hundred years since James Watt first noticed that steaming pot, and the cultural, social, and industrial changes it brewed are an everyday diet for most of us.

This is the age of mass-production technology. In the fifty years since Henry Ford brought out the first Model "T" (and the Model "T" and technology went together like a horse and carriage), the world has been transformed incredibly. The new revolution has been called by Peter Drucker the Industrial World Revolution. It has been christened by the editors of *Fortune* the Permanent Revolution. It has been recatalogued by Mr. Drucker as the New Society. It adds up, says John K. Galbraith, to the Affluent Society. We are, warns David Riesman, "The Lonely Crowd." Our age has been applauded, spanked, chastised, demeaned, denied—but never ignored. Poets have called it the age of Angst.

Writers have embroidered the last fifty years with a variety of adjectives—all compelling, all different. The lost generation paved the way for the silent generation, the silent generation gave way to the angry, the angry to the beatnik. Bunny Hug, to the Big Apple, to the Twist, we've danced to different drummers, to paraphrase Thoreau, but all we managed to do was waltz into "the age of

conformity." Our fellow dancers join us in "the self-conscious society."

Our culture has been pilloried as "the waist-high culture." We have among us "the image-makers," "the status seekers," "the operators," "the promoters," "the persuaders," "the waste-makers," and "the unadjusted men," but always and above all, "the managers."

This is a management age, and we are the men and women whose lives are, whether we like it or not, management lives. Obsolescence is in the office as well as the kitchen. Scientific management, whether we realize it or not, is in the kitchen as well as the office. Unlike many commentators on the American scene, the editors of this book look upon our own time with fascination and very frequently delight. We came to maturity in an age that reached maturity at the same time as we did. This in itself has made us aware and alert to our own times. In contrast to many spokesmen of this age, we feel, however, that we fit in. The challenges, confusions, and paradoxes of our time have, if we are to believe many writers, alienated the sensitive man and woman from his or her own spirit. We disagree. Alienation has always been with us and in the rarefied atmosphere of the moon, some colonist will not feel at home.

We feel that we should never feel completely at home in our society. Irritation is the pearl of creativity in business life as well as in the arts, but we do feel very strongly that that irritation should be expressed. We are a vocal people and should articulate the hopes and desires of our society. In the pages that follow John Ciardi points out that an ulcer is an unwritten poem. The ulcerations of our society, which so many of our sensitive writers pick at with festered pens, are cleared up by the antiseptic of exposure.

We are a people who have always delighted as did our Puritan fathers before us in laying bare our sins. As did Nathaniel Hawthorne's character in *The Scarlet Letter*, we wear a mark on our foreheads. Hester Prynne wore the initial "A" for adultery, but we, alas, wear it for another reason; "S" for success. As a nation we do fit into our technological age with success, but our very success makes us guilty. Paradoxically, if our success is adulterated, we are not only guilty but miserable as well.

Only a country that feels guilty of its own ability to cope with the technology of its age could feel the need to attack itself as we do in the United States. Not only do we attack ourselves, but we almost relish the attacks made upon us by others.

Mrs. Trollope questioned our manners and morals in the nineteenth century. Dickens threw vitriol in the shiny machinery of our eyes. But no writers have been so taken to our bosom as the prophets in our own country who, if not honored, at least have been turned into best sellers.

In these pages you will find many of these prophets. They speak with a ringing voice in an effort to clarify, explain, interpret, the world we live in.

James Burnham said ours was the age of "the managerial revolution." His was the pioneer use of this title, and he was one of the first to see clearly that a pattern of society was emerging which would be called managerial and that the managers of the world would be, in terms of history, the ruling princes of our day. Mr. Burnham predicted the rise of this new ruling class, the managers, in 1941. *The Managerial Revolution* was a book that made an impression on the world despite its controversial approach to political theory. "We are," said Mr. Burnham, "now in a period of social transition, a period characterized, that is, by an unusually rapid rate of change of the most important economic, social, political, and cultural institutions of society. This transition is from the type of society which we have called capitalist or bourgeois to a type of society which we shall call managerial."

"What is occurring in this transition is a drive for social dominance, for power and privilege, for the position of ruling class, by the social group or class of the managers. . . ."

With these words Mr. Burnham christened an age as accurately, we think, as any other political, social, or cultural historian. William H. Whyte, Jr., came along and further channeled management man into organization man. C. P. Snow most recently did some data processing and submitted scientific man, who has the future "in his bones."

C. P. Snow has invented a new picture of management man—the scientist struggling for power, for status, for understanding with as much white heat as any other organization man. Whether the scientist has the future "in his bones," or simply the bones of the world in his hands before he pushes that button, only time will tell.

In the meantime this book presents the drama of management man in depth, in humor, in fact, in fiction. It is not a snapshot. A snapshot won't do, because the world is changing so rapidly it will

blur in the printing. A carefully executed portrait won't do, because in a world whose horizons have suddenly opened to another dimension, our identities can no longer be fixed in pigments. We are not writ in water but in time—and, as we enter a more fully automated world, a more fully comprehended space, we may realize that only some media as refined as cinema film, with all its montages, clips, close-ups, and flashbacks, could create a picture of management man today that tomorrow would understand, because even as you read this you are in tomorrow. We have tried to approximate this device in this anthology to give you a word film showing many opinions, many facets, many picture frames with an often changing focus to allow for a richer dimension. How it shapes up depends on your own private lens. Some of the opinions in this book are our own. Most of these diverse opinions are expressed by some of the most acute observers of our time. All of these word pictures are somewhat different; some writers approach their world with stinging clarity, some approach it obliquely like a crab, some—Thorstein Veblen for example—are frequently crabbed. Our world today has been dissected, bit by bit, to see if it hurts, to see if it would cry, "Ouch," or simply to see if it was really sick. Underneath those bandages is good healthy tissue, and over those bandages is a management man in a gray flannel suit. We salute him. He is as much a hero as Renaissance man.

S. G. M.
R. R. M.

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I. MANAGEMENT
MAN

Who He Is and Who He Isn't

I

THE GREAT PIERPONT MORGAN: POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE*

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

It was midnight, December 31st, 1899. Herbert L. Satterlee recorded it well. "At midnight, when the bells and horns proclaimed the beginning of the New Year, he was looking forward with the eagerness of a much younger man to the great possibilities of the century that was about to begin."

He, of course, was J. Pierpont Morgan, greatest representative of an age that was drawing to a close by the end of the last century. Mr. Morgan was definitely not a management man, and his age of almost dynastic splendor was hardly a management age. It was called by many other names: the Age of the Robber Baron, the Age of the Tycoon, the Age of Confidence. But whatever, it was an age of unusual opulence and complacency. Only later would those irritant and irritated journalists whom Theodore Roosevelt called the "muck-rakers" start tumbling the silk hats of nineteenth century business into the mud.

The average wage was \$500.00 a year. Andrew Carnegie's annual income, however, was at least twenty thousand times greater than that of the average. These were statistics that would be rare in the new century. There were many things

* From: *The Great Pierpont Morgan*. (New York: Harper & Brothers), 1948.

that would never be the same again. In 1900 the average working day was ten hours, six days a week—a total of sixty hours a week. The problems of our age of leisure, at least for anybody who wasn't Morgan or Carnegie, had not arisen.

Henry Ford was to initiate the \$5.00 day and this utopian scheme shocked the nation. No one worried about the teenagers; 26% of them were employed. Gainfully, it was called, but they certainly never attended school. There were four million public paupers, but there was also Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, and J. Pierpont Morgan.

There were plenty of stiff celluloid collars, but there was no such thing as corporation man. American business had not crystallized into the corporate pattern we have today. Personal proprietorship was the thing: Family solidarity had been the backbone of American industry since the seventeenth century. Just take a look at some of the big names in American industry—du Pont, Grace, Ford, Olin Chemical, Dow, Swift, all are “family” names. It was not the “togetherness of organization man,” but the togetherness of flesh and blood that determined business life, the status of hill and valley (the workers were always found in the valley and the owners on the hill) and the mores of social life. That family backbone, however, was beginning to crack, and, although it was being braced, it was eventually broken by such men as Morgan.

The bells of 1900 rang in the banker, the financier, and the manager. Family capital, over a period of time, had overextended itself. The banker was in an unusual position; he could now step in and control. In the many mergers of great companies that opened the new century, a new figure stood out: he was called the manager.

The professional manager who emerged had no proprietary state in the business by which he was employed. He was not a king passing along his power automatically to the prince, his son. He had to account to outside controllers; he could not take unlimited vacations; he could not accumulate unbelievable fortunes; his status was always open to question.

The manager would never be a Morgan—the most powerful businessman not only in the United States, but probably

in the whole world—a man who tipped a Pullman porter with a hundred-dollar bill, a man who as a boy collected the autographs of bishops, a man who only realized several weeks after he bought Andrew Carnegie's steel company for nearly half a billion dollars that he did not have the purchase in writing. The manager would never be the colorful character that the social historian, Frederick Lewis Allen, creates in the brilliant portrait that follows—but he nonetheless would leave his impress upon the twentieth century that had made him.



It is doubtful if any citizen of the United States ever led—or ever will lead, for that matter—a life more regal than that of Pierpont Morgan during the early years of the twentieth century, when he was in his sixties and seventies. Not that he led all comers in wealth; for although he made, on the average, several million dollars a year, nevertheless, if it had been possible to compile each year an accurate rank-list of American incomes in order of size, probably Morgan's would usually have stood well below the top. Nor did he lead in lavishness, for there have been plenty of more extravagant spenders and certainly innumerable flashier ones; Morgan, a publicity hater, never spent for mere show. Nor was he pre-eminent in the world of fashion, for he went his way with contemptuous indifference to the glitter of social pretension. What set him apart from all others was a combination of large wealth, large spending, social assurance, international social experience, love of grandeur, and restrained taste.

Once in a conversation with that Prince of Wales who later became Edward VII of England, Gambetta remarked that if the French Republic were to make noblemen of successful business men, as did Britain, "the Duke of Rockfount would never rub shoulders with the Duke of Industry." The phrase is apt: Morgan was by nature a duke of industry, pursuing the life of an unostentatious gentleman on a majestic scale.

His home base during these years continued to be No. 219 Madison Avenue. It was a very ample house in which his family enjoyed the ministrations of some twelve servants (including a butler, two or three other menservants, a lady's maid, a cook, two kitchen maids, two chambermaids, a laundress, and a gardener) but it was by no means palatial. Fashionable society had for many years been gravitating farther uptown; the Murray Hill region where Morgan remained, and the house itself, represented not fashion, but rather the strict brownstone tradition of conservative Manhattan respectability. He kept accumulating property in the neighborhood: some lots on Thirty-sixth Street for houses for his children, a lot on Thirty-fifth

Street for a new stable, the big brownstone Phelps Stokes house (still standing in 1948) at the corner of Madison and Thirty-seventh for a residence for his son Jack; and enough land just to the east of No. 219, on Thirty-sixth Street, for a separate lawn-surrounded building in which he could house the books and manuscripts that had long since overflowed the storage room in his basement.

Upon this Library building—definitely projected in 1900 and completed in 1906—he lavished loving pains. He chose as his architect Charles F. McKim, the leading practitioner at that time of the art of adapting classical and Renaissance designs to practical American purposes; there was no better guarantee of order, restraint, and a severe beauty quite detached from the American scene. Though brownstone was quite all right for domestic purposes, art, it was thought, deserved a more exquisite setting; and so McKim produced a one-story white marble building in early sixteenth-century Italian Renaissance style, with an arched entrance, a large central hall, a great east room lined with books to the ceiling, a small north office room, and a large west room which had the air of a gentleman's capacious and beautifully appointed living room. The white marble blocks of which the Library was built were set in place without mortar, after the ancient Greek practice, despite the extra polishing—and extra expense—which this involved. From the day the building was completed to the end of Morgan's life, he spent more and more of his time in its big west room. Its grandeur, its masculine comfort, the Florentine paintings that hung on its red walls, the statuette of Eros that stood on a pedestal by the fireplace, the other bits of choice craftsmanship that decorated it, all satisfied him completely.

There was also the Morgan country house, Cragston, at Highland Falls on the Hudson—another old-style place, in a resort progressively abandoned by fashion. Cragston embodied simplicity on an ample scale, with half a dozen or so guest rooms, small detached cottages for the staff, cattle barns, a dairy, and kennels for fifty or more of Morgan's prize collies, which monotonously carried off blue ribbons at the dog shows. Here Mrs. Morgan spent most of the time between April and mid-autumn, and here Pierpont Morgan came when the opportunity offered, which in his later years was not very often, so very widely did his activities range.

For winter holidays he had also a thousand-acre place in the Adirondacks, Camp Uncas; for less spartan intervals in the cold

months, a furnished apartment in the building called "Sans Souci" at the Jekyll Island Club, on a piny island on the Georgia coast; and, for stopovers when his yacht was in Narragansett Bay waters, a small "fishing box" at Newport, with an expert cook in readiness to satisfy the palates of his guests. (He seldom if ever fished there; a picture of him, in yachting costume, sitting beside a string of remarkably large bass was staged as a joke by his friend Charles Lanier; the fish had been caught by others.)

In London his headquarters was the big double house at Prince's Gate which had formerly been his father's town residence. This, too, was unpretentious in aspect; but very few unpretentious houses contain paintings by Rubens, Rembrandt, Hobbema, Velasquez, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Constable, Turner, and other artists of wide renown, or for that matter contain a special room designed to display a series of Fragonard panels. And outside London there was Dover House, a comfortable country seat so satisfactorily equipped with gardens, orchards, and a dairy farm that when Morgan ended his English visit in 1902 his special railway carriage, attached to the boat train for Southampton, was piled high at one end—according to Herbert Satterlee's account—with "the boxes from Dover House that contained melons, hot-house grapes, peaches, nectarines, and bottles of cream sufficient for the voyage," these supplementary provisions being taken along because, in Satterlee's matter-of-fact words, "the menu of even the best transatlantic liner was much more simple then than it is today."

In Paris, Rome, and watering places such as his favorite Aix-les-Bains, Morgan needed no private property, for he always had his pick of accommodations; in the Hotel Bristol at Paris and in the Grand Hotel at Rome there were special suites set aside for his use whenever he came.

2

But the finest of his residences was none of these which I have mentioned, but the *Corsair*. Not *Corsair II* now, for that vessel had been sold to the government for use in the Spanish War, where it saw service as the *Gloucester* (and was hit in the mast by a Spanish shell), but *Corsair III*, which was completed at the end of 1898 to take her place. The new vessel was very large: 302 feet long, as against

204 for *Corsair II* and 165 for *Corsair I*. There have been larger private pleasure craft, but not many of them, and none of such regal dimensions are produced today; the Fleischmann diesel yacht pictured in *Life* in 1947 as the "first big luxury vessel since the war" was a mere 168-footer.

When Morgan decided to build *Corsair III*, he specified to his friend Beavor Webb, who took charge of her construction, that she must be much larger than *Corsair II* but that her interior fittings must be identical. (Thus was conservatism combined with a love for bigness.) His insistence on close resemblance to *Corsair II* raised a number of difficult problems. It was found, for example, that the kind of carpets that had been bought for *Corsair II* were no longer made. But that did not bother Morgan; he ordered the old patterns set up on the looms and new carpets especially made for him with exactly the old design.

The graceful black steamer served many uses. She could ferry him up the Hudson to Cragston. When he was working in Wall Street during the summer months, he could dine and sleep and breakfast aboard her between week ends. A launch would meet him and his friends at the dock at West Thirty-fifth Street and take them across the river to where the *Corsair* lay at anchor off the Jersey shore; in the morning they would return, after a monumental breakfast at which astonished guests would watch Morgan work his way through a menu of fruit, porridge, eggs, hash, fried fish, and sliced tomatoes. Or the party would board the *Corsair* at the East Twenty-third Street landing of the New York Yacht Club, and she would take them through Hell Gate to an anchorage off Great Neck in Long Island Sound; in warm weather this was pleasantly cooler than the Hudson, and in the evening the *Corsair* might steam slowly up and down the Sound, while the company sat in wicker chairs on the deck and conversed, Morgan perhaps dozing off as they did so, his cigar between his fingers.

The *Corsair* also could be packed with guests for a cruise of the New York Yacht Club, of which Morgan was commodore in 1897-99, and for whose new clubhouse in West Forty-fourth Street he had donated the land; and it was from her deck, in 1901 (the year when he formed the Steel Corporation), that Morgan watched the first of the races for the America's Cup between Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock II* and the American defender, the *Columbia*. Morgan had a

special concern over this contest because he himself had headed the syndicate which had built the *Columbia* and thus the lovely racing yacht was virtually his personal property. But he couldn't see the later races because he had to take a special trainload of bishops and other guests to the San Francisco Convention of the Episcopal Church—a convention during which his attention was from time to time divided between the ecclesiastical debates and a series of telegrams recording the leg-by-leg progress of *Shamrock II* and *Columbia* as they raced off Sandy Hook, with *Columbia* winning.

Morgan could also use the *Corsair* from time to time as a conveyance and a haven on his travels abroad, for she was seaworthy enough to cross the ocean, albeit uncomfortably, and thus could serve him as a floating residence in the quiet waters of the Mediterranean. And if he himself never ventured to make the crossing in her, that mattered hardly more than the fact that she could not ascend the Nile. In the last years of his life he engaged Thomas Cook and Sons to build for him a private all-steel Nile steamer, the *Khargeh*, with paddle wheels; and as for his voyages across the Atlantic, in a sense he had his own ships for those too. For did he not nearly always travel by the ships of the White Star Line, and was not the White Star Line a part of the great ship combination, the International Mercantile Marine, which he himself organized in 1902? And was he not therefore treated on board the *Oceanic* or the *Germanic* almost exactly as if he were the owner of the line and of all the ships that carried her flag? (It was said, for example, that before the ill-fated *Titanic* had even been built, he had been shown the plans and had picked out which was to be his suite aboard her.)

As one of these White Star liners, bringing Pierpont Morgan home from Europe, approached New York, the *Corsair* would steam down the bay to meet her, festive with pennants from stem to stern, while Morgan responded to her salute by leaning over the rail and swinging a handkerchief from side to side; then after the liner had been warped into her dock, the yacht would take him on up the river to Cragston. What grander welcome could there be to one's native shores?

There was one occasion when it was not Pierpont but Mrs. Morgan who was arriving, and he not only went out in the *Corsair* to meet her liner, but climbed into a launch as the liner paused at Quarantine, and then—as soon as the health officer had gone down

the liner's side by rope ladder—swung his launch alongside the great ship, grabbed the ladder, and climbed up the full sixty perpendicular feet to the liner's deck—a cigar in his mouth and a straw hat on his head. At this time he was sixty-two years old and entirely unaccustomed to exercise, and the long climb was difficult for him. "The time was long enough," says Satterlee, "for the sporting element on the decks of the *Oceanic* to make bets as to whether he would ever reach the rail. If he should fail, there was very little chance of doing anything for him in that tideway. When his face, dripping with perspiration, appeared over the rail, and he got where he could throw his leg over it, he waved aside all the outstretched hands and asked, 'Where is Mrs. Morgan?' and without pausing followed the steward down to her cabin."

A frequently quoted remark of Morgan's about the proprietorship of a great pleasure vessel like the *Corsair* deserves repetition here despite its familiarity. Some successful man who was thinking of buying a steam yacht asked him about the cost of maintaining it. Said Morgan, shortly: "Anybody who even has to think about the cost had better not get one."

When traveling within the United States, Morgan customarily used a private car. He did not own one; he would simply use one of those owned by one of the railroads in which he was influential. And on occasion he used a special train, as when he took the large party of bishops and laymen and other guests to the San Francisco Episcopal Convention in 1901, putting them up for the duration of the convention at the large Crocker residence, to which he had sent in advance Louis Sherry and a catering staff; and afterward conveying them home by a roundabout route which included a stop at Seattle, where Morgan took his guests to a fur store and invited them to pick out fur rugs or fur collars or gloves as keepsakes from him. On another occasion, some years later, he was in a hurry to get back from a business trip to Chicago and made the trip home by New York Central special train with the track cleared ahead; time from Chicago to New York, sixteen hours and three-quarters, which in 1908 was pretty sensational.

The wife of a Morgan partner said, much later, that her most vivid recollection of a trip she made on a Morgan private car was of the entranced expression on the porter's face when the banker tipped him with a hundred-dollar bill.

3

Morgan once remarked that he could do a year's work in nine months; but not in a year; and after he reached the age of sixty he was usually absent from the office routine for some three or four months of each twelve. Usually he would leave New York for England in March or thereabouts, and from then until June or July would divide his time between London—where he kept in touch with the office of J. S. Morgan & Co.—and the Continent. Wherever he was, whether at Prince's Gate or Dover House, or at the Bristol in Paris, or at Aix-les-Bains, or at the Grand Hotel in Rome, or journeying about to inspect works of art, or taking a look at the excavations conducted in Egypt by the Metropolitan Museum, he was in touch with his office by coded cable; either he would be accompanied by a secretary with a code book, or he would rely upon J. S. Morgan & Co. or Morgan, Harjes & Co. to decode the messages that came from New York, usually several a week. A message might say, for example, something like, "We have concluded a Burlington bond issue on such-and-such terms and unless we hear from you to the contrary will proceed," and he would cable his assent. But on these holidays he liked to throw off responsibility, leaving the conduct of affairs wholly to his associates; it was seldom that his return message counseled caution or delay. Part of the time in London he might be busy with banking consultations, but much the largest part of his time was given to the art dealers who day after day besieged Prince's Gate or his suite at the Bristol, bringing paintings or porcelains or miniatures or rare books or manuscripts for his inspection. After his return to New York there might be a few other interruptions of the working routine—a voyage up the coast in the *Corsair*, a Yacht Club cruise, a church convention trip, or during the winter a few days in the Adirondacks or at Jekyll Island.

So accustomed was he to vacationing on this generous scale that it was not always easy for him to understand that such a life was not possible for a great many people. When one of his young partners-to-be, preparing to enter the firm, said he would like to be able to manage his work so as to get three months off each year, Morgan was all affability: "Why certainly. Of course. Let's see: you're coming in January first—why don't you pick up your family on February first and take them up the Nile? Have you ever been up the Nile?" The young man demurred. He and his wife had young children. He doubted if

this would be possible. (Privately, of course, he was meanwhile wondering what sort of impression it would make in the Street if he went off on a long holiday at the end of his first month at the Corner.) But Morgan made light of his doubts. "Nonsense. Take a couple of nurses. Take a doctor if you want to." It was all very simple to him and he was cordial and enthusiastic, planning a trip which—as the young partner later said—"of course never came off."

4

Morgan was very loyal to family ties and family rituals—the Sunday-evening hymn singing (at which he loved to hear, and sometimes to sing in a voice of uncertain pitch, old favorites such as "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," "The Church's One Foundation," "Rock of Ages," or "Jesus, Lover of My Soul"); the family Thanksgiving dinner (with four kinds of pie); the Christmas festivities (a tree for the grandchildren, an expedition in a cab to leave presents at friends' houses, and a big Christmas dinner with the choir of St. George's Church to sing for the company, with the famous Negro baritone Harry Burleigh as soloist). When he was at breakfast at No. 219, he liked to have one of his daughters, usually Louisa Satterlee, with him, because Mrs. Morgan had her coffee upstairs; and nothing pleased him more than to have one or two small grandchildren playing about in the dining room. With Mrs. Morgan he was always affectionate and deferential. But she was seldom with him on the *Corsair* or on the European trips of his later years; when she traveled abroad, she went separately. Being shy, domestic by taste, and in increasingly uncertain health, she became increasingly settled in the habit of remaining behind at No. 219 and at Cragston while he with his overpowering energy and hunger for human society roamed widely.

Usually on his voyages abroad it was a daughter who accompanied him—again most likely Louisa; and since he loved to have many people about him and had at his disposal big houses, a very big yacht, and almost unlimited means, he was accompanied wherever he went by considerable parties of friends. Once he remarked that no man who did not number among his close associates several men who would be willing to spend much time with him, ought to consider having a yacht: otherwise he would find it the loneliest place in the world. The frequent presence of attractive women in the party on his

trips abroad or on the *Corsair* caused systematic gossip, especially as he liked nothing better than to escort one of them to the jewelers' shops in the Rue de la Paix and ask her to choose what she liked. Exactly how much fire there was behind the smoke of continuous rumor is a matter of conjecture; without doubt there was some. But as I have already remarked, it must be remembered that in a puritanical society rumor always puts the most extreme construction upon any companionship that looks at all unorthodox, especially if a man of note is involved.

Naturally, too, Morgan's lamentable nose was attributed by some people to high living. As a matter of fact, he drank very moderately: ordinarily nothing before dinnertime (it was before the era of the inevitable cocktail); some wine at dinner and perhaps a cordial afterward; nothing in the evening. He smoked perpetually; or rather, there was usually a cigar between his lips or between his fingers from breakfast until bedtime, though it was often unlighted for considerable intervals. He breakfasted hugely, but lunched lightly; in the office he would have a chicken or turkey sandwich and perhaps a slice of pie set out for him in the back room, where he ate it alone; or perhaps, in summer, nothing but a plate of sliced peaches which he would bury in sugar. No coffee, no milk; just a glass of water. In his last years, when he came to the office only briefly, he would sometimes arrive about half-past twelve and join the partners for lunch in the building; on one or more such occasions, a partner recalls his choosing a somewhat startling, if small, repast—a dozen raw oysters and a slice of mince pie.

But if his lunch was usually light, he enjoyed dining largely and well; and dining largely and well, during the first decade of the twentieth century, was among people of means a formidable thing indeed. Those were the days of multicourse dinners—six or eight or ten courses. Morgan belonged to a small dining group who called themselves the Zodiac Club; they met from time to time at the house of one or another of the members, or at a club, and vied with one another in offering sumptuous meals. Here is the menu of one Zodiac dinner, given at the University Club; Satterlee, from whose book I quote it, swears that it was devised to be eaten right through from start to finish, though he imagines that most members preferred to let one or more of the dishes pass untasted:

Amontillado Sherry
Cotuit oysters
Bisque of crabs à la Norfolk
Consommé de volaille Sévigné
Hors-d'oeuvres variés
Rhine Wine, 1893
Soft clams à l'ancienne
Château-Latour, 1878
Saddle and rack of spring lamb
Mint sauce
Peas à la Française
Bermuda potatoes rissolées
Moët & Chandon, 1893
Terrapin, Maryland Club
Grapefruit au Kirsch
Clos-Vougeot, 1893
Canvasback ducks
Fried hominy
Celery à l'université
Parfait noisettes
Cheese
Fruit
Coffee
Cognac, 1805

5

Whatever Morgan did, he did in a big way, whether it was organizing a party or buying masterpieces. When Herbert Satterlee and Morgan's daughter Louisa were about to be married in 1900, their first idea was that they would prefer a modest service in the little church at Highland Falls, followed by a reception at Cragston. But Morgan took over the planning, and the result was that the ceremony was held at St. George's in New York, with cards of admission because the church would hold only fifteen hundred people; for the reception, Morgan had a large ballroom temporarily erected behind No. 219 to hold the twenty-four hundred guests who came. As for his purchases of art, they were made on such a scale that an annual worry at 23 Wall Street at the year end, when the books of the firm were balanced, was whether Morgan's personal balance in New York would be large enough to meet the debit balances accumulated through the year as

a result of his habit of paying for works of art with checks drawn on the London or the Paris firm.

There is a story—probably apocryphal but nevertheless suggestive of Morgan's purchasing methods—to the effect that once two men who owned a steel mill decided, as they approached Morgan's office, that they would be willing to take five million dollars for it but might as well begin by asking for ten; whereupon Morgan said to them abruptly as they entered, "Now, I don't want to hear any talk from you men; I know all about your plant and what it's worth; I haven't time for any haggling; I'm going to give you twenty million dollars—now take it or leave it." Often art dealers got much more money from him than they had dreamed of getting. On more than one occasion, finding that some object of art that appealed to him was part of a large and varied collection, he said to himself, "What's the use of bothering about one little piece when I might get them all?" and promptly made a large offer for the whole collection. Nor did he like to waste time. Once he was just getting into his automobile to take the steamer for Europe when a dealer came along and told him that such-and-such a collection was for sale. It was a collection which Morgan knew all about. "Very well," said he, "if you are authorized to negotiate for it, you may buy it for me"—and drove off without another word.

The Rigbys, in their entertaining book on collectors and collecting, produce two other equally characteristic anecdotes. One is to the effect that George S. Hellman once brought Morgan a Vermeer to look at, and found to his surprise that "the great Dutchman's name was strange to the Morgan ear." Thereupon Hellman delivered a brief lecture on Vermeer, his place in the history of art, and the value set upon his work in recent sales.

"Morgan gazed at the picture; abruptly asked the price.

"'One hundred thousand dollars,' said the dealer.

"'I'll take it,' snapped Morgan, and the deal was concluded."

The Rigbys' other story is to the effect that after Morgan had bought the famous Garland Collection of Chinese porcelain, he remarked to Duveen, the dealer who had acted for him, "I understand that Mr. Garland did not complete the collection." That was true, said Duveen. "Then," said Morgan, "I shall be glad if you will complete it for me"—an instruction which, in view of the expense of Chinese porcelains, was enough to take a dealer's breath away.

He showered the Metropolitan Museum with gifts in great variety; in 1906, for example, when he bought the great Hoentschel collection of eighteenth-century French decorative art and also of Gothic decorative art, he gave the eighteenth-century part of it to the museum outright, and announced that he would deposit the entire Gothic part of it on loan. He filled his new Library with beautiful things, he filled Prince's Gate, he loaned treasures in quantity to this museum and that, yet still the works of art piled up in storage—and he could not stop, had no idea of stopping. Edward P. Mitchell, editor of the *New York Sun*, sketched him briefly as he sat in the West Room of his Library about 1910, an old man, yet still burning with the collector's fever:

The lesser monarchs of finance, of insurance, of transportation, of individual enterprise, each in his domain as haughty as Lucifer, were glad to stand in the corridor waiting their turns like applicants for minor clerkships in the ante-room of an important official, while he sat at his desk in his library room within, looking through a pile of newly bound volumes which the binder had sent for his inspection, giving a three-seconds glance at some treasure of printed or manuscript literature which was to go in-stanter to the shelf or safe in that incomparable storehouse, probably never to be seen again by the eyes then contemplating the acquisition.

Mitchell ended his description with the comment, "It was *his* possession now and Mr. Morgan was pleased." That was true; but that, I think, was not all. He was engaged in assembling a big thing—as big in its way as the Steel Corporation—every bit of which was to him beautiful; and he must make it bigger still, the very biggest aggregation of lovely things that there was or ever could be.

6

After breakfast at No. 219, and perhaps a business conference or two or a call from an art dealer, Pierpont Morgan would proceed downtown in a horse-drawn box cab which he hired from the New York Cab Company; or, in his very latest years, in a large automobile. Arriving at the Drexel Building—which occupied the site of the present Morgan headquarters at Broad and Wall—he would establish himself at a corner desk on the Broad Street side of the ground-floor banking rooms; there was a glassed-in place behind him which was occupied by secretaries. He dressed severely in a dark suit, with a

wing collar and an Ascot tie which filled almost completely the V of shirt front at the neck; he had a taste for fancy waistcoats, which people liked to give him for Christmas, but those were for the Corsair or for traveling; he wore to the office an old-fashioned square-topped derby hat, or in summer a wide-brimmed Panama. At intervals he would retire from his desk in the front office to a back room which was in the adjoining Mills Building; he had another desk in this room, and his partner Charles Steele had one, and there was a pleasant open fire; here he could work more comfortably and quietly, out of sight of people who came to ask for him. There was, of course, a stream of these, some of whom had no idea of being granted an audience but came in merely in order to be seen going in and out of the building; there was even one occasion on which a broker carefully dropped on the steps of 23 Wall Street an unsigned buying order for securities, in the hope that passers-by might pick it up and the report might go about that the great House of Morgan was interested in the stock.

At some time between twelve and three o'clock, "the Senior," as they called him in the office, would make a tour to look at the books. First to the stock desk, then to the security department, then to the general books, beginning with the cash position and going on to the ledgers which showed the balances of all depositors. It was a nervous moment for the clerks, for his searchlight gaze seemed to be able to take in a whole page of figures in an instant and catch any irregularity; if a clerk had put down a 4 per cent bond as 4½ his eye would pick up the error without fail. His manner was ordinarily quiet and kindly, but if he found something that he disapproved of, he would shout out something like "Who gave that order, Kinnicut?" in a loud deep voice—and if he caught a mistake that he attributed to sheer carelessness he would thunder. He often took his sandwich lunch in the back room as late as two or even three o'clock; by four or thereabouts the box cab would be waiting outside the door—often to remain there hopefully for an hour or two; finally he would be through for the day and would be off in the cab, to proceed to his beloved Library or to drop off at a friend's house for a call on the way home.

7

That his mien could be frightening—as Steffens has so well made clear—is undeniable. When people first met him the one thing they

saw was his nose; trying not to look at it, they met his blazing eyes, and were speechless. One woman who came to know him very well said that for the first few weeks of her acquaintance with him she was terrified; only gradually did she come to realize that behind his alarming front were courtesy and kindness. Edward Steichen, who took a great photograph of him, says that meeting his gaze was a little like confronting the headlights of an express train bearing down on one. If one could step off the track, they were merely awe inspiring; if one could not, they were terrifying.

His gestures were abrupt. In the office he would snatch up a piece of paper as if pouncing on it with a claw; he would glance at it and either lay it down or crumple it up so suddenly that one who did not know him would have thought him angry. Yet to people who did not catch him off guard, or who did not seem to him to be trying to take advantage of him, he was truly courteous; it is characteristic that while almost everybody who has written about him has applied to him the word " brusque," people who worked with him daily emphasize the graciousness of his manners and say that everybody in the Morgan organization worshiped him.

He was given to sudden acts of good will. There was, for example, the time when a reception was being held at the Metropolitan Museum, with ladies and gentlemen in evening dress filing up in a long line to meet the president of the museum. In the line was a young woman in plain attire with a baby in her arms; and some of those about Morgan, overtaken by the contemptible sense of the proprieties which afflicts small-minded people, wondered whether she should not be asked to step out of line. Not so Morgan; he greeted her affably and then, as she went on, whispered to Robert W. De Forest, who stood beside him: "Quick—get that baby's name, so that I can make it a life fellow of the museum."

"That will cost you a thousand dollars," said De Forest.

"So much the better," said Morgan. Nor did he forget. The woman proved to be the wife of a new museum attendant; at the next meeting of the museum board, her baby was formally elected a life fellow, and Morgan footed the bill.

There are many other stories of friendly acts: of his lending a million dollars to a wealthy friend who had had great losses during the grim days of 1893, and, when the friend asked what collateral he

would want, saying, "You may need your collateral with the banks—I am lending you the money on your business record and on what I know your character to be"; of his getting word of the business failure of a man who had been a companion of his earliest years in New York, and at once writing to him, "Why didn't you let me know?"; of his taking great pains to concoct a job for an elderly lady which would give her a sense that she was earning her way.

In his life of Henry P. Davison, Thomas W. Lamont tells of an incident that happened on the very first day when he reported for work as a partner—January 2, 1911. The Carnegie Trust Company in New York was in trouble, and by a process of contagion, runs had started on two other small banks in poor neighborhoods in uptown Manhattan. Representatives of these two banks came to see Lamont and another Morgan partner, William H. Porter, to see if the House of Morgan could be persuaded to stand behind the banks in their emergency. An examination of the last balance sheets of the banks indicated that this would be risky, and the young partners were inclined to say no; but Porter called up Morgan, who was at his Library, to get his advice. Whereupon—according to Lamont—Morgan, learning that the two banks had some thirty thousand depositors and that they were mostly poor Eastsiders, said, somewhat to Porter's amazement: "Well, some way *must* be found to help those poor people. We musn't let them lose all they have in the world. Suppose that, at worst, we were to guarantee the payment of these deposits in full. You say the total is only six million dollars? That means that the firm can't lose more than six million dollars, doesn't it?" The firm thereupon backed the two banks, and—partly because of the fact that its great prestige restored confidence in them—escaped with a limited loss which according to Lamont amounted in the end to about \$190,000.

That anecdote has always roused in me considerable skepticism. I have found it hard to believe that in the banking world anybody would think or talk in those terms; and I still think that in reporting the dialogue Lamont sentimentalized the language used. Yet whatever words Morgan actually chose, the incident did happen. And it was characteristic. No competition was involved. Nobody could be trying to get the better of Morgan. And under such circumstances he could astonish people with his openhandedness.

8

He could also surprise them by his readiness to pay heavy tribute to the principle of fiduciary responsibility. There was one year in which the House of Morgan ran at a loss; the reason was that in 1905 Morgan had purchased, as agent for the Erie Railroad without commission, a controlling interest in a small railroad line known as the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, and then had discovered—after he had turned over the stock to the Erie—that the figures which had been shown him, and on the basis of which he had made the purchase, did not show the true financial condition of the line, which was actually in very bad straits. As one partner later said, “It was incredible to him that anyone would show him false figures.” Thereupon he at once bought back the line from the Erie at the same price that the Erie had paid for it—about twelve million dollars—and put it into receivership, at what proved to be a virtually total loss to J. P. Morgan & Co.—a loss of so many million dollars that it translated a year of lucrative business into a year of deficit. Morgan would not let it be said that his firm did not stand back of whatever responsibilities it had undertaken on behalf of other institutions, even if its only fault was that it had allowed itself to be deceived.

He had a way of saying to partners entering his firm that he wanted its business done “up here” (raising his hand high in air) “not down there” (dropping his hand near the floor). It was as if an old king were instructing his young princes in the moral responsibilities attending the royal function. For kingly Morgan was—in the range of his possessions, in the splendor of his journeyings, in the bigness of his plans, in the weight of his presence. And kingly he was too in his limitations. His royal manner of living and of traveling insulated him from the great mass of men and women; and though he might by an impulsive act of kindness make connection with them, most of the time they were to him creatures apart. Legislation designed to give them a greater share in the fruits of the national economy seemed to him unsound—an affront to the thrift and sagacity upon which national prosperity must be founded. He believed it was the lot of such improvident or inexperienced or unlucky people to go their way unaided except by private charity—charity to which he would be one of the first to contribute.

When Morgan thought of industry, he thought of it not in terms

of the thousands of workers whose sweat made its production possible, nor even in terms of the engineering advances which contributed to its efficiency, so much as of the investors whose money supported it, and of the officers and directors whose duty it was to protect and enrich the investors. For these officers and directors his standards were both stern and aristocratic: they had better be honest, and it was preferable that they be gentlemen. He would have liked to see the United States run by gentlemen. That these gentlemen, too, might be insulated from their fellow men, and might like to run things in whatever way proved most comfortable for themselves, and might have swollen ideas of their proper share of the fruits of industry, did not apparently occur to him; if you had suggested such an idea to him he would probably have replied promptly that certainly the politicians liked to run things to *their* own advantage. In short, though he was unswervingly loyal to the United States and believed in its government, his ideas were kingly, like his conduct of life; the idea of democracy evaded him.

In a society sufficiently equalitarian to hate to see great luxury existing side by side with great poverty, such a way of life as Morgan's is out of place. Even in his own lifetime it was out of place. But after his special kingly fashion, he played his part in the grand manner.



HENRY FORD*

ALLAN NEVINS

"They were living things to him, those machines."

Management life has evolved in a world in which machines have become more and more living things, until in our own time a machine can read, add, translate, and do almost everything except predict an election and bleed. The man about whom the above words were justly said was the father of the greatest machine management age evolved. It did not have the endless possibilities of the computer, it did not have the gigantic power of an atomic power plant, but it had an immediacy, a sense of freedom about it, a pioneer quality that in many ways still supplies the only adventure left to management man—a car on the open road.

The Model "T" and Henry Ford sparked, throttled, and cranked the twentieth century. The automobile, says its historian, John Keats, "changed our dress, manners, social customs, vacation habits, the shape of our cities, consumer purchasing patterns, common tastes, and positions in intercourse."

The man most responsible for this social and economic revolution had, they said, "gadgets in his head." Certainly his well-oiled genius was responsible for mass-production, the one factor more than any other that produced our technological age.

The American historian Allan Nevins assembles here a many-faceted picture of a man who in 1908 evolved the Model "T" and, with it, put America into gear.

* From: *American Heritage*, 1954.



One of the most remarkable facts about Henry Ford is that his fame and the Ford legend were born almost simultaneously, and born full-grown. Both came late in life, when he was fifty. The industrialist, we may say without exaggeration, was little known until he suddenly became a world celebrity. He was tossed into international eminence on January 5, 1914, when the Ford Motor Company startled the globe with its "Five Dollar Day."

Until then, Henry Ford had touched the national consciousness but occasionally and glancingly. He had founded the Ford Motor Company in 1903, when already forty; after some years of uncertain struggle, he had produced a model, distinguished from previous Models B, N, and S by the letter T, which precisely filled a ravenous national want; he had erected at Highland Park, just outside Detroit, one of the best-planned and most efficient factories in the world. He and a group of tireless, gifted associates were bringing to birth that magic implement of global change termed mass production; still little understood (for most people ignorantly equate it with quantity production, which is merely one of its half-dozen chief components), and then not understood at all. Ford was, of course, known in the Detroit area as an astonishingly successful manufacturer, and in the automotive world as the dauntless leader of the battle against the Selden patent monopoly. But elsewhere until 1914 the name Ford connoted a brand, not a man.

Henry Ford's sudden fame did not burst and fade; it remained fixed in the skies as a brightening star. Seekers for facts on the mind and character of the man before 1914 find that the materials are scanty, that most of them pertain to his activities as a racer and in the shop, and that when pieced together they furnish no real portrait. But after 1914, what a change! The spate of articles, books, interviews, and reminiscences becomes ever more torrential. "The Ford and Charlie Chaplin," remarked Will Rogers, "are the best known objects in the world." As the renown grew, unfortunately, so did the confusing legend. As one parodist of the Ford Motor Company slogan put it, "Watch the Ford myths go by!"

Lord Northcliffe extolled Henry Ford to the British public as

symbol and exemplar of American energy, confidence and resourcefulness. In Paris Charles M. Schwab, invited to a dinner by Baron Rothschild, electrified the table by describing Ford's achievements. For a time in 1923-24 Ford's quasi-autobiography, translated as *Mein Leben und Werke*, was one of the two best-selling books in Germany. From Sweden to Turkey a new word, *Fordismus*, epitomized the new mass production engineering, the new low-price economy of abundance, and the new efficiency speed-up. Throughout Latin America Ford's personality was regarded as summing up the quintessential American traits and gifts. As for Russia, painfully aware of her industrial backwardness, Henry Ford was a figure about whom *moujiks* and mechanics wove wistful dreams. *Fordizatsia* or Fordization was one of the terms of power in the new era. A visit from Ford, wrote Maurice Hindus, would have called out Russian admirers in hordes.

In the United States, too, the Ford of fact and the Ford of myth were for a time indistinguishably blended. "While I do not accept all of Mr. Ford's industrial philosophy," wrote John A. Ryan, Director of the National Catholic Welfare Council, after reading *My Life and Work*, "I realize more strongly than ever that he has made the greatest contribution toward a solution of more than one of our industrial problems that has yet been made by any captain of industry." The public devoured books about him by Allan Benson, William L. Stidger, Rose Franklin Lane, Charles Merz, Ralph Graves, Dean Marquis and others. Technologists and manufacturers studied the classic work on Ford machines and Ford methods by Arnold and Faurete, an able primer of mass production requirements.

The fifteen years 1914-29 saw Henry Ford at apogee. The American masses took him to their hearts; every clerk and farmer had his own image of the man. But which lines in that image were false, and which true? The task of gaining a true portrait was not simplified by writers who tried to establish an artificial pattern, for of all human beings the complicated, disorganized Ford least responds to that effort. Nor was it simplified by the fact that Henry Ford discovered himself about the time the world did, and announced his discovery by pronunciamientos from on high and essays in self portraiture which wove oriental embroideries about the real man.

At once the most impressive and most disturbing fact about Henry Ford is the extent to which he held up a mirror to the modern American character. In his technological talents, his feats as organizer,

his individualistic economics, his social blindness, his frequent brilliant insights, his broad veins of ignorance, prejudice and suspicion, he at first glance seems unique; a man fascinating in his intricacy even to those who most detest some of his traits. Assuredly, we say, nobody else ever existed like Henry Ford. Nothing in industrial history is more inspiring than the triumphs of his early days at the Piquette and Highland Park plants. Nothing in the same history is more depressing than some of the pages he wrote later, pages that would approach high tragedy but for their stupidity and harshness. We seek for threads to explain his labyrinthine complications, and we suddenly realize that in strength and weakness, pioneering thrust and reactionary conservatism, generosity and selfishness, he came near typifying the America of his time.

What made him a tremendous American force was his clear perception of four or five fundamental facts: that the American people not only wanted but needed cars in millions; that a single durable inexpensive model could meet that demand; that new technological elements (precise standardization of parts, the multiplication and perfection of machine tools, separation of the job into minutely specialized functions, quantity manufacture, continuous motion, Taylor time studies), when woven together to create mass production, could furnish the millions of cheap vehicles; that steady price reduction meant steady marked expansion ("Every time I lower the price a dollar we gain a thousand new buyers"); and that high wages meant high buying power.

All this was as obvious, when demonstrated, as Columbus' art of standing the egg on end. Until demonstrated it was so far from patent that the ablest manufacturers scoffed, and Ford had to battle his principal partner and the current trend to prove it. A special kind of genius lies in seeing what everybody says is obvious—once somebody thinks of it; and Ford, in relation to his time, had that genius. It changed the world.

Next to this insight, Henry Ford's most striking gift was unquestionably his peculiar engineering talent. In mechanics, he combined much of da Vinci's creative quality with much of James Watt's practical acumen. As a few rare men are born with the power of instantaneously performing intricate mathematical computations, Ford had the power of divining almost any mechanism at a glance. He read engines. Indeed, his associate, W. J. Cameron, says that the great

engine collections he made in his museum and at Greenfield Village were his historical library. "They were living things to him, those machines. He could almost diagnose the arrangement by touching it. There was a peculiar sympathy between him and a machine." That gift had been with him when as a boy he took apart and reassembled every watch he could reach, and spent a Sunday afternoon, his father away, in disassembling and restoring much of a steam engine.

This flair generated a passion which explains another of his traits, his remarkable power of hard, sustained work. The relaxed air which the mature Henry Ford wore in public, together with his well-advertised recreations in square dancing, collecting Americana, and making excursions with Edison, Firestone and Burroughs, concealed from some observers the fact that from boyhood to old age (he was seventy in 1933) he led a singularly laborious, concentrated life. In his prime his frequent periods of intense industry would have exhausted a less resilient man. At Highland Park and River Rouge his responsibilities were always enormous. But his engineering passion made one important part of them—the responsibility for steady mechanical experiment—almost a refreshment.

Day-to-day study of his activities gives us the picture of a man in whose quick brain exploded a steady succession of technological ideas. A helical type of spring band to use in planetary transmission for holding the drum; a new element in the carburetor; a bolder mode of casting the engine block—always some novel ingenuity had to be tried. That side of his mind never rested. "He was up at Harbor Beach one time," writes E. G. Liebold, "where he had a summer cottage, and he was coming home with Edsel. Suddenly he said: 'I've got the idea. We're going to put a worm drive on the tractor.'" That idea solved the theretofore vexatious problem of power transmission to the rear axle—or so he hoped; and he drove his tractor factory ahead with enhanced zest.

In experimentation, pioneering, the quest for fruitful mechanical innovations, Henry Ford at his apogee was happiest. Anything was worth trying. In 1914–15 he became interested in making a better electric car than any on the market, and reports spread that he and Edison were collaborating. If the idea proved good (which it did not) he thought of forming a separate company. A later scheme called for the use of plastics in building cars; in fact, a plastic-body car was built. This experiment was connected with Ford's intense interest in pro-

moting soy bean culture, for he realized that American agriculture needed new crops and that American industry suffered from a growing shortage of vegetable oils.

Now and then some incident suggested how far back in Ford's career his experimental passion reached. He once turned his attention to a slide-valve engine on which Knight, of Willys-Knight, held some patents. Reflecting that he might wish some time to build such an engine, Ford decided to protect himself by recovering an old slide-valve that, as a humble mechanic, he put in a Westinghouse steam engine. He actually recalled that the engine had been No. 345 and had been shipped to McKean County, Pa. A searcher found the battered engine; found an old bill of sale which proved that it was No. 345; and found the name-plate, which was being used on a stove-grate. Brought to Dearborn, the engine was triumphantly restored to the condition in which Ford had known it.

His technological genius was one aspect of a mind peculiar for its intuitive nature. Ford hit upon truths (and errors) by divination, not ratiocination. His aides credited him with what Dean Marquis called a "supernormal perceptive faculty" and W. J. Cameron "some gadgets in his head that the rest of us didn't have." Marquis termed him "a dreamer," adding that he had a different view from other men of what was possible and impossible. "I suppose the reason is that men who dream walk by faith, and faith laughs at mountains." As Ford himself told Fred L. Black, he worked partly by hunches. Even his understanding of his lieutenants was largely intuitive.

Obviously, if intuition moved some mountains, it collided disastrously with certain more massive ranges. Reliance on intuition was one reason why Ford was so amazingly unpredictable; men never knew which of a half-dozen Fords they were going to meet. It was also one reason for the crippling isolation of his mind, for a brain that cannot be reasoned with is a brain that cannot be penetrated. Down to 1914 Ford was open to the counsel of men who had a right to insist on being heard: his partners Alex Malcomson and John S. Gray, his indispensable business manager James Couzens, the brilliant designer Harold Wills, and others. Later, with the amazing expansion of the business, the rise of employees to six figures, his achievement of autocratic power by the ousting of all his partners, and increasing age, Henry Ford placed himself beyond advice. His mental isolation "is about as perfect as he can make it," wrote Marquis as early as

1923. Charles E. Sorensen, who ought to know, believes that Ford had only two lifelong friends: Sorensen himself, and the strong head of his British company, Percival L. D. Perry.

His complex, inconsistent, intuitive mind has naturally lent itself to a Jekyll and Hyde concept of two (or more) Fords dwelling in the same body; but we may repeat that these efforts at pattern-making are delusive. One clue, however, does explain much in the Dearborn wizard. The dreamer, the man of intuitive mind, is usually an artist; and many puzzling vagaries, many contradictions, even many repugnant acts in Ford become comprehensible if we view him as essentially a man of artistic temperament. His detachment, his arch, wry humor, his constant self-projection into the spotlight (though all his intimates call him essentially modest), his ability to lift himself above those business minutiae which absorbed most industrialists, his readiness to do some terrible things with as little seeming consciousness of their quality as Byron or Swift showed in *their* misdeeds, all suggest an artistic bent. The Model T was homely awkwardness itself but it had artistic elements. Highland Park was the most artistic factory, in architecture, shining cleanliness, and harmonic arrangement, built in America in its day. The painter Charles Sheeler caught the beauty of the River Rouge plant. And what of the aesthetic element in the old dances, old folksongs, old buildings, and old machines Ford loved so well?

Above all, he had the artist's desire to remake the world after his own pattern. His gospel of abundant work, high wages, and low prices; his plans for decentralizing industry to combine it with rural life and rural virtues; his enthusiastic forays into "better" agriculture, "better" education, "better" recreation; his warm promotion from 1914-20 of the welfare work of his "sociological department"—what else were these but the artist's effort to impose his own vision on life? He would remold American society and the American economy to fit his vision, himself the potter at the whirling wheel.

If there was a Jekyll and Hyde element in the man, it lay in the complex enmity between Ford the artist and Ford the untutored countryman whose parents had been Michigan pioneers, and whose own formal education was limited to a few years in a very common school. This conflict twisted the whole skein of his character. An artist needs a cultivated background: Henry Ford's background was that of Anglo-Irish tenant farmers, and of Springwells Township lately

wrested from the forest. Though from his homely early environment he drew many advantages, its limitations always fettered him.

He always remained a countryman in his plain way of living, for despite Keith Sward's statements, it was plain. When his fortune first grew, he said plaintively that the chief difference in his way of life was that "Mrs. Ford no longer does the cooking"—and he preferred her cookery. He refused a butler, for he wanted no man behind his chair at dinner "while I am taking the potatoes' jackets off." His puritanic condemnation of smoking, drinking and marital irregularities conformed to the principles described in Thorstein Veblen's essay *The Country Town*. He rejected the eminent Delancey Nicoll as attorney in the Sapiro case because, when the New York lawyer came to Dearborn, Ford saw him chain-smoking cigarettes. "I'm for Mr. Coolidge if he will enforce the Prohibition laws," he said in 1923. He was a countryman also in his devotion to work as a virtue in itself. His cure for nearly all ills was more work.

True to the frontiersman's instinct, he consistently preferred trial and error to precise planning. Contemptuous of elaborate record-keeping, he once shocked Perry by making a bonfire of forms used to keep track of spare parts. Hostile to meticulous organization, he ran even the huge Highland Park plant without formal titles or administrative grades. He long derided careful cost accounting. In this, thinks one surviving executive, H. L. Moekle, he was right. Success in the automotive industry at first depended not on computation of costs to the third decimal point in Rockefeller's fashion, but on courageous innovations in design and engineering and on the acceptability of models and prices to the public. Ford stayed in the field of bold experiment—cost accounting might have hampered him. He of course stuck to Model T too long, but meanwhile he was experimenting with tractors, a tri-motored airplane, a weekly journal, a railroad, and a dozen other matters.

He had also the frontiersman's intense hatred of monopoly and special privilege. To be sure, he long enjoyed a practical monopoly of the low-priced car, but he could say that he achieved it without favor and without warring on any competitor. His dislike of patents, his earnest counsel to George Holley to take out no patent on his carburetor, his course in throwing open to public view and general use Ford machines and methods, his determined battle against George Selden, all harmonized with the frontier attitude. He extended the principle

beyond automotive patents. His early broadcasting station WWI carried on research, worked out (so associates say) the first directional airplane controls, and gained a patent—which he shared with all. Once his purchaser, Fred Diehl, was offered spark plugs free for River Rouge production if the supplier were allowed to sell all replacements to dealers. “Mr. Ford himself turned that down,” reports a lieutenant. “He said he didn’t want anything from anybody for nothing.” A true countryman’s speech; for a scheme that would have meant monopoly supply was abhorrent to Henry Ford.

Much more might be said on the pleasanter inheritances from the rural environment—on his rather appealing inarticulateness which kept him from making public speeches (the longest ever recorded was 28 words): on his dislike of class lines, which was one of several reasons for his aversion from Grosse Pointe society; on the rugged comradeship with fellow workers which he showed in his early career, but unhappily lost; on his warm love of nature, and the feeling for wild life which made him build shelters for rabbits, grow corn for crows, and keep warm water available all winter in the hope of retaining migratory songbirds in the North. One of the most important parts of his countryman’s heritage was his stubborn originality of thought—when he did think. Neither from books nor men did he take ideas secondhand; he hammered them out for himself, usually on walks in field and woods. Often they were immature. Just sometimes, between intuition and lonely thinking, he seized a concept which startled men with its novel glint of truth.

Meanwhile, what penalties his early environment, and his invincible ignorance in many areas, laid upon him! Like other untutored men, he had a deep suspicion of the uncomprehended, a strong inclination to prejudice, and a susceptibility to bad counsel. Some thought his antagonism to Wall Street traceable to a memory of Populist speeches, others to his anxieties in the depression of 1921; but surely three-fourths of it was simple distrust of what he did not understand. It is significant that his suspiciousness, hardly visible in his first years of success, grew marked when he came under fire. “Ford has the idea that he is persecuted,” a writer in the *Forum* accurately stated in 1919. He thought that some journals had begun to “hound” him when he announced the \$5 day, and others when he battled for peace and the League.

"A good part of the American press, not all, is not free," he told reporters. It lay, he thought, under various controls, it was warped by sensationalism. "They misquoted me, distorted what I said, made up lies." The gibing, malicious attitude of part of the press toward the Peace Ship, the aspersions of his motives in lifting wages from \$2.25 to \$5, the mean attacks on Edsel as an alleged draftdodger, and the storm of ridicule accompanying the *Chicago Tribune* trial and the senatorial campaign, were indeed outrageous. Since Ford was a sensitive man, they had a perceptible effect in hardening his temper and converting his early idealism into cynicism. Had he possessed more education, poise, and perspective, he would not only have avoided some of the occasions for ridicule; he would have met ridicule with a heavier armor.

Out of his sense of needing an agency for defense and for stating his ideas came the *Dearborn Independent*. Out of his ignorance, sensitiveness, and suspiciousness came the lamentable anti-Semitic campaign of that weekly, for which he apologized only after vast harm had been done. In this unhappy crusade he had collaborators. The shrewd F. G. Pipp, who resigned as editor rather than share in it, made a brutally frank statement to Cameron: "You are furnishing the brains, Ford the money, and E. G. Liebold the prejudices." Cameron and Liebold furnished some of the methods, too, but as Liebold says, "As long as Mr. Ford wanted it done, it was done." His was the responsibility. That he had no deep-seated race prejudices, but really believed in a fictitious boggy called the International Jew, does not palliate his offense. We can only say that this, like the short-sighted harshness which he showed toward labor organizations, was the abortion of an uninformed mind and uncultivated spirit.

Some aspects of the man, defying any efforts to fix a pattern, remain—as in such other contradictory personages as Edwin M. Stanton or Woodrow Wilson—quite inexplicable. Highly diffident in some ways, he had an irrepressible desire to be oracular about topics of which he knew nothing. Kindly in most personal relations, he nevertheless countenanced such cruel treatment of subordinates as the smashing of their desks in token of discharge. At times he indulged a good humored liking for horseplay—"he was a proper Puck," as Lord Perry expressed it; at other times he was sternly unapproachable. Sharply practical, he yet cherished some curious superstitions. A churchgoing Episcopalian, he leaned strongly to an unorthodox belief

in metempsychosis. There was always something in him of an urchin, a wry, cross-grained, brilliant adolescent; and like an energetic urchin, he was so kinetic that only a motion picture could have caught his multifarious activities and swiftly changing moods.

Yet in this fascinating personality, with its bright lights, dark shadows, and intermediate *chiaroscuro* traits, we come back always to the image of the artist. John Reed, interviewing him in 1916, thought he looked like an artist, with "thin, long, sure hands, incessantly moving"; "the mouth and nose of a simple-minded saint"; "a lofty forehead"; "the lower part of his face extraordinarily serene and naïve, the upper part immensely alive and keen." His swiftness, his agility, his intense interest in everything he observed, contributed to the impression of an artistic temperament. Much that is otherwise puzzling becomes comprehensible if we think of him as an artist, struggling, despite many limitations and handicaps, to remake his world a little nearer to the heart's desire. He wanted to abolish war ("a habit, and a filthy habit," he said) from his world, and hence the great gesture of the Peace Ship. He wanted to exclude drink, class divisions, idleness and disorder. He wanted to get rid of money as anything but a part of the mechanism of production: "part of the assembly line," or "the connecting rod."

Perhaps his poignant failure lay in his relationship to his son, to whom he gave both intense devotion and total incomprehension. Edsel was a man of the finest qualities of character and mind, upright, idealistic, public-spirited, and hard-working. He was highly philanthropic. In the factory he got on well with other executives, many of whom felt a warm affection for him. In the world at large, as old associates testify, he had a broader vision than his father. Some of Henry Ford's acts, such as the anti-Jewish campaign, grieved Edsel greatly, though he was too loyal to speak out publicly. Yet the father, while justly proud of him, committed a fundamental error in their relationship. "He tried to make Edsel in his own image," says Mr. Sorensen. In the process he did incidental injustice to some men like Clarence W. Avery who, coming close to Edsel, aroused his jealousy. Of course he failed in his effort, with anguish to both himself and the son. But the attempt was again, in part, an expression of the artist's desire to make the world over to suit his own vision.

As the years pass and as we gain perspective, the absurd blunders and shabby misdeeds in Henry Ford's record will arouse less interest.

His social primitivism will seem more a part of the general ignorance and gullibility of our adolescent American civilization. His great achievement, in the direct line of Watt and Stephenson, Eli Whitney and Cyrus McCormick, yet in some ways transcending theirs, will loom up as the really significant fact of his career. By his labors in bringing mass production to birth, by his gospel of high production, low prices, and large consumption, he became the key figure in a far-reaching revolution. This fumbling artist actually did remold the world according to his vision. Talking with Edsel one day, he said of his great company: "Well, we'll build this as well as we know how, and if we don't use it, somebody will use it. Anything that is good enough will be used." Of few of the industrial path-hewers of his time can it be said that they produced so much that is permanently and profitably usable.



3

JEAN PAUL GETTY*

GORONWY REES

"I despise American big business with its managerial complex. Who pays the fancy salaries, the inflated expense accounts, the limousines, and the fantastic great office buildings? Why, it's the common shareholders who pay." "Underlings will always let you down in a crisis; that's why I work so hard." With these or like words, Jean Paul Getty always brings in a gusher of controversy. Mr. Getty is familiar with gushers. It was some ten billion barrels of oil that brought him to the attention of *Fortune*, which promptly dubbed him the country's richest man. That witty social commentator, Cleveland Amory, has pointed out that the one field which Mr. Getty never drilled is himself. He is not known for outstanding insight into the mechanisms of his own character nor, as a matter of fact, for any deep understanding of the American business scene. He is a maverick of the business world, riding a high horse of nonconformity over the steeplechases of American enterprise. He is the non-management man of our management life.

Mr. Getty has been a vocal opponent of the specific mystique of conformity that he says has sapped the dynamic individualism of business life today. Not in the august pages of the *Harvard Business Review*, but in the well-thumbed pages of *Playboy*, he said that such a mystique "has produced the lifeless, cardboard cut-out figure of the organization man

* From: *The Multimillionaires* (New York: The Macmillan Company) 1961.

who tries vainly to hide his fears, lack of confidence and incompetence between the stylized façades of conformity. . . . Conformists are not born."

J. Paul Getty was not born a conformist, and he was also born with the confident awareness that his father had once purchased for \$500 the lease on 1,100 acres in Indian territory and founded an oil company.

Mr. Getty is an excellent example, however, of the imaginative personality who can take enormous risks and having taken them calculated carefully just what those risks meant. He is, just as were Morgan and Ford, a child of his age, and he has that particular gift of seizing on what the age has to offer to him. Goronwy Rees, the British journalist, who portrays him in the following profile points out that Getty is less typical of the United States and more typical of the multimillionaires' pattern of Europe. Nonetheless, in his Sutton Place palace, which he purchased for \$1,400,000, the drafts of Twentieth Century civilization blow even more acutely than through the split level home of management man. Getty, we presume, has less trouble with his mortgage payments.

In November, 1957, the magazine *Fortune* published an article by Richard A. Smith, a report on America's richest men, and at the head of it, above Mr. H. L. Hunt of Dallas, Mr. Arthur V. Davis of Miami, and a varied list of Rockefellers, Mellons, and Fords, the name of Mr. Jean Paul Getty, of the Tidewater Oil Company, who was stated to have a personal fortune of between \$700,000,000 and \$1,000,000,000. For an Englishman who read this announcement, there was a certain charm in the comment by Mr. Ben Tobin that he reckoned H. L. Flint of Texas was richer.

Anyone who, like the great majority of people, then came across the name of Getty for the first time might have been excused for thinking he was one of those legendary American heroes who, starting from poverty and obscurity, tread in the world of business the same kind of paths which in politics lead Presidents from log cabins to White Houses. The truth is that in the America of today such careers are, if not wholly a matter of myth, at least a good deal rarer than one might suppose; the barefoot boys who tread the stony road from rags to riches belong to what is rapidly becoming an almost extinct American species, like the buffalo, and soon America will have to create reservations for them if the type is to be preserved at all.

To this truth Mr. Getty is no exception, and he is in fact the only son of an extremely able and successful pioneer of the American oil industry who really did start from poverty and at his death left a fortune of \$15,000,000, though no more of it than \$500,000 to his son. If this seems only a small share of so large a fortune, it may perhaps for once be truthfully said that in the case of Paul Getty the father left the son several things more valuable than money, including an education and training that helped the son to make even more money than the father.

No one is more appreciative of this than Mr. Getty himself, and no one who hears him speak about his father could doubt his deeply felt and considered admiration for him. He likes to refer to him in conversation, cites him as an example when he wants to make a point, quotes sayings and maxims of his that seem to have the stamp of an old-fashioned shrewdness. A characteristic example is, "No man's

opinions are better than his information," and when Mr. Getty quotes it one has the feeling that he is speaking out of the truth of his own experience, which does not incline him to accept expert opinions based on information less good than his own, which is very good. And he says that he likes to think that he may have inherited from his father one of his most marked characteristics, which is the skill to distinguish the possible from the impossible, and goes on to say that for lack of it many able and remarkable men, like Napoleon or Mussolini, have found that success has turned into failure. But perhaps the best evidence of Mr. Getty's admiration for his father is to be found in his own book *History of the Oil Business of George Franklin and J. Paul Getty, 1903-39*. Unlike most works of piety, this is an admirably documented account of the growth and development of a large independent enterprise, of a kind which is of the greatest value and interest to an economic historian, and at the same time, by implication, it gives a fascinating insight into the personalities involved in it, including Mr. Getty himself. It is the kind of book a novelist like Theodore Dreiser, with his interest in the industrial growth of the United States, would have found absorbing; but it would have been no less interesting to Henry James. One sentence from it that describes the kind of qualities Mr. Getty admires is worth quoting: "Great wealth is due to imagination, ability, and a successful risking of capital." If one were to say that the words "successful risking" really beg the question, Mr. Getty might reply with another quotation: "There are one hundred men seeking Security to one able man who is willing to risk his fortune."

Paul Getty's father, George Franklin Getty, was a Minneapolis lawyer who entered the oil business in 1903, when a client's interests took him to Oklahoma, at a time when oil was being found there; for \$500 he bought the lease of 1,100 acres in Indian Territory, founded the Minnehoma Oil Company to finance drilling operations, and by the end of the year was producing 100 barrels a day. This was at a moment when, as well as the oil industry, the automobile industry was beginning to be born; the first motorcars were to be seen in the streets, though it was still thought that gas-driven engines would soon be displaced by the electrically powered machines on which Edison was still working. Thus in his lifetime Paul Getty has seen the birth of two of America's great industries, oil and motorcars, which have grown up as it were hand in hand; he was to enter one of them, oil, which has

probably been the source of the greatest personal fortunes in the United States. When I asked Mr. Getty to what factors he principally attributed his success in building up his own great fortune, he replied with his usual detachment and objectivity that it was due to his luck in being born at precisely the time when he was and to the opportunity, given to him by his father, of entering the oil industry precisely when he did. But though he is aware of his own luck in entering the oil business when he did, he does not think that even today the moment has passed for people of abilities similar to his own to repeat his success. "I think," he says, "there are still fortunes to be made in oil."

Between 1903 and 1914 George Getty continued to buy and sell oil leases and to operate them with great success, though in its early days his Minnehoma Company had considerable difficulties to overcome; in 1914, on the eve of World War I, his son, having completed a world tour on the \$250 a month allowed him by his father, arrived at Tulsa, Oklahoma, to enter the same business for himself.

He was then a young man of twenty-two, who had received an unusually broad and varied education, which had not only equipped him for practical success in business but had also laid the foundation of a permanent interest in the arts and humanities. It is said that at school he was known as "Dictionary" Getty because of his fondness for books; at the University of California he studied geology and economics, and at Oxford, in 1912-1913, he took a diploma in economics and political science; but at the same time he had begun to acquire, on his travels with his parents and by himself, a knowledge of European art and antiquities that has been one of the permanent and serious interests of his life. A diary kept by him on a visit to Europe shows that peculiar combination of hardheadedness, a desire for precise and accurate information, and natural sensibility which might make a great collector or connoisseur of the arts. There is something in Mr. Getty which puts one in mind of the American millionaire Mr. Verver in Henry James's *The Golden Bowl*, though even Mr. Getty's greatest admirers would not attribute to him the peculiar sweetness of character that belonged to Mr. Verver.

It is among the legends that surround the youth of builders of great fortunes that the young Getty celebrated his arrival in Tulsa by declaring that he would stay there until he had made a million dollars. Whether this is true or not, he did not have to stay long. With

his father's backing, and with equal success, he went into the same business of buying and selling oil leases; he and his father operated as partners and split the profits in a proportion of 30 per cent to 70 per cent. This was at a time when World War I was stimulating an unprecedented growth of American industry, and especially an enormous increase in the demand for oil; in his first year of operations Mr. Getty is said to have made \$40,000 and by 1916 to have made \$1,000,000. It is tempting to ascribe his success, at so early an age, to the precocious development in the young Getty of two qualities that seem to have characterized him throughout his career: a capacity for taking large risks combined with an unusually thorough and precise appreciation of what those risks are, as if fortune only attends on those who both take great chances and calculate them very meticulously. Yet it is interesting that Mr. Getty himself once again emphasizes the opportunity offered by the particular historical situation in which he found himself. Talking of his career as a whole, he points out that, apart from the highly favorable conditions under which the oil industry has developed during his lifetime, his own most rapid advances and the greatest expansion in his own business have been made during those periods of war or economic depression that for most people have been times of the greatest trouble and distress. If such ideas were not so entirely alien to his mind, one might have said that Mr. Getty was a natural Marxist in his calm acceptance of the view that historical factors rather than personal qualities are what determine a man's success or failure in life.

In such a view of one's own career there is a certain coldblooded objectivity that seems to exclude compassion or sympathy but is extremely impressive, even though not many people are likely to find it very attractive. Mr. Getty's view of the world is strangely like that of the great Bishop Butler: "Things are as they are and their consequences will be what they will be." But perhaps even so high a degree of objectivity does not altogether exclude vanity, or, if not vanity, at least a feeling that those whose greatest successes come out of the world's distress still require remarkable abilities if they are not to miss the opportunities history offers. Mr. Getty likes to point out that the great men of history have achieved fame only as the result of great crises and upheavals; that Napoleon, Cromwell, Caesar, born thirty years earlier or later, would all have been condemned to a life of obscurity. He thinks Augustus was less able than Caesar, but achieved

more because the particular organizational abilities he did have did not require a time of trouble in order to assert themselves.

In discussing such historical figures Mr. Getty shows a depth and range of knowledge one does not expect in millionaires. One feels that he is genuinely interested in the past, not so much because he wishes to compare himself with its great men, but because he has an honest and sincere desire to find in history some kind of explanation for his own career. And so somehow one is not surprised or offended when he points out that, just as Napoleon profited by the French, and Cromwell by the English, revolution, so he himself profited by World War I, and then by the great economic depression, and then later again by World War II, so that one hardly knows whether from the point of view of Getty Oil those otherwise disastrous events were to be welcomed or deplored. Mr. Getty, one feels, would say that they were neither; they simply created the opportunities for the success of his enterprise.

Certainly by the end of World War I Mr. Getty was already a very rich man. In 1916 he had left Tulsa to join his father, who had moved to Los Angeles, and there father and son continued to operate in a curious kind of partnership in which neither wholly surrendered nor wholly retained his independence of the other. In 1923 Mr. Getty married his first wife, in 1926 his second, and in the next thirteen years contracted three further marriages, none of which lasted for more than six years. Indeed, if permanence is any sign of success in marriage, Mr. Getty's spectacular career as a businessman has been matched only by his equally spectacular failure as a husband, and he himself, as one who admires and respects success, is reported to have deplored his repeated failures to achieve it in marriage. It has been stated also, without very good authority, that the reason George Getty left his son only \$500,000 out of his total fortune of \$15,000,000 when he died in 1930 was that the father was shocked by his son's marital affairs. One finds this difficult to believe, partly because of the extremely close, if highly commercial, relationship that had existed between Paul Getty and his father, and also because in 1928 George Getty had sold to his son, for \$1,000,000, a one-third interest in George F. Getty, Inc., which controlled all his oil properties. It seems more likely that if George Getty left nearly all his money to his widow, it was because his son hardly needed it, except in so far as it was required for a further expansion of George F. Getty, Inc.

For 1930 had brought another of those times of trouble which to Paul Getty meant opportunity. Mr. Getty says that during the depression the advice of every financial expert was to maintain the highest possible degree of liquidity. "On the contrary," says Mr. Getty, "I spent all the cash I could lay my hands on." The death of his father had left him, so far as George F. Getty, Inc., was concerned, in a somewhat difficult position. The controlling interest in the company was held by his mother, who by age and temperament was conservative, and averse to undertaking the risks of further expansion; she was confirmed in her views by advisers who recommended that she turn her holdings into stocks that would provide her with an income sufficient to maintain her in the station to which George Getty had called her. His mother's views, and her advisers', were in every way the opposite of those of Paul Getty, who saw in the depression the opportunity to expand and enlarge the Getty interests.

George F. Getty, Inc., was essentially an oil-producing company, with no refining or marketing facilities of its own, and therefore very much at the mercy of the vicissitudes of the market. "What I was looking for," says Paul Getty, in the history of the Getty oil business, "was a company greatly in need of crude oil and whose stock was selling at a low price." He found such a company in Tidewater Associated Oil Company, which was completely complementary to George F. Getty, Inc., in that it produced no oil of its own but had a large refining and marketing business; and in 1932 its stock, which had been as high as \$20.00 a share, could be picked up for \$2.50. "My stock-buying system is fairly simple," says Mr. Getty. "I buy when other people are selling. I have always bought stocks at bargain prices." Acting on these elementary principles, which have a kind of bizarre common sense, Mr. Getty between 1932 and 1934 put more than \$8,000,000 of his own money into Tidewater stock, at prices varying between \$2.00 and \$3.00 a share. Later, prices rose, he continued to buy, but never paid more than \$10.00.

But Mr. Getty was not interested merely in acquiring stock in a company whose interests were complementary to George F. Getty, Inc., and could profitably cooperate with it. His object was to secure control of Tidewater; almost twenty years passed before he acquired a majority holding. When I said that the struggle to acquire Tidewater must have been a difficult one, he replied with the kind of simplicity that would be platitudinous if it did not bear the marks of long and

hard experience: "One must know how to wait." The steps in his progress toward controlling Tidewater were in fact difficult and complicated. After two years of conflict with his mother ("She thought her son too aggressive"), he finally secured control of George F. Getty, Inc., when his mother at least agreed to sell him her controlling interest; on January 24, 1934, she "rather thankfully resigned as a director of George F. Getty, Inc.," leaving her son in full control. By then he had also acquired control of Pacific Western Oil Company, by buying 520,000 of its 1,000,000 issued shares, and was able to use the assets of both companies in his struggle to acquire Tidewater.

A large part of the stock was held by Mission Corporation, which owned 1,128,123 Tidewater shares, and also 557,557 shares in the Skelly Oil Company. Mission Corporation had been formed by the president of Tidewater Oil for the specific purpose of preventing the shares it controlled from falling into Getty's hands; they were distributed as a stock bonus to Standard Oil stockholders, who owned Skelly Oil. Yet despite the stubborn opposition of William Humphrey, the president of Tidewater, by 1939 Getty had secured control of Mission Corporation, largely as a result of purchasing a block of 200,000 shares offered to him by John D. Rockefeller at \$10 a share. Together with his other shares in Tidewater, he now held 22.7 per cent of its stock; he continued to buy, and by the end of 1937 was in effective control of the company. Nevertheless, he continued to buy its shares until he acquired a majority holding of 50.1 per cent, which he succeeded in achieving by 1950. The cost of his investment in the twenty years he spent in acquiring control of Tidewater was between \$80,000,000 and \$90,000,000.

Thus by 1939 Getty was in effective control of George F. Getty, Inc., and Pacific Western Oil, which were oil-producing companies and had been merged to form Getty Oil; and through Mission Corporation he controlled Tidewater Oil and Skelly Oil, which provided him with marketing and refining facilities, as well as producing capacity. Together, they formed an integrated group of companies controlling its own supplies of oil from the source to the consumer.

In that year he felt sufficiently satisfied with his progress to take time off for the art-collecting tour in Europe that is described in his book *Collector's Choice*. During the war he volunteered for duty as a naval officer but was asked to take over the direction of Spartan Aircraft Corporation; after the war he bought it and converted it to the

production of trailer caravans, and by that time he had also added to his other interests the Getty Realty Corporation which owns the Hotel Pierre in New York. Yet despite this very large expansion in the already prosperous business he had taken over from his parents, it was in fact not until after the war that the Getty oil business took its great step forward, by extending its operations from North America to the Middle East.

Between Saudi Arabia and Kuwait lies the so-called Neutral Zone, a tract of oil-bearing desert 2,500 miles long, over which each country possesses equal rights. On one half of the territory the American Independent Oil Company has a sixty-year concession from Kuwait. In 1949 Mr. Getty secured a similar concession from Saudi Arabia for the southern part of the territory. Although no oil had as yet been found there, he offered \$9,500,000 in cash and a minimum royalty of \$1,000,000 a year for the concession, whether oil was found or not. These sums were to be offset against a royalty of \$0.55 a barrel and 35 per cent of the company's profits if and when oil was eventually found.

In purchasing the concession Mr. Getty incurred a very high degree of risk, even though he had protected himself by securing the best possible information about the oil-bearing potentialities of the area. It is a sign of his extremely detached and impersonal attitude toward the problems of his business that, having secured the best information, he should have bought the concession "off the map," without traveling to visit the territory himself. In fact the concession brought no return whatever for four years, and in that period Mr. Getty had spent \$30,000,000 without finding oil in commercial quantities; it was a very expensive gamble, but it more than paid off when in May, 1953, a rich strike of oil was made at Wafra and also a rich vein of eocene, which is easy to produce, and suitable for fuel oil. The output of his new field has made him the largest independent oil producer in the Middle East and one of the richest men in the world; to serve its needs he has built the most modern oil refinery in existence and has entered on a large program of tanker construction to carry his own oil. Two years ago the program provided for new construction that would give Mr. Getty a total of well over 1,000,000 tons dead weight of tanker capacity. Such a program might well seem superfluous at a time when there is a world surplus of tanker capacity that is expected

to continue for several years, but Mr. Getty appears to have no doubts that in the long run it will justify itself.

The discovery of the Wafra field has produced a significant shift in the center of Mr. Getty's interests from the United States to the Middle East and to Europe, and this has been emphasized by the restrictions placed by the United States Government on the import of oil into the United States, so that markets have to be found elsewhere for the production from his new wells. Mr. Getty has not been back to the United States for seven years, though all four of his sons are now employed in his oil business there; his own time is spent between London, Paris, and the Middle East.

His personal fortune is today estimated at between \$840,000,000 and \$1,120,000,000, and the annual profits of his oil business, apart from his other interests, at \$84,000,000. The bulk of his great fortune comes from his 81 per cent holding in Getty Oil, which through its subsidiaries, Mission Development Company and Mission Corporation, controls Tidewater Oil Company and Skelly Oil Company. Mission Development Company is an investment company that holds about 48 per cent of the common stock of Tidewater Oil; Mission Corporation is both a holding and an operating company that owns about 3.5 per cent of the shares of Tidewater Oil and nearly 60 per cent of the shares of Skelly Oil. Tidewater Oil, with its subsidiary companies, constitutes a completely integrated unit in the oil industry; it is engaged in the production, refining, transportation, and marketing of crude petroleum and its products, operates mainly in the United States and Canada, but also in Turkey, Guatemala, Pakistan, and Paraguay, and produces about 40,000,000 barrels of crude oil a year and processes about 70,000,000 barrels in its own refineries. Skelly Oil is also an operating company engaged in all branches of the oil industry, primarily in the Midwest, Southwest, and South of the United States; it produces about 25,000,000 barrels of crude oil a year and refines about 18,000,000 barrels.

Tidewater and Skelly Oil are Mr. Getty's two main operating companies in the United States; Getty Oil itself operates Mr. Getty's concession in the Neutral Zone, where production has now risen to over 16,000,000 barrels a year and is expected to rise further. In addition to Mr. Getty's empire of oil, Getty Oil also controls Spartan Aircraft Corporation, which owns Minnehoma Insurance Company and Minnehoma Financial Company; Spartan Cafeteria Corporation;

Getty Realty Corporation, which owns important real-estate properties in New York, including the Hotel Pierre; and Pacific Western Realty Company, which owns the Getty Building at Sixty-first Street and Madison Avenue, New York. Among Getty Oil's other properties one might list the Pierre Marques hotel at Acapulco, Mexico, and a refinery at Gaeta, near Naples, which processes 40,000 barrels a day.

But great as Mr. Getty's fortune is, its size alone is not perhaps a matter for particular surprise. Oil has always been the largest source of the greatest American fortunes, and Mr. Getty himself has been quoted as saying: "When one is rich, it doesn't specially matter to be just that bit richer than anyone else." What is a matter of surprise, however, is that in an era of greater and greater industrial concentration, and of a growing divorce of ownership from management, Mr. Getty's riches go together with the completely independent control, direction, and ownership of the companies from which it is derived. It is equally remarkable, in an age when the surest way to personal wealth is usually considered to be the successful floating of stock, that Mr. Getty has never sold a share to the public. "I like to sleep at night," he says; "I shouldn't like to think I owed people so much money." Such an attitude is unusual in the owner and controller of a great independent enterprise, and indeed it is something of a puzzle how Mr. Getty could throughout his life have financed his operations out of his own resources, particularly when he has never hesitated to risk them, when necessary, to the utmost possible limit; undoubtedly, however, he has been helped because the companies of which he has successively gained control have been in possession of large cash resources that he has used at each stage for the further expansion of his business.

What seems certain, however, is that Mr. Getty is less interested in the amount of his wealth than in the power it gives, and especially in continually increasing the scope of his operations. One might suppose, indeed, that to some people this might be an absorbing and exclusive passion, but Mr. Getty is a highly original person, of refreshingly frank views, so that it was not surprising to be told by him that he did not regard business as a particularly interesting occupation. When I asked why, then, he had devoted most of his life and his very remarkable abilities to it, he replied with one of his rare, slightly wolfish smiles, that have a certain wintry charm of their own: "Well, oil's a good business," and it was clear that by this he did not simply

mean that it was a profitable one, though certainly this would not be excluded from what he meant by "good." But he would say that it was worth while, and that he himself had been lucky, to have been associated in the growth of a young industry, which had become the greatest source of power in modern industry, and in his opinion would continue to supply 75 per cent of the world's industrial energy in the future. One might almost detect a note of emotion in his voice, when he pointed out that oil was perhaps the only basic and essential commodity whose price, so far as the raw material was concerned, had not varied significantly during the last fifty years. It was almost as if he had been proud to be associated with such a remarkable article of commerce.

The cool air of detachment with which Mr. Getty discusses himself and his career is very remarkable; it is made attractive by a manner compounded of modesty, shyness, and a kind of courtesy that has a slightly old-fashioned and very American charm, as of a society in which the possession of wealth has been associated with a greater freedom and simplicity of manners than in our own. To a European such a manner has a particular charm; and there is charm also, for those who are sensible of it, in the evidence Mr. Getty gives in conversation of an intensely serious mind, which is widely educated and deeply cultivated and has applied itself earnestly to those questions that interest him. Among them, in addition to oil, must be included history and the arts, and the range of his knowledge about these subjects would be surprising in anyone who had not applied himself to them professionally. Indeed, the titles of Mr. Getty's three books, *History of the Oil Business of George Franklin and J. Paul Getty* (1941), *Europe in the 18th Century* (1947), and *Collector's Choice*, perhaps give the best indication one could find of the range of Mr. Getty's interests and tastes, while the quality of the books themselves show that he has studied these subjects more seriously than is common in the dilettante or the amateur.

Collector's Choice, written in collaboration with Miss Ethel LeVane, is an account of a picture-buying expedition on the Continent on the eve of the last war, together with some chapters by Mr. Getty illustrating his knowledge of the classical culture of Greece and Rome. The book is good enough to have won a word of commendation from the great Berenson himself, and perhaps it is not fanciful to find a certain resemblance between Mr. Getty and Berenson in that appre-

ciation of values, based on knowledge and cultivation, which made one of them the greatest connoisseur of his time and the other the richest man in the world. And curiously enough, in the Epilogue to the book, Mr. Getty confesses to a frustrated ambition to have been a writer in very much the same tones as Berenson himself made precisely the same confession. But the book's peculiar interest and value lie in the account it gives of the methods by which Mr. Getty has built up his admirable art collection, his relations with experts and dealers, and his adventures in that curious world of the connoisseur in which fine art has become big business; it throws as much light on Mr. Getty as on his pictures, his marbles and his beautiful French furniture, and one only wishes one had a similar account of his adventures in that other world of the oil industry in which big business has become a form of fine art.

In collecting works of art, Mr. Getty shows himself to be very much the same man as in collecting oil fields or in buying stocks. He went into the oil business because it is highly profitable and also because it is, in his own words, a "good" business; he buys pictures because they are beautiful and also because they are a good investment; sometimes one is almost inclined to wonder whether there is not a kind of preordained harmony which ensures that for Mr. Getty the concepts of goodness, beauty, and profit shall be interchangeable. But both on the evidence of his books and of his taste there is little doubt that he has a sensibility to works of art that is both naturally acute and developed by study and cultivation. I asked him whether in making his collection he followed his own taste; he said that he did, then immediately added, "But I like to get the best information available."

The bulk of his collection is kept at his home, which he now never visits, at Santa Monica, Los Angeles, of which one wing is open to the public and forms part of the Los Angeles County Museum; it includes some fine Gainsboroughs, a Rembrandt and a Tintoretto, and some fine Roman antiquities. Perhaps his liking for Gainsboroughs is partly to be explained by the fact that they, like oil shares when he was in the market for them, could be bought relatively cheaply compared with the works of those artists who enjoy the particular favor of multimillionaires; for in art as in oil Mr. Getty likes to buy when other people are selling, and one somehow feels that any work of art he buys will always command a higher price than he gave for it.

But fine as his pictures are, perhaps the finest of all his possessions is his magnificent collection of eighteenth century French furniture and French tapestries that are second only to those contained in the Wallace Collection in London, and that are certainly the finest in the world in private possession. In this collection one may see perhaps a reflection not only of his natural taste but also of his liking and admiration for France and his particular interest in eighteenth century French history.

To his art collection Mr. Getty has now added a unique example of English domestic architecture by his purchase from the Duke of Sutherland of Sutton Place, a magnificent Tudor mansion in Surrey, which is one of the earliest existing specimens of an unfortified English home. When I asked him whether he intended to house any of his pictures there, he said that he did not intend to bring any of them from America but that he might bring some of those that were at present in Europe; and indeed anyone who attended the party, given in the summer of this year at a cost estimated at \$28,000, with which Mr. Getty inaugurated his occupation of Sutton Place, might wonder at the treasures that remain to him even after he has left the great bulk of them in America, and perhaps one may guess that at Sutton Place he may build up a second collection to rival his first, which is in Los Angeles. But the lavishness, even ostentation, that Mr. Getty showed on the occasion of his party were perhaps less characteristic of him than other qualities he showed in making Sutton Place ready for the reception of his first guests; a builder occupied on the alterations and improvements Mr. Getty has made at Sutton Place remarked with a certain sense of wonder and almost of trepidation at the microscopic examination to which Mr. Getty personally subjected even the minutest detail of the costs of the work.

When I asked Mr. Getty whether he looked forward to living at Sutton Place, he replied very simply that he did so because he liked living in the country and that he guessed that even in Surrey, only twenty miles from London, there might still be some country left. He added almost wistfully that his home in the countryside of Los Angeles used to be the most beautiful place in the world but that it had all been ruined since it had been invaded by the aircraft industry.

Yet for all the splendor of its opening, and his own almost patrician attitude to his possessions, it is not easy to visualize Mr.

Getty in the magnificence of Sutton Place, with all the attendant burdens of a large domestic establishment. One cannot help feeling, absurdly enough, that in spite of his hundreds of millions the expense, the waste of it all might worry him; this remarkable man, who to his other attainments adds the ability to speak seven languages, including Arabic, and a sound knowledge of Greek and Latin, would seem very much more at home in the somewhat makeshift arrangements of his very modest suite in the Ritz in London or the George V in Paris, among his papers and documents and empty cases of Coca-Cola, answering his own telephone, replying to his correspondents by hand on the margins of their own letters, and living in that kind of somewhat dreary isolation that can most easily be secured in a large hotel.

When I asked him how it was possible to direct a huge enterprise, of which he is the sole effective head, under such conditions, he said in the deliberate, reflective manner characteristic of him, that some people thought that personal contacts were very important in business but that he did not think so. "After all," he said, "I suppose that if one is an artist, or a dentist who actually has to put his finger in the patient's mouth, one has to be physically present to do one's work. In my case it isn't necessary. I can do everything that's needed from here." Somehow I felt that in the affairs of Getty Oil there was not much of the group thinking that has become so fashionable in modern business, and I have never met anyone who was less like an organization man than Mr. Getty. I felt that for him the efficient conduct of business means primarily the application of a formidable and realistic intelligence to the best information available; and in addition the willingness to back his conclusions with his capital even though they may conflict with the opinions of everyone else, including experts, who, he says, in the long run always succeed in contradicting themselves. When you talk to Mr. Getty, it all seems as simple as that.

Mr. Getty is an original, in his habits, his way of life, and in his ideas. He has formed his own opinions for himself, and they are not ones that would recommend him to many people, because the world seems a rather bleak place when so coldly contemplated. But since they really are his own, and owe very little to anyone else, except perhaps his father, they give him the attraction of what really is individual or, as engineers say, "one off."

There are no great public acts of charity associated with Mr. Getty, as there are with so many other men of great wealth, and he carries his liking for simplicity and thrift to such a degree that in a man of his fortune it may seem to amount to meanness. The economics of conspicuous waste have as little appeal to him as they had to Thorstein Veblen.

He is now sixty-seven years old. For a man who in his youth practiced physical culture and weight lifting, and employed professional wrestlers to exercise him, he gives an impression of great physical fragility, which is increased by the almost unnatural pallor of his face. He talks slowly, quietly, almost shyly, but this in no way detracts from the authority with which he speaks about the subjects that interest him—oil, art, history. In meeting him, your impression is overwhelmingly that of meeting a man who succeeds in looking at facts as they are and not as one might wish them to be; if there is a weakness in this, it is that not all the facts are included, particularly those that cannot be measured. So realistic a view of life is rare, and might be depressing to encounter, if the shock were not softened by the modesty and courtesy with which he states his rather alarming conclusions about the world and his own place in it.



4

THE CHANGING BUSINESSMAN: FROM FREE TRADE TO FAIR TRADE*

DAVID RIESMAN
(with Reuel Denney and Nathan Glazer)

*Is there a change in the character of the American people?
Is there a change in the character of the American businessman?*

David Riesman, Nathan Glazer, and Reuel Denney pondered these questions in their famous book *The Lonely Crowd*. Yes, they said, there was a change. The men who once dominated our society were inner-directed. The inner-directed person was he who had internalized adult authority. He was the pioneer, the individualist or, if we look at the representatives in this book, the Morgans, the Fords, and even the Paul Gettys. Now, maintained Riesman and his colleagues, society has changed. We are now dominated by the "other-directed character." The other-directed person is one whose character is formed chiefly by the example of his peers and contemporaries. This thesis, perhaps is an over simplification of a current picture of American society. Nonetheless, it caught the popular imagination and the words "other-directed" and "inner-directed" have become popular currency for everything from the Board table to the cocktail party.

* From: *The Lonely Crowd* (New Haven: Yale University Press) 1950.

The Lonely Crowd offers provocative theses. It points out that, although America is the best reported nation on earth, there are many things that we have little or no knowledge about, such as character, political style, and leisure uses. "America is not only big and rich, it is mysterious and its interest matches that of the legendary inscrutable Chinese." The Lonely Crowd attempts to make some of the facets of that inscrutable world clear. Despite the Chinese fortune cookie make-up of contemporary American sociology, the authors of *The Lonely Crowd* revealed a great deal about the businessman today.

In the following selection, Mr. Riesman and his collaborators evaluate some of the factors that are behind our management life today.

Management man needs as much imagination, as much industry, as much nerve, and as much insight into his problems as he can get in the world. We feel spokesmen such as Mr. Riesman, once a lawyer, then a law clerk to Justice Brandeis, and later Deputy Assistant District Attorney, New York City, before he became then a professor of Social Science at the University of Chicago, are very necessary.

Management is a lonely business. It may be, of course, that the conformity that so frequently accompanies our contemporary culture is very often nothing but a screen. As Clarence Randall discloses in his recent book, even the myth of the "management committee" is false. We are all, whether we want to face it or not, individuals. We are all, within or without the crowd, bound to be lonely on occasion. An important business decision is a highly creative act, although artists and poets and painters would be inclined to dispute this. Creative acts are lonely acts. In the rapid period of transition, loneliness is apt to be pointed up even more poignantly. Sometimes the amazing thing that one discovers is not that the world has changed so rapidly but rather that we are all still remarkably the same—individuals, no matter how that Chinese fortune cookie crumbles.

In the days of free trade the inner-directed businessman was insulated from too close a preoccupation with people in a number of ways, especially by the notion of the invisible hand. Tradition mediated his relation to his work force. Bankers mediated his relation with the source of financial supply—often, indeed, bankers were his major antennae to the wider world. Lawyers mediated his relation to government either by litigation or lucre. And he needed no one to tell him what he was in business for. Though his motives might be complex, the push of the invisible hand was on his back and drove him if he wanted to stay in or get to the top.

Today these habits are visibly changing. Relations that were once handled by the price mechanism or fiat are now handled by negotiation. Very soon after the Federal Trade Commission Act of 1914 outlawed unfair competition it became clear that what was unfair was to lower the price of goods, though this view was concealed under attacks against cheating or mislabeling of goods. But in the NRA period this covert attitude received government and public sanction, and it became libelous to call someone a price cutter. With the passage of the Robinson-Patman Act and state fair-trade laws, free trade and fair trade became antithetical terms. Thus prices must be set by administration and negotiation or, where this is too likely to bring in the Antitrust Division, by "price leadership."

Price leadership often looks to the economist simply as the manipulator of devices to avoid price wars and divide the field. But price leadership has other aspects as well. It is a means by which the burden of decision is put onto the "others." The so-called price leaders themselves look to the government for clues, since cost—that mythical will-of-the-wisp—is no longer, if it ever really was, an unequivocal guide. Follow-the-leader is also played in arriving at the price and working conditions of labor; and unions have profited from their ability to play on the wishes of top management to be in stride with the industry leaders, and to be good fellows to boot. As we shall see later, the other-directed pattern of politics tends to resemble the other-directed pattern of business: leadership is in the same amorphous state. Moreover, both in business and in politics, the other-

directed executive prefers to stabilize his situation at a level that does not make too heavy demands on him for performance. Hence, at various points in the decision-making process he will vote for an easier life as against the risks of expansion and free-for-all competition.

Such a business life does not turn out to be the "easy" one. For one thing, the other-directeds do not have things all their own way in business any more than they do in politics. Free trade is still a powerful force, despite the incursions of the fair traders. Many observers, judging the degree of monopoly by looking at the percentage of assets controlled by the large, administered-price corporations, overlook the fact that even a small percentage of companies outside the range of the glad hand can have a leverage quite disproportionate to their assets. Rubber may be a monopoly, but will we always need rubber? Movies may be monopolistic, but what about television or facsimile? In the small and marginal industries, the monopolies not of today but of tomorrow, there is often no need to be a good fellow. What is more, the dynamics of technological change remain challenging; whole departments within industries, as well as whole industries themselves, can become obsolete, despite their ability to negotiate repeated stays of technological death sentence. Even within the great monopolistic industries there are still many technologically oriented folk as well as many technologically oriented departments; no management planning in any one company can completely smooth out and routinize the pressure resulting from their innovations.

For another thing, to the extent that the businessman is freed by his character and situation from cost considerations, he must face the problem of finding new motives for his entrepreneurship. He must tune in to the others to see what they are saying about what a proper business ought to be. Thus, a psychological sensitivity that begins with fear of being called a price cutter spreads to fear of being unfashionable in other ways. The businessman is as afraid of pursuing goals that may be obsolete as of living a style of life that may not be stylish. Oriented as he is to others, and to the consumption sphere, he views *his own business as a consumer*.

We can see the shift in many corporate histories. A business that begins as a small family enterprise, whose founders have their eye on the main chance—with a focus on costs and a "show me" attitude about good will and public relations—often alters its aims in the sec-

ond generation. *Fortune* is put on the table, a trade association is joined, and the aim becomes not so much dollars as the possession of those appurtenances which an up-to-date company is supposed to have. We see a succession of demi-intellectuals added to the staff: industrial relations directors, training directors, safety directors. A house organ is published; consultants are called in on market research, standard operating procedures, and so on; shop and store front have their faces lifted; and in general status is sought, with profits becoming useful as one among many symbols of status and as the reserve for further moves toward a status-dictated expansion.

In many cases this shift is accompanied by a conflict of the older, more inner-directed with the younger, more other-directed generation. The older men have come up through the shop or through a technical school with no pretensions in the field of human relations. The younger ones are imbued with the new ethic. They seem still to be concerned about making money, and to some extent they are, but they are also concerned with turning their company into the model which they learned at business school. Businessmen recognize this new orientation when they speak of themselves, as they frequently do, as "trustees" for a variety of publics. And while they try to manipulate these publics and to balance between them, they, like the political leaders, are manipulated by the expectations the public has, or is thought to have, of them.

If one had to set a date for the change, one might say that the old epoch ended with the death of Henry Ford. After his death the firm, a last stronghold of older ways, completed the installation of new labor, accounting, and other management techniques and orientations.

The word *fair* in part reflects a carry-over of peer-group values into business life. The peer-grouper is imbued with the idea of fair play; the businessman, of fair trade. Often this means that he must be willing to negotiate matters on which he might stand on his rights. The negotiator, moreover, is expected to bring home not only a specific victory but also friendly feelings toward him and toward his company. Hence, to a degree, the less he knows about the underlying facts, the easier it will be to trade concessions. He is like the street-corner salesman who, reproached for selling for four cents apples that cost him five, said "But think of the turnover!" Here again craft skill,

if not an actual drawback, becomes less important than manipulative skill.

Obviously, much of what has been said applies to the "democratic" trade union bureaucracy, the professions, and to academic life as well as to the business world. The lawyer, for instance, who moves into top positions inside and outside his profession is no longer necessarily a craftsman who has mastered the intricacies of, say, corporate finance, but may be one who has shown himself to be a good contact man. Since contacts need to be made and remade in every generation and cannot be inherited, this creates lucrative opportunities for the mobile other-directed types whose chief ability is smooth negotiation.

The medical profession is even more clearly a field in which success has come to depend almost entirely (unless one cares to be "unethical") on the esteem of colleagues. To be sure, doctors have always been customer oriented, but the bedside manner is a much easier mask to maintain than the need to propitiate a small number of colleagues who decisively control one's fate. For the bedside manner is a relatively formalized mask of cheerfulness and imperturbability, worn in front of people ready to be impressed by one's status and mystique. But obviously this will not work with colleagues who know one too well and who share the mystique. Before them one must have a mask that pretends to be everything but a mask: a dissimulation that pretends to sincerity, a caution that pretends to casualness, an antagonism that pretends to cooperation. Similarly, we can contrast the small grocer who must please his individual patrons, perhaps by a "counter-side manner," with the chain-store employee who must please both the patrons and his co-workers in the shop; indeed, in pleasing the patrons he cannot antagonize the co-workers, any more than a nurse in a hospital can afford, lest the other nurses ruin her, to become too friendly with the sick. The colleague, like the peer-groupier, is the very person with whom one engages in competition for the scarce commodity of approval and the very person to whom one looks for guidance as to what is desirable.

There is also a change in the same direction in the services provided by the professional and in the way these services are shopped for. Today the housewife is no longer trained to argue with the butcher about all cuts of meat because so many of them are increasingly offered in standard cuts and grades. Just so, the shopper for

professional services learns not to trust his layman's judgment but to look for the label. Moreover, shopping is itself a major leisure-time pursuit in a society where the frontiers of consumption seem more exciting than those of production. This is true not only of the housewife but also for business corporations that employ professional consultants. Where interlocking directorates do not dictate the choice, the business may often shop for more up-to-date legal advice or run through a sequence of management consultant firms, each more flamboyant than the last, each engaged in adding to overhead one or more additional sets of semiprofessional specialists.

By and large, business firms until World War I needed only three kinds of professional advice: legal, auditing, and engineering. These were relatively impersonal services, even when, in the case of the lawyers, the services included buying—for cash on the barrelhead—a few legislators or judges. Since the number of available specialists was fairly small in comparison with demand, they could be absorbed into either or both of the two types of prevailing nexus: one, the family-status-connection nexus which persisted from earlier times in the smaller communities and does so even today in these communities and in the South; the other, the cash nexus based on performance, or on "character" in the older sense. Today the buyer is, first of all, not sure which of many services to buy: shall he get a lawyer or a public relations man or a market research agency or call in a management consulting firm to decide; second, he is not sure of his choice among the many potential suppliers of each of these services—none of whom must he accept either for family-status-connection reasons or for obviously superior character and performance. Thus choice will turn on a complex of more or less accidental, whimsical factors: a chance contact or conversation, a story in *Business Week* or a "confidential" newsletter, the luck of a salesman. In this situation the professional man's uneasy relation to his craft resembles that of a husband to a good-looking and flirtatious wife in a roomful of competitive men. The recurrent codes of ethics devised by the various professional associations are symptoms of this malaise; and so is the effort to draw, in the fluid competitive setting, lines of ethnic or social inacceptability aimed at eliminating some of the competitors. The kinds of competition that are to be deemed fair are always subject to the negotiation of the peer-group and its interpretations of the rules of the game.

FROM THE BANK ACCOUNT TO THE EXPENSE ACCOUNT

In this phrase Professor Paul Lazarsfeld once summed up some recent changes in economic attitudes. There was a time when many inner-directed men thought of their bank account as their most solid and reliable friend. In those days of an unequivocal gold standard (unequivocal because it was "understood" only by bankers and economists and held to be too mysterious for politicians to tinker with) property could serve as a protective shell for the inner-directed man. Property in our time has become an uncertain asset for its anxious possessors. Taxes, inflation, panic liquidity have made it factually vaporous; and changed attitudes toward wealth have made it emotionally elusive. The rich man must use his expense account to establish himself as a fine fellow and to protect, in his own eyes as well as the eyes of others, his right to his bank account.

The expense account is tied in with today's emphasis on consumption practices as firmly as the bank account in the old days was tied in with production ideals. The expense account gives the glad hand its grip. In doing so it still further breaks down the wall that in the era depending on inner-direction separated the paths of pleasure and of work. The successful other-directed man brings to business the set of attitudes learned in the consumption sphere not only when he appraises his own firm with a customer's eye but also when he is "in conference."

Business is supposed to be fun. As World War II inflation cooled off, the business pages repeatedly carried speeches at conventions on the theme: "Now selling will be fun again!" The demand to have fun is one that the inner-directed businessman never faced. He could afford to be properly gloomy and grim. The shortening of hours, which in any case has affected the working class more than the middle class, has extended the requirements for office sociability largely in the top management of business, government, and academic life. Here people spend long hours in the company of their office peer-group. Their lunches are long; their golf games longer still. Much time in the office itself is also spent in sociability: exchanging office gossip ("conferences"), making good-will tours ("inspection"), talking to salesmen and joshing secretaries ("morale"). In fact, depleting

the expense account can serve as an almost limitless occupational therapy for men who, out of a tradition of hard work, a dislike of their wives, a lingering asceticism, and an anxiety about their antagonistic cooperators, still feel that they must put in a good day's work at the office. But, of course, Simmel would not admit, in his brilliant essay from which I quoted, that this kind of sociability, carrying so much workaday freight, was either free or sociable.

For the new type of career there must be a new type of education. This is one factor, of course not the only one, behind the increasing vogue of general education and the introduction of the humanities and social studies into technical high school and university programs. The educators who sponsor these programs urge cultivating the "whole man," speak of training citizens for democracy, and denounce narrow specialisms—all valuable themes. Indeed this book grows in part out of the stimulation of teaching in a general social science program. But since the social studies as usually taught are often lacking in humanistic import, it may be doubtful that engineers and businessmen will become either better citizens or better people for having been exposed to them. On the other hand, there is the great probability that they will be more suave. They may be able to demonstrate their edge on the roughnecks from the "tech" schools by trotting out discourse on human relations. Such eloquence may be as necessary for professional and business success today as a knowledge of the classics was to the English politician and high civil servant of the last century.

Meanwhile, I do not wish to exaggerate the extent of "false personalization" and emphasis on human relations even in the bureaucratized sectors of the economy. There is much variety still: some companies, such as Sears Roebuck, are run by glad handlers, while others like, let us say, Montgomery Ward, are not; some, like Anaconda, are public relations conscious; others, like Kennecott, are less so. Much current progress in distribution, even in selling, tends to reduce the importance of the human agent as salesman. This is clear enough in the Automat. Moreover, the human agent as salesman is minimized wherever a technician is needed: for instance, salesmen of specialized equipment which requires a reorientation of the customer's work force. Though IBM salesmen have to be go-getters, they

also have to know how to wire a tabulating machine and, still more important, how to rationalize the information flow within a company. Hence, although they are facilitators of the communications revolution, they must be no less craft oriented than the salesmen of the less complex equipment of an earlier era. Within most such industries there is a great need for technically minded people who are, to a considerable degree, protected by their indispensable skills from having to be nice to everybody, with or without an expense account.

5

THE NEW MANAGER*

HERRYMON MAURER

Managers, Herrymon Maurer points out in his book *Great Enterprise; Growth and Behavior of the Big Corporation*, are laboring to find out exactly what the corporation is and what it can do. They are also, when you push this a step further, trying to find out just who they are. The growth of management life runs parallel to the growth of our society to understand itself.

The new manager is very alert to understanding himself and understanding the world in which he works. Managers have become increasingly conscious of how they must be responsible to the company, to the society, and to their own selves. The manager of today is a serious student of experiment and change. New values, new goods, new distributions, new ideas, are constant challenges. The age of Morgan is over; the age of Ford has been assimilated; a Getty is unusual; but the manager is omnipresent. Mr. Maurer maintains, "This is not the age of would-be tycoons or enterprising manipulators. It is the age of management. Projections of past trends indicate that it will remain so. The managers will probably continue to be analytical, inconspicuous men, engaged in a continuing study, experiment, and change. They will be better educated, less specialized in any field other than their own profession of group management. They will look more and more at the future, use more and better

* From: *Great Enterprise* (New York: The Macmillan Company) 1955.

instruments and processes to insure increasing productivity, improving standards of living and growing economic stability."

A Fortune editor, Mr. Maurer, has based his exhaustive analysis on the inside story of the growth and operation of fifty top corporations.

Although the great changes in the behavior of the large corporation make it look like a new form of enterprise, a final conclusion as to its newness can be reached only after it is determined whether the motives of the men who now manage it are new also. Here a succinct paragraph written in 1776 by Adam Smith himself is highly useful in establishing what is traditional. This paragraph, a discussion of the managerial motives behind the very few large enterprises of the eighteenth century, facilitates comparison with the motives behind large enterprise today.

Wrote Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations*: "The trade of a joint stock company is always managed by a court of directors. This court, indeed, is frequently subject, in many respects, to the control of a general court of proprietors. But the greater part of those proprietors seldom pretend to understand anything of the business of the company; and when the spirit of faction happens not to prevail among them, give themselves no trouble about it, but receive contentedly such half yearly or yearly dividend, as the directors think proper to make to them. This total exemption from trouble and from risk, beyond a limited sum, encourages many people to become adventurers in joint stock companies, who would, upon no account, hazard their fortunes in any private copartnery. Such companies, therefore, commonly draw to themselves much greater stocks than any private copartnery can boast of . . . The directors of such companies, however, being the managers rather of other people's money than of their own, it cannot well be expected that they should watch over it with the same anxious vigilance with which the partners in private copartnery frequently watch over their own . . . Negligence and profusion, therefore, must always prevail, more or less, in the management of the affairs of such a company.

These observations doubtless constitute a very apt description of the affairs of such large corporations as existed in the third quarter of the eighteenth century. (They are certainly an apt description of the management of the South Sea Co., a bubble which collapsed sensationally.) But are they pertinent to large corporations in the middle of the twentieth century? A profound student of modern enterprise, Frank Abrams, has reported:

"We have a stewardship in a company like Jersey Standard and a personal pride. We would like to leave the company in a sounder and more assured position than when we took it over. We are not looking to the company just to support us; we want to make it healthy for future generations and for the employees who will come along. We like to feel that it is a good place for people to work. We have equal responsibilities to other groups: stockholders, customers, and the public generally, including government. What is the proper balance for the claims of these different sections? What part of profits should go to stockholders? What part to the employees' wages? What part to the customer in lower prices and improved quality? Keeping the proper balance in these things is one of the most important matters that corporate management has to consider. We hope that as we learn more about them (and each generation of management that comes in has to learn them) we are making some progress toward responsible direction. If you want to do a good job as managers of your business, you must get such philosophy down through the organization. It is a matter of education of managers and employees, and in understanding it they become more intelligent in their relations with the public—and every individual in the company has his own public. It gives them a sense of belonging, of knowing what we are after. The company then is a kind of team that they want to belong to; it is a great moral drive of many persons."

WHY WORK?

Except for the fact that they are both talking about paid managers of big enterprise, Adam Smith and Frank Abrams are clearly not discussing the same things. Abrams' topics are stewardship, responsibility, and the moral drive of a group. Smith's topic—and the basis of his objections to corporations—is that private individuals are better judges of their money interests than are hired managers, who, lacking personal incentives, are likely to be disputatious, uninformed, and lazy.

Smith's specific complaints can be briskly dismissed. Half a century ago it would not have been hard to find managers possessed of at least some of these vices. Today it would be extremely difficult. Downright dissension—in contrast to difference of opinion—is now a rarity. When it occurs, it is only temporary; otherwise the cooperative

effort underlying modern management would break down, and the activities of the company involved would stumble to a halt. As for laziness and ignorance, the executives of today's large corporations serve long apprenticeships, in the course of which they are required to labor hard at a wide variety of jobs. Usually they hold their top jobs only for a brief span of years, whereupon they pass them on to the next group of graduate apprentices. In other words, most of an executive's working years are spent in training; in which devotion to work is a primary condition for assignment to executive training, and, as such, is taken for granted. Modern managers do not make a practice of quoting old adages about diligence, but most of them put in more labor on their respective jobs than Andrew Carnegie put into the creation of the steel industry. What was feared by Adam Smith—that hired managers would not look after other people's money with "anxious vigilance"—has simply not materialized.

Why have these fears not materialized? If the answer is that modern managers are motivated by forces other than those known to traditional economists, then traditional economics is outmoded, and the large corporation is definitely a new sort of institution. On the other hand, if the answer is that managers are motivated by personal interests of a traditional sort, then it is obvious why they are not lax at their jobs; it accordingly seems evident that the large corporation may be new only in appearance, not in nature.

Are today's managers driven by a profit motive? Such a motive was held by the Classical economists to be the prime mover of business life, and the individual urge to maximize profits was held to be the prime force in the economy as a whole. Nowadays, of course, managers seldom have any profits of their own to maximize. They are responsible for earning profits, but the profits accrue not to them but to their corporations, entities which are persons only by legal definition, and which by no flight of fancy can be imagined as having psychological motives of any sort. Not the company but the manager has motives. Yet whatever business decision he may make, the resulting profit or loss is unlikely to have much effect on his own pocket-book. The stock ownership of most managers in their companies is remarkably slight. In contrast to the capitalists of the early years of this century, some of whom had enough money to make profound impressions on the U.S. economy, extremely few managers today have enough money to make even a superficial impression on their own

companies—even if they should want to. Most of them do not. It is the common habit of contemporary managers to reach decisions on the basis of what will be good for the company, not on the basis of what will produce the highest immediate dividends or the greatest rise in stock values.

A manager's livelihood depends, of course, on his receiving a salary, but salaries and profits cannot be said to provide motives in the same sense. For one thing, management salaries seldom fluctuate according to company earnings. There is far less difference between the good-year and the not-so-good-year remuneration of the president of General Motors than there is between his year-in—year-out remuneration and that of the president of Jersey Standard, a company of comparable size and importance that happens to maintain a more conservative salary scale. To be sure, an executive in any one of many companies may occasionally be rewarded for consistently good judgment by an increase in salary or an option for a number of shares of stock. But it is difficult in most large corporations to disentangle one man's judgment from those of other men. Generally speaking, the executive gets his salary increases not so much on the basis of special merit as on the basis of company policies, which provide regular increments at stated steps in each executive's career. Furthermore, once an executive is an established member of management, his continued employment and his salary are well-nigh certain until he retires. An informal and little-discussed tenure system exists in a great majority of corporations (Montgomery Ward has been one of the few exceptions), and dismissals are comparatively rare.

Regular recompense—even at current rates and with current taxes—could be cited as an incentive to make executives stay at their job. But it is not a direct incentive to sound judgments and wise decisions—in short to efficiency on their jobs—since rarely does premium or penalty attach to executive performance.

MANAGERIAL ANONYMITY

Can it be that there are other incentives which, although different in type from the traditional motives, are similar in function? A will to power, although socially reprehensible, may take the place of a will to maximize personal profits, but the era in which the heads of

corporations actually had power has long since come to an end. Nowadays managers are also denied the incentive—or the consolation—of fame. They have little opportunity to practice personal largesse in public, little occasion to make friendships with kings, captains, and movie stars, unless they happen to have such persons under contract to their companies. Except within their own organizations and industries, they are largely unknown and unsung.

Note how managers fare in the latest (1950) edition of *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, perhaps the largest and most inclusive of general ready-reference volumes. It contains data about places, dynasties, universities, colleges, and other assorted institutions, as well as biographies of men of practically all kinds, living and dead. There are sketches of painters, scholars, writers, clergymen, politicians, musicians, diplomats, jurists, scientists, movie stars, baseball players, ice-skaters, and singers of songs. There are sketches neither of General Motors nor of the chairman of G.M.'s board. The encyclopedia does not list the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, its then-president, or its former president. It records briefly the existence of both the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central but mentions no then-current executive. It overlooks both C. E. Wilsons. (Neither had yet gone to a top job in Washington.) The encyclopedia overlooks G.E., Westinghouse, Swift, Jersey Standard, R.C.A., and other comparable corporations and makes no mention of their chief executives. It does mention a vice-president of Sears who worked for the government during the war, but it does not mention the long-time chairman of the Sears' board. It refers to the capitalists of the last half of the nineteenth century in some detail and includes some of their descendants. But it does not give space to the men who are now running the businesses founded by them.

Reasons for such inattention have been intimated by Crawford H. Greenewalt, president of du Pont, who notes that "... achievement in the executive field is much less spectacular than comparable success in many of the professions—the scientist, for example, who wins the Nobel Prize, the headline name who is elected governor, the skillful politician, the articulate college president. In fact, the more effective an executive, the more his own identity and personality blend into the background of his organization. Here is a queer paradox. The more able the man, the less he stands out, the greater his relative anonymity outside his immediate circle."

Can it be that an insatiable urge to be top boss some day drives the new managers throughout the long period stretching from their small beginnings to their brief conclusions in positions of eminence, terminating usually at age sixty-five? It may be, of course, that some managers would like to boss. But few of them have the chance to do so. The presidents and chairmen of many companies, in fact, like to remark jocularly that they are the most expendable men in their organizations: Having no defined sphere of authority, they must labor as reconciliators between executives whose authority is defined. In the course of a factory tour shortly after William C. Stolk had been made chief executive officer of the largest container company in the country (sales for American Can in 1953, \$661 million), he was asked by a machine operator what his job was. Stolk replied evasively that he worked in New York. "That's a big office," said the workman. "What department?" Stolk indicated the executive department. "But what do you do?" Stolk referred to liaison between departments. "Well, how many people?" Stolk added together vice-presidents and secretaries and gave the number eight. "But I still don't know what you do." At this, Stolk broke down and admitted that he was president of the company. "My job," he said, "is mostly talking with people." By long tradition, indeed, the president of American Can is part of a group conversation, and it is his function to encourage deliberation by being omnipresent and yet unobtrusive. William Stolk is the sort of manager, increasingly prevalent among businesses growing increasingly large, who merges his own ideas with those of other executives, understating his own conclusions in order to encourage other executives to state theirs.

Of very few managers can it be said that they literally lay down policy. Outstanding personal performances, when examined, do not usually turn out to be as individual as they appear. Radio Corporation of America may indeed be in considerable measure the projection of David Sarnoff, who still likes to point out that the head of a business could learn a great deal from watching Toscanini get music out of an orchestra: Toscanini knew what he wanted; he demanded higher performance than did most other conductors; and he actually drew out of his players more than they thought they had in them. But it was the players, not Toscanini, who were actually making music. Sarnoff, in fact, has long given his blessing to a series of R.C.A. management groups. When Robert E. Wood was still chairman of Sears, Roebuck,

there were various management groups in which failure to agree constituted a cardinal sin, as indeed it still does under Chairman Houser. Wood undertook ventures as far-reaching as retail merchandising in Latin America and projects as ambitious as the stimulation of industry and agriculture throughout the South. But he also maintained his own discussion group: a carefully picked board of directors from whom he skillfully elicited hard work and good advice. Furthermore, one policy that he liked to emphasize was the Sears' system of spreading operational authority.

There was, to be sure, one corporation manager who was authentically autocratic: octogenarian Sewell Avery of Montgomery Ward, who not only put handcuffs on such subordinates as survived his rule but a strait jacket on Montgomery Ward's growth. There is also Robert R. Young of the Alleghany Corporation, who won control of the New York Central Railroad. Men like Young, however, are not corporation managers but financial organizers and, as such, not part of the settled big company segment of U.S. business.

Among other large companies, the emphasis, in varying degree, is more on the top-executive group than on the individual manager. Where, then, are genuine incentives for managers to be found?

MONEY MANAGERS

Many managers, perhaps, would not be reluctant to have their egos stirred by fame, wealth, power, or profits. But they lack opportunity. What specific occasions do they have in their business life to indulge the direct and immediately rewarding self-interest from which, according to six generations of economists and entrepreneurs, the common good was supposed to have emerged?

It is still possible to argue that large enterprise would be responsive purely to the traditional economic factor of self-interest if profit-seeking individuals outside the corporation were actually influencing inside decisions. Stockholders, it is widely known, no longer wield such influence; indeed, in the few companies where there are still controlling blocks of stock, the owners customarily look to the management to bring in better profits than they themselves could. In such cases, Adam Smith's dictum is turned upside down: Hired managers

watch over other people's money more successfully than those other people can.

In the past, bankers sometimes exercised unusual influence over the affairs of many corporations; this idea, indeed, has become part of American folklore, and persons unfamiliar with the way big companies now work sometimes imagine that the corporations are in thrall to the financial houses. A short look at such institutions, however, dispels any such notion. At the Chase Manhattan Bank, for instance, Chairman John J. McCloy exercises authority in no way comparable to that which he formerly had as High Commissioner for Germany. McCloy's definition of the aim of big commercial banking—"working the economy, keeping it moving"—is an exact description of what is done not only at Chase but at similar institutions throughout the country. "A commercial bank," notes McCloy, "puts to work the money it safeguards, and when it puts money to work, people are put to work." In the course of such operations, which involve some \$5.5 billion for Chase alone, the big banking houses carry on perpetual conversations with industrial and financial houses all over the world, the sum of which is an immense and immeasurably vital interchange of economic intelligence. Banking can be big business, but it is service business.

Henry C. Alexander, president of the now-incorporated firm that has played so large a role in U.S. business—J. P. Morgan & Co.—refers casually and affectionately to his company as "a small bank." (Its rank fluctuates between twentieth and thirtieth among the nation's banks.) J. P. Morgan & Co. still serves top U.S. companies and large foreign concerns, as well as some of the principal governments of the world. Today loans are on the rise; accounts that were dormant are now active; the number of new accounts increases steadily. "The bank is bigger," Henry Alexander sums up, "than it ever was—bigger in clients, in deposits, and in services." It still has great influence, but it no longer exerts it on such issues as Robert Young's siege of the New York Central.

The men at 23 Wall Street are still pursuing the ends set by the younger Morgan—"doing only first-class business and that in a first-class way." But changing ways of doing business have long been characteristic of the bank. The formidable character of founder Pierpont Morgan has led to the popular notion that the bank was an immovable colossus from its beginnings until it ran into Mr. Pecora, the

midget, and the New Deal. Actually, the senior Morgan himself moved with the times, promoting his famous combinations when conditions favored them, and retreating into different fields when Theodore Roosevelt shook the big stick at him. Son J. P. Morgan, for his part, found the times different and used different methods. He neither sought nor exercised power; he approved sound deposits, high-quality loans, and top-grade bonds; he disliked stock issues. Through successful concentration on the bond-and-banking business, the Morgan influence ran high, although the bank itself stayed relatively small. After the 1929 crash, there were continuing investigations in Washington (Pecora, Nye, Wheeler, TNEC), undertaken largely because of the myth that the sedate J.P. was the same man as the imperious Pierpont and that he presided over a vast system of interlocking directorates through his supposed grip on security issues. Such misinformation helped promote the divorce of commercial and investment banking in 1933 and eliminated a great traditional source of the bank's influence and deposits, but J. P. Morgan unhesitatingly led his firm into commercial banking, which he considered more sound and more stable than the business of issuing securities.

Meanwhile, mounting government debts and budgets had shifted the center of monetary policy to Washington. In contrast to World War I, when J. P. Morgan & Co. floated loans and purchased material for the Allies, World War II afforded the company the relatively tame job of absorbing U.S. bonds. Today, under Chairman George Whitney and President Alexander, the bank is characterized by a readiness to compete for accounts and by a reluctance to speak out even on public business disputes. "We don't try to run other people's business," Alexander explains, "and there have been so many charges in the past that we want to avoid the appearance of doing so." The Morgan reluctance illustrates the degree of change that has overtaken 23 Wall Street during the past half-century. The bank exerts leadership, but of a quieter, less dramatic, more intellectual kind, with the stress strongly on service.

The bank carries on not only the particular services—e.g., deposit, loan, trust, foreign—offered by many banks, but uniquely complete financial, industrial, and economic intelligence, together with intense deliberation on the complex subject of money itself—a topic scarcely known to the public, incompletely known to most economists and managers, and so imperfectly known even to some bankers that they

are disinclined to discuss it. Actually, banking is the buying and selling of money, interest and discount rates being the price. A knowledge of money, not simply the money market but the supply and demand of money, along with international, political, and economic forces that may upset supply and demand—this knowledge is essential in making loans to corporations, handling the bank's portfolio, and advising clients on the investment of their own funds. It requires broad experience and infinite art to shift emphasis from one position to another—e.g., from long term to short term. Morgan men, therefore, examine the general state of the economy, the fiscal policies of the government, and the movements of money through its intricate channels. These factors govern the general monetary health of the country, determine whether inflation siphons off public and private assets or deflation shrinks assets and reduces productivity. The bank disdains loans that aid schemes of speculation or manipulation. "We have no relish," notes Henry Alexander, "for financing an operator bent on liquidating a company for a fast dollar. Money is useful when it is used to build and construct."

Far from setting the pace for big corporations, larger financial houses are in some ways following. They have a service to sell, and to sell it most effectively they have organized their operations after the pattern found in large industrial concerns and utilities. This is true of banks like the Chase Manhattan, First National City, Mellon National, and Bank of America. It is true also of the big insurance companies. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., to take an example, has more assets than any other private organization in the world—more than \$12 billion—and it regularly has a billion dollars or so of new money to invest each year. The company's philosophy of investment begins with the somewhat awesome fact that it is responsible to no fewer than 35 million customer-owners—one person out of every five in the U.S. and Canada. The first tenet of Metropolitan investment, consequently, is safety of principal, and the second is satisfactory return. The third is the public interest, and to serve it the Metropolitan has undertaken housing developments, underwritten government bonds, and concentrated more than half its assets during postwar years in corporate securities. It has assets in such things as pipelines, natural gas, oil, and Labrador iron ore. But it has never dreamed of directing the way in which those assets are used. "The savings that come in to us," observed President F. W. Ecker, "go back to communities all

over the U.S. and Canada to expand industry, to make living more comfortable."

In short, financial houses—far from bringing profit-seeking incentives to bear on the managers of large corporations—are themselves corporations without rigorous incentives of the sort postulated by the Classical economists. F. W. Ecker of Metropolitan Life, for instance, works in much the same manner as the head of a vast industrial organization, and he experiences incentives no different. Fusing the efforts of no fewer than eighty officers and executives prominent enough to be listed in the annual report, he also encourages 19,000 agents and almost 31,000 other employees. (The morale of this numerous group is bolstered by the participation of its members in the "family," a term in use at the Metropolitan since 1914.) Pre-eminently a manager of other people's money, Ecker lives without show, works without fuss. He is prominent in the formation of policy, but it is incorrect to attribute particular policies to him. He would not be president had his career been marked by singlehanded feats. The president of the Metropolitan is expected to be outstanding, but not conspicuous.

MANAGERIAL SATISFACTIONS

If there is neither the incentive of big money nor any real power in presiding over a large corporation, why be the head of such a corporation, or an executive in one, particularly at times when smaller businesses can offer more money, greater authority, more opportunity for tax benefits, and more chance to build a personal estate? Whatever the motives of managers may be, they are undoubtedly numerous and complex. As a political economist, Adam Smith cannot shed much light on this peculiarly modern problem, but as an individual he can. He was profoundly interested in how the economy of his times functioned; he was deeply concerned with anything that might make it function better. He had, indeed, a disinterested attraction to the workings of business; the important recompense for his own labor was the satisfaction of discovering what makes business tick.

Some of the satisfaction modern managers find in their work may well resemble Smith's recompense. Certainly there is the satisfaction of making a mammoth institution work. And there is a marked reward in being part of a group that has a creative hand in economic life. In

the course of a fifteen-hour stretch of work during a holiday, R.C.A.'s David Sarnoff, asked why he didn't knock off for the day, made what is now a standard big company comment: "I'm not working; I'm having fun. Anyone who has something to express gets tired and sluggish when he can't express it." To earlier businessmen, living in a relatively static world and guided to a considerable extent by forces of supply and demand over which they had no control, the satisfaction of such an urge was largely denied, and their recompense for their labor was largely in the form of money or public esteem. A constant flow of new products, an increase in production, a decrease in price, and change and growth in the very form of business organization mark the large corporation; each and all offer satisfaction of other than pecuniary sort.

This is not to say that there is no longer a personal desire for success. Probably most managers feel themselves under some sort of trial to prove themselves worthy. As a group they measure success by how well and how profitably their corporation is run. As individuals they measure success in terms of their importance to the corporation. Money is usually more a symbol of this success than it is an incentive or something to exchange for possessions. The location of one's office, the size of it, the decorations in it, and other agreed-upon marks of rank* have become matters of considerable importance to almost all but the very tip-top executives. By having all the marks of success, they are delivered from worry about getting them—a freedom which each exchanges for worry over how the administration he heads will succeed in terms of the general economic condition of the country.

The ambivalence that men like Carnegie felt toward wealth and possessions—an ambivalence present in almost every period of American business—involved a repulsion from mere money-grubbing and an attraction toward the noncommercial virtues of wisdom and good will. Money-grubbing of substantial proportions is no longer possible for corporate managers, and the yardsticks of wisdom and good will have been replaced by the quite different measuring device of value to the corporate community itself. The fundamental problem of personal

* Henry Kaiser has found it advisable to encourage his young executives with large offices, immense tables, and expanses of thick carpet. In most corporations, managers enjoy a better standard of living in their offices than in their homes. In their offices, furthermore, they are well served by assistants and secretaries, a situation which does not prevail at home, where they may have to serve themselves and even wash the dishes.

business behavior still remains—how to divide one's life between work and the "good life"—but there is an increasing tendency on the part of managers to conclude that the good life consists in working for the corporate community.

SATISFACTIONS IN WORK

By reason of sheer size, a large corporation can, of course, satisfy the wishes of managers attracted to particular types of work. Although the efficiency of manufacturing processes is no longer the critical problem it once was, there will always be a need for production specialists, not to mention the ever-pressing demand for research and development scientists. There are places in the large corporation for men whose individual talents range from corporate law or public relations to stockholders contacts, sales, employee programs, or high-level finance. The executives who look after the enormous money needs of the Bell System and who work on the terms of A.T.&T.'s convertible debentures—the largest security issues in corporate history—deal with matters whose complexity makes the work of investment bankers seem, by comparison, picayune. In many corporations there is a need for specialists in foreign relations: companies like Jersey Standard in effect maintain their own departments of state. There is a definite need for logicians of organization, like G.E.'s Ralph Cordiner. There is a critical need for philosophers of business, like Frank Abrams, who not long ago retired from the chairmanship of the Jersey board. There is a place for men like the two C. E. Wilsons, each with a sense of duty toward public service.

More and more, however, the large corporation is creating a type of man who, without ceasing to be his own man, seems to be something of everyman: a sort of twentieth-century universal man. The obvious talents of President William S. Richardson of B. F. Goodrich, for instance, lie in scientific management and in rubber operations and sales. Yet he founded and ran the company's chemical division with such notable success that Sidney Weinberg was prompted to remark, "I don't know any man who knows more about the chemical business." The chief executives of such immense corporations as A.T.&T., G.M., Jersey Standard, U.S. Steel, du Pont, and G.E. obviously must be alert to a wide variety of business specialties.

Comparable breadth, as a matter of fact, is an essential of the chief executives of large corporations in general. Consider the specific case of Walker Cisler, now president of Detroit Edison, who in 1943 was hired as chief engineer of the company. Shortly thereafter, Secretary of War Stimson asked him to rebuild power plants in the wake of Allied drives in the Mediterranean theater, and later in middle Europe. Cisler literally turned on the lights abroad, returning to his company in late 1945 with decorations from five countries. Two years later he was appointed executive vice-president and given particular responsibility for personnel, a field in which he had had no formal experience. Soon after, the personnel problems were eased, and Cisler was made president of the company (1953 assets of \$761 million). By that time he was chief consultant on electric power to the ECA—where he did more work part-time than anyone whom Paul Hoffman could get to work full-time; simultaneously he was a consultant to the State and Army Departments, as well as to the National Security Resources Board and—because he was one of the pioneers in adapting atomic energy to electric power—to the Atomic Energy Commission. At Detroit Edison, meanwhile, he was in the midst of a \$300-million expansion program, and was actively engaged in reshaping the organizational structure of the corporation itself.

Cisler was not spreading himself thin. The important fact about his activities was his demonstration of certain basic abilities that are, in varying degree, typical of almost all managers of large companies. One of these abilities involves complete, confident, and exact use of past experience: something quite the opposite of the common human habit of mental pigeonholing of diverse activities. Cisler's main aim, for instance, has always been to keep electric power capacity in pace with the needs of industry; his many activities, whether they involve lignite power plants in Greece or personnel programs in Detroit, are tied closely together, with each separate fact in precise relation to all others. His total experience—like that of many other executives—can thus be brought to bear on a given problem of business with apparent effortlessness.

Leading without appearing to lead is another trait basic to executive ability. The effective manager avoids shouts and shoves, limiting himself to suggestions. The bigger his suggestions, in fact, the calmer are his methods of presenting them. The interest of other executives is quickened; they fall to work of their own will, often without being

aware that they are following another man's lead. In the case of Walker Cisler, this ability has been called "extreme leadership and conservative manner." Cisler is in the habit of moving with remarkable directness and speed outside established channels of business or government, either stretching red tape or cutting it—all with so little fuss or friction that the speed does not seem remarkable, and colleagues find themselves inclined to keep pace.

A third ability probably underlies the other two: an ability to see the person-to-person relationships that are the basis of economic or any other activity and to take a straightforward interest in people as people. The key words in Cisler's business philosophy are similar to those of many other managers, "willingness and mutuality: going more than halfway to meet the other fellow." Corporation executives have, in fact, emphasized "interest in people" until the phrase has practically become banal. Their interest, however, is intense. Business activity today is so much a group performance that a sincere interest in other persons may perhaps be the root capacity that makes top managers inconspicuously effective in leadership and unhesitatingly certain in the use of their experience.

In sum, the psychological drives that produce such abilities are strictly beyond causal explanation of the type given by traditional economic theory. If there is self-interest, it can be neither defined nor measured in the old terms of power or money. Taking responsibility is essential to anyone who directs activities of a large corporation, but displaying power is detrimental. As for money, there is—comparatively speaking—no longer much of it. Detroit Edison, for instance, pays its president only \$85,000 before taxes. It may well be that the urge that leads businessmen to top jobs is simply the desire to exercise the particular abilities that are becoming more and more essential in carrying out the complex and intertwined activities of modern big companies. The urge, in short, may be a professional one. The tycoons have all but disappeared; the Cislers are replacing them. This alteration provides an additional argument that the large corporation is indeed a new institution that cannot be fully explored in terms of Classical economics. As a new institution, moreover, the large corporation perpetuates many of the basic economic drives which characterize most U.S. history but which have never been fully explicable in terms of formal logic and theory.

THE NINE HUNDRED

The ideas formulated above are drawn from conversations with several hundred managers. To check these ideas, *Fortune* undertook an examination of the backgrounds and characteristics of the nine hundred top executives of U.S. industry in the two hundred fifty largest industrial companies (selected on the basis of sales), the twenty-five largest railroads, and the twenty-five largest utilities. (Estimated 1952 sales for all the companies were nearly \$150 billion.) The names, positions, and salaries of the three highest-paid men in each company were secured from the data required by the Securities and Exchange Commission. Letters, telegrams, and phone calls were then directed to these nine hundred men until each one (or his representative) reported, refused to report, or repeatedly failed to refuse or to report. Refusals and failures totaled only one hundred forty-four, and of this number there was information in ready reference volumes for all but sixty-eight. The resulting picture is not a sample but almost a complete report. The statistics make it possible to speak not merely of nine hundred persons who happen to be executives, but of a group of men in sixteen industries who may be called the Nine Hundred: men of observable business habits, characteristics, and experiences. *Fortune's* investigation was necessarily limited to outward facts, but an analysis of these facts reveals much about the nature of the manager's motivations.

The typical representative of the Nine Hundred was the son of a businessman and was born in either the Middle West or the East. He had four years of college, during which time he concentrated on business and science. After school he worked for one company before he joined his present corporation, which hired him while he was still in his twenties, and which he has now served for nearly thirty years. The chances are that he started in some sort of clerical or administrative work. Today between fifty and sixty, he has held his present position only six years. His compensation, hardly a princely sum, falls between \$70,000 and \$80,000 before taxes, although if he is chief executive officer he gets \$30,000 more.* This relatively minor differ-

* The range of compensation is wide. One hundred eighty-two men get less than \$50,000, thirty-six of that number less than \$25,000. Seventy-one enjoy more than \$170,000, eleven of that number more than \$350,000. Compensation after taxes on incomes between \$25,000 and \$350,000 varies, however, within the considerably narrower range of \$18,884 to \$83,888 at current rates.

ence in income is the only statistically significant fact that differentiates chief executives from other managers.

Typically, the upcoming executive goes to work for his present company while he is in his twenties—in only three industries out of sixteen were managers-to-be hired in their thirties—and he confines his career to his company. (In only two of sixteen industries has the typical executive worked for as many as two other companies.)

Something exists that might be labeled “managerial man.” Furthermore, there are lines within the picture of this man that are sharp enough to delineate a shift in business behavior from old to new patterns. It has already been suggested that the modern corporation is becoming more and more subject to group management, and is placing strong emphasis on the development of new products and processes that will create new markets and new capital in the future. It is therefore significant that managerial man, as revealed by statistics, most closely resembles executives from enterprises in which the new manner of group developmental enterprise predominates—e.g., chemicals and oil—and that he less closely resembles executives from slower-to-change industries—e.g., textiles and steel. As a group, younger managers resemble such executives much more markedly than do older managers.

The younger and older men differ even in regard to their schooling. The younger men were a degree more interested in the liberal arts, business, and economics, a degree less enthralled by the wonders of science and engineering than were men ten or twenty years their senior. Although the bright young men got their first jobs in production almost in the same proportion as the older men did, the former reflected in some measure an interest in the over-all management and the social problems of big companies—in particular, the problem of distribution. Since this interest was typical of the country at the time of their education, the young men were obviously alert to shifts in the climate of opinion. They neither rushed out to embrace new ideas nor hung back to avoid them; they were simply open to them—just as their elders were receptive to science and engineering, the challenging fields during the time of their education. The shift in educational emphasis among the managers is directly related to a contemporary shift among college graduates generally. It may well be, therefore, that alertness and receptivity are more important characteristics of the modern top executives than is the type of education received.

Apart from men imported directly into executive jobs (oldsters

in the main), the Nine Hundred formula for getting a start can be expressed in a numerical order of opportunities. Roughly one man in twenty started in law, another man in twenty in finance. One man in fourteen first worked in engineering, one in ten in sales. About one in six began in production, but nearly one in four went into administrative work, often clerical. From this pattern of starting jobs, however, the Nine Hundred moved up through a job pattern somewhat different. One in twelve of the men went on in law, one in ten in engineering and research, one in six advanced through general management, and one in six through finance (a frequency considerably higher than the one in twenty who started in that field). Meanwhile one executive in four was climbing the sales ladder, and one in four was settling down in production.

The big increase in chances went to the salesmen. The younger men, in particular, acted on a preference for sales as a starting job; they took such jobs as starters three times oftener than did men in the older group and most of them stayed there, being joined by men who started elsewhere. For more than one in three of the youngsters, compared with one in eight of the oldsters, his sales job was the job that led to the top.

This difference between generations suggests the growing complexity of the three hundred corporations and the necessity of having them managed by men who are not narrow specialists. Many specialists in law or finance or engineering have indeed reached top positions, but they have done so probably because they have possessed peculiar abilities in experience, leadership, and personal relationships—abilities developed more easily by alert sales executives and other nonspecialists. The transition from old-style to new-style management appears to have been essentially a salesman's job.

SHIFTING OR SITTING PAT

Mobility of employment is low. The typical manager worked for one other company before he came to work for his present company. His middle position is flanked by that of a third of the managers who worked for no other company and by that of two-fifths who worked for two or more. Thirty-two per cent of the managers were hired directly into executive positions—an indication that a sizable minority

of the Nine Hundred has circulated freely—but this minority was composed largely of older managers.

The circulation is low in chemical, oil, pulp and paper, retail sales, food, and building-material companies. It is comparatively low even in railroading, despite the mobility that crack railroad men achieve late in their careers. The circulation is relatively large in the steel industry, 60 per cent of whose executives have previously worked for two or more companies, 45 per cent for three or more, 30 per cent for four or more. Nearly half of the top steel executives were imported into their jobs when they were forty or older. Circulation is almost as great in aircraft (probably because of the industry's newness) and in textiles (probably because of that industry's oldness). Executives circulated moderately in the auto and auto-parts industries and in such miscellaneous industries as liquor and television.

Steel, aircraft, textiles, auto and auto parts, and miscellaneous industries—here a market for managerial talent still exists in some measure, and in these industries talent has a dollar value apart from conscious decision on the part of managers themselves. But these industries are the only ones in which a market for talent is active at all, and even among them it seems to be becoming less active. Forty per cent of the older executives were hired to top jobs, but only a quarter of the younger men were so hired. Most of the young executives have moved up in the companies they first started to work for; of the ones who have been brought in from the outside—usually in down-the-line jobs—most have worked for only one other company. This circulation is clearly insufficient to create a true market in managers. Managers, it is evident, are closely tied to their own companies.

It is likely that the age of tomorrow's managerial man will be lower, his education longer and broader. He may be able to switch from one company to another, but he will not be able to count on the chance to switch. He will have relatively little specialized training. The abilities that make him a manager will be hard to perceive, for they will be those that make for success in uniting the thoughts of many minds and in contemplating and estimating with some degree of accuracy the social impact of a large enterprise.

Where will such a man come from? The fathers of most of today's executives were men who lived in the rough and tumble of a market, whether that market was retail goods or company managers. But 26 per cent of the Nine Hundred executives who in 1952 were

less than fifty are sons of men who were founders or executives of companies. Fathers of an additional 15 per cent were professional men. (Few fathers were farmers, none politicians.) The new members of the Nine Hundred are tending to come from economically comfortable families. The selectivity of the market that operated at least upon the grandfathers of the younger men is ceasing to be a fact of big company behavior. The tranquil family, indeed, may be the final symbol of the new type of enterprise and of the new style of manager: a man who has intangible abilities instead of special skills—who follows a profession instead of doing business.

THE NEW CORPORATION

The emergence of professional management cannot be accounted for by the theories of the Classical school of economics or, for that matter, by the hypotheses of any school. The break with past theory is deep and sharp—no vague talk about capitalism and the profit motive can hide the cleavage. The managers who are truly under pressure to maximize profits are the heads of the Russian communist firms; propelled by obvious and grim self-interest, they are given large bounties when they meet their quotas, but demoted or even liquidated when output falls short. American managers, by contrast, are impelled by no direct pressures; at each year's end they do not face the alternatives of the carrot and the stick; even so, they keep their vast and intricate organizations efficient, healthy, and profitable.

Many are the changes and great is the distance traveled since the days of Adam Smith: the change in size from small concerns to large companies, the change in activity from shrewd buying and selling in the market place to stimulating production and decreasing price, the change in purpose from purely business objectives to broad social values that are unmeasurable and to responsibilities that are intangible, the change in attitude from passive response to economic forces to the active creation of such forces, and, above all, the change in motivation from something simple and understood to something complex and puzzling—how far do these changes take the large corporation from the great and basic propositions of Adam Smith! However it is adjusted and revised, his central proposition—the rational maximizing of profits in the market place produces the common good—

does not reveal the complex behavior of the large American enterprise.

But that proposition did not reveal all the facts of pre-industrial American business either; rational behavior and the common good were then thought to be all very well, but maximizing profits was not thought to be quite right. Profit maximization helped describe U.S. industry during its fevered surge of growth after the Civil War, but rationality certainly was no description of that age of business chaos. Rationality did describe the period of change-over after the Sherman Act, but the rationality was dynamic and was exercised as often as not in places other than the market place. For all the penetration of the great British economists, their observations, assumptions, and theories fit the history of business in Britain more closely than they do that of business in the U.S.

In the light of Classical theory, the large U.S. corporation is indeed new. Compared with older forms of American enterprise, it is new in appearance. But its motivations are not new to American history. In the large corporation there is the optimism of settlers in a new land who saw bounty instead of scarcity. There are the Puritan will to success, the Quaker concern for responsible service, the common preoccupation with what is right. There are the cooperation, the equality, the gusto, the tumult of the frontier. There are the boyish enthusiasm for growing things where things never grew before, and the zest for surmounting obstacles. There are the frank indifference to abstract theory and the ready urge to experiment. There is, in short, a continuity of the psychological motives that have helped make the large corporation a genuinely and uniquely American creation.

It may be, therefore, that the Classical economic theories laid down as if they were eternal laws are in fact ephemeral. Certainly the modern large corporation needs theory. That need can perhaps be met by an examination of the actual behavior of actual companies; it cannot be met by an attempt to adjust facts to theories or theories to facts—or by the pigeonholing of facts and theories in familiar, intellectual cubbyholes.

6

THE HOUR OF LETDOWN*

E. B. WHITE

Bernard DeVoto called it *The Hour*. It was, he felt, the most civilized part of the day and here for a change of pace, we offer an off-beat picture of management life and its future as glanced at during the cocktail hour. In this amusing story by E. B. White, the cocktail hour reveals a spirited picture of tomorrow. As you speculate on this adventure, let us remind you of two recent surveys. The first was conducted by that indefatigable researcher, David Riesman, Robert J. Potter of the University of Michigan's Flint College, Jeanne Watson, a private researcher, and six anonymous researchers. At the end of a study of four years and who knows how many martinis, these sociologists determined that the host of every cocktail party has joined the lonely crowd: he has vanished from his own cocktail party. In our equalitarian society it is not fashionable to be a symbol of authority, and so we get the abdication of the host who mills around his own living room—a lost soul looking for a refill for his psyche.

Because the host is no longer an authoritative figure in the home, the anxiety and lack of direction that this creates at parties turns even the brightest people mute and even the happiest people dull and anxious. Nothing, alas, is sacred any more. Even the cocktail party is probed, analyzed, and surveyed; that perhaps is one of the saddest aspects of our management age. We will have far more surveys in the days to

* From: *The Second Tree from the Corner* (New York: Harper & Brothers) 1951.

come and the reasons are inherent in this wonderful story of Mr. White's.

The host who vanished from his own cocktail party is obviously at Mr. White's bar. He is probably shaken up by the survey conducted by the Carnegie Tech Graduate School of Industrial Administration. That one explored changes that would happen to management and corporations as far ahead as 1895. The results exceeded George Orwell's pessimistic predictions. The discussion was lively and it centered around corporation life and specifically the management of the corporation. Professor Herbert A. Simon advanced the idea that many management functions will be programmed and performed by computers. Middle management in particular would feel the oily breath of mechanical man breathing down his neck. On page 411, in the article entitled "Management in the 1980's," you will find a learned analysis of these years to come. In the meantime, it might be a wiser move to put one's feet up, have a martini, and consider "the hour of letdown" and those years of automation.

When the man came in, carrying the machine, most of us looked up from our drinks, because we had never seen anything like it before. The man set the thing down on top of the bar near the beerpulls. It took up an ungodly amount of room and you could see the bartender didn't like it any too well, having this big, ugly-looking gadget parked right there.

"Two rye-and-water," the man said.

The bartender went on puddling an Old-Fashioned that he was working on, but he was obviously turning over the request in his mind.

"You want a double?" he asked, after a bit.

"No," said the man. "Two rye-and-water, please." He stared straight at the bartender, not exactly unfriendly but on the other hand not affirmatively friendly.

Many years of catering to the kind of people that come into saloons had provided the bartender with an adjustable mind. Nevertheless, he did not adjust readily to this fellow, and he did not like the machine—that was sure. He picked up a live cigarette that was idling on the edge of the cash register, took a drag out of it, and returned it thoughtfully. Then he poured two shots of rye whiskey, drew two glasses of water, and shoved the drinks in front of the man. People were watching. When something a little out of the ordinary takes place at a bar, the sense of it spreads quickly all along the line and pulls the customers together.

The man gave no sign of being the center of attention. He laid a five dollar bill down on the bar. Then he drank one of the ryes and chased it with water. He picked up the other rye, opened a small vent in the machine (it was like an oil cup) and poured the whiskey in, and then poured the water in.

The bartender watched grimly. "Not funny," he said in an even voice. "And furthermore, your companion takes up too much room. Why'n you put it over on that bench by the door, make more room here."

"There's plenty of room for everyone here," replied the man.

"I ain't amused," said the bartender. "Put the goddam thing over near the door like I say. Nobody will touch it."

The man smiled. "You should have seen it this afternoon," he said. "It was magnificent. Today was the third day of the tournament. Imagine it—three days of continuous brainwork! And against the top players in the country, too. Early in the game it gained an advantage; then for two hours it exploited the advantage brilliantly, ending with the opponent's king backed in a corner. The sudden capture of a knight, the neutralization of a bishop, and it was all over. You know how much money it won, all told, in three days of playing chess?"

"How much?" asked the bartender.

"Five thousand dollars," said the man. "Now it wants to let down, wants to get a little drunk."

The bartender ran his towel vaguely over some wet spots. "Take it somewhere else and get it drunk there!" he said firmly. "I got enough troubles."

The man shook his head and smiled. "No, we like it here." He pointed at the empty glasses. "Do this again, will you, please?"

The bartender slowly shook his head. He seemed dazed but dogged. "You stow the thing away," he ordered. "I'm not ladling out whiskey for jokestersmiths."

"Jokesmiths," said the machine. "The word is 'jokesmith.'"

A few feet down the bar, a customer who was on his third high-ball seemed ready to participate in this conversation to which we had all been listening so attentively. He was a middle-aged man. His necktie was pulled down away from his collar, and he had eased the collar by unbuttoning it. He had pretty nearly finished his third drink, and the alcohol tended to make him throw his support in with the underprivileged and the thirsty.

"If the machine wants another drink, give it another drink," he said to the bartender. "Let's not have haggling."

The fellow with the machine turned to his new-found friend and gravely raised his hand to his temple, giving him a salute of gratitude and fellowship. He addressed his next remark to him, as though deliberately snubbing the bartender.

"You know how it is when you're all fagged out mentally, how you want a drink?"

"Certainly do," replied the friend. "Most natural thing in the world."

There was a stir all along the bar, some seeming to side with the bartender, others with the machine group. A tall, gloomy man standing next to me spoke up.

"Another whiskey sour, Bill," he said. "And go easy on the lemon juice."

"Picric acid," said the machine, sullenly. "They don't use lemon juice in these places."

"That does it!" said the bartender, smacking his hand on the bar. "Will you put that thing away or else beat it out of here. I ain't in the mood, I tell you. I got this saloon to run and I don't want lip from a mechanical brain or whatever the hell you've got there."

The man ignored this ultimatum. He addressed his friend, whose glass was now empty.

"It's not just that it's all tuckered out after three days of chess," he said amiably. "You know another reason it wants a drink?"

"No," said the friend. "Why?"

"It cheated," said the man.

At this remark, the machine chuckled. One of its arms dipped slightly, and a light glowed in a dial.

The friend frowned. He looked as though his dignity had been hurt, as though his trust had been misplaced. "Nobody can cheat at chess," he said. "Simpossible. In chess, everything is open and above board. The nature of the game of chess is such that cheating is impossible."

"That's what I used to think, too," said the man. "But there is a way."

"Well, it doesn't surprise me any," put in the bartender. "The first time I laid my eyes on that crummy thing I spotted it for a crook."

"Two rye-and-water," said the man.

"You can't have the whiskey," said the bartender. He glared at the mechanical brain. "How do I know it ain't drunk already?"

"That's simple. Ask it something," said the man.

The customers shifted and stared into the mirror. We were all in this thing now, up to our necks. We waited. It was the bartender's move.

"Ask it what? Such as?" said the bartender.

"Makes no difference. Pick a couple big figures, ask it to multiply them together. You couldn't multiply big figures together if you were drunk, could you?"

The machine shook slightly, as though making internal preparations.

"Ten thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, multiply it by

ninety-nine," said the bartender, viciously. We could tell that he was throwing in the two nines to make it hard.

The machine flickered. One of its tubes spat, and a hand changed position, jerkily.

"One million seventy-five thousand three hundred and thirty-eight," said the machine.

Not a glass was raised all along the bar. People just stared gloomily into the mirror; some of us studied our own faces, others took carom shots at the man and the machine.

Finally, a youngish, mathematically minded customer got out a piece of paper and a pencil and went into retirement. "It works out," he reported, after some minutes of calculating. "You can't say the machine is drunk!"

Everyone now glared at the bartender. Reluctantly he poured two shots of rye, drew two glasses of water. The man drank his drink. Then he fed the machine its drink. The machine's light grew fainter. One of its cranky little arms wilted.

For a while the saloon simmered along like a ship at sea in calm weather. Every one of us seemed to be trying to digest the situation, with the help of liquor. Quite a few glasses were refilled. Most of us sought help in the mirror—the court of last appeal.

The fellow with the unbuttoned collar settled his score. He walked stiffly over and stood between the man and the machine. He put one arm around the man, the other arm around the machine. "Let's get out of here and go to a good place," he said.

The machine glowed slightly. It seemed to be a little drunk now.

"All right," said the man. "That suits me fine. I've got my car outside."

He settled for the drinks and put down a tip. Quietly and a trifle uncertainly he tucked the machine under his arm, and he and his companion of the night walked to the door and out into the street.

The bartender stared fixedly, then resumed his light housekeeping. "So he's got his car outside," he said, with heavy sarcasm. "Now isn't that nice!"

A customer at the end of the bar near the door left his drink, stepped to the window, parted the curtains, and looked out. He watched for a moment, then returned to his place and addressed the bartender. "It's even nicer than you think," he said. "It's a Cadillac. And which one of the three of them d'ya think is doing the driving?"

II. MANAGEMENT

MAN

How He Works



7

MEN AT WORK*

OSBORN ELLIOTT

To his credit, Osborn Elliott has always considered that the men at the top of American management were human beings. Leadership is a fascinating subject—and a mysterious one, judging by a fascinating survey at Michigan State University in which leaders were compared with non-leaders. Arrogance and cockiness were unusual in a leader, but they were nuisance attributes in the character of non-leaders. The non-leader nearly always tended to exaggerate his or her own assets more than the real leaders did. The non-leader stated that he always worked hard all the time, always got the job done, always was successful in getting other people to follow him and was quite capable of evaluating his or her own good and bad points. But surety, alas, is not always grounds for success. The leaders were much less sure of themselves, but two characteristics did stand out with the leaders analyzed. They put the welfare of the group above the welfare of any individual member—and in this age of adjustment and conformity they did not think it was part of their job to help members adjust to the group.

Osborn Elliott, now the managing editor of Newsweek magazine, has an intimate knowledge of the leaders of American business. He was first a reporter for the New York Journal of Commerce, where the ins and outs of big business were consistently revealed to him. He wrote more than a dozen cover stories on American businessmen for Time maga-

* From: *Men at the Top* (New York: Harper & Brothers) 1950.

zine, and his gift of swift portraiture is obvious in *Men at Work*.

Adolf Berle pointed out in the *Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution*, "The corporation, almost against its will, has been compelled to assume in appreciable part the role of conscience carrier for twentieth century American society." The men that Mr. Elliott has interviewed so intimately are well aware of their responsibilities and where they begin. One thing stands out about the manager at the top: he does not belabor himself for past mistakes. He has an enormous capacity for work, one of the qualities of the mavericks, tycoons, robber barons, and old captains of industry. He is also a true individual. It would appear that top management is far more inner-directed (to use the language of *The Lonely Crowd*) than middle management. The gray flannel suit can always afford to be shiny when it sits in the right chair at the Board table. Unlike the man at the top, the organization man, whom we will meet on page 113, is not nearly so original in dress, action, and thought.

Boss: *Where's my pencil?*

SECRETARY: *Behind your ear.*

Boss: *Damn it, woman, I'm a busy man. Which ear?*

Crawford Greenewalt remembers exactly when the awful realization dawned on him. It was soon after he had been elected president of du Pont, and he was on his way to Washington to address the National Press Club. "There I was on the train with my speech clutched in my hand," he says. "Suddenly I thought, 'Dear God, what they think of the du Pont company depends on what they think of me.' I was petrified at the thought. Suddenly you wake up to the fact that even on a plant visit people are wondering what the hell kind of a guy this is. You're always on parade."

The business of being always on parade does not bother many of the No. 1 men (Greenewalt included, by now). But the resultant demands on their time can be overwhelming. Almost from the moment they wake up in the morning to the moment they close their eyes at night, they are badgered by swarms of people who want something of them—dealers demanding fast delivery, distributors demanding bigger margins, suppliers demanding higher prices, customers demanding lower prices, security analysts demanding information, charity leaders demanding money, to name just a few.

Bell & Howell's president Percy, who has devoted a good part of the past few years to streamlining his presidential job, once painted this picture of the harried managerial day, as he used to find it:

"The morning mail includes a request from the Chamber of Commerce for a speech on foreign trade, from a public service radio program for a talk on aid to education, from a service club for a talk on 'The Social Responsibilities of the Industrialist.' A shareowner writes for information on dividend policy; a security analyst asks about anticipated earnings. A group of teachers wants to tour the plant and exchange ideas with company executives.

"The phone rings steadily. A distributor in Holland calls about

a new Trade Fair. An irate customer can't get service in Mule Shoe, Texas. A key dealer calls frantically about a fair trade violation.

"More mail: A distributor from Thailand announces an impending visit. A key dealer suggests cooperative advertising . . . 'but keep up your full schedule of national advertising.'

"Meetings: A civic lunch for Project B (the host had come to your luncheon for Project A). Back to the plant for a Budget Board meeting. Review a new product release. Turn down gracefully (impossible!) a request to introduce a friend to the Director of Purchases; discuss two new appointments in the Manufacturing Division and a major capital equipment acquisition. Write a column (due yesterday) for the employee newspaper.

"End of the day. Into the brief case goes the balance of the day's mail (or yesterday's) along with reading matter marked 'must.'"

This race against the clock is made necessary by the fact that the head of a company must keep up a cheerful public relations front, and appear to have time for almost anything that may come up or anyone who may drop by. "Either you're an s.o.b. for not seeing them," says a top tobacco man, "or you don't have enough time to do your job right." General Motors' chairman Donner complains: "My middle name is beck and call."

For the top men, there is no such thing as a typical day. Monday there may be a board meeting, Tuesday an inspection of a plant a thousand miles away, Wednesday an industry convention somewhere else. And just as the boss is thinking that Thursday will give him a chance to catch up in the home office, something will call him out of town again. Not long ago, Donner left his New York apartment one morning with a clear idea of just what he was going to do that day, starting with a physical exam from 9 to 10 A.M. But when he got to the office after the physical, "I found a telegram from Washington inviting General Motors to testify at hearings on a proposed new bill. So I was forced to fly to Detroit to work out the details"—whether or not G.M. should testify, and if so, who should say what.

The result of this kind of pressure, of course, is long hours of overtime. The Young Presidents' Organization recently polled its members and found that they average fifty-three hours a week at work—not counting the time spent at home over a bulging brief case; many top executives put in sixty-two hours a week, and more.

Still, the week isn't long enough. To make each hour measure

more than sixty minutes, the men at the top have worked out a series of time-saving techniques—ways to cut meetings short, and otherwise to lighten the load. Time-consuming committee meetings present two seemingly contradictory problems: First, how to get people to talk, and second, how to shut them up. On the first, a number of top men have been using what Harold B. Schmidhauser of the American Management Association dubbed the “psychological minute”—a full minute of self-imposed silence after asking a question or stating a problem. Sixty seconds of quiet can seem like an eternity to the man who is running the meeting, but before the time is up someone is bound to begin talking and suggesting ideas, if only to break the embarrassing silence.

But how to shut them up? This is of even more concern to the man whose time is his most valuable possession. Of this problem, former vice president Leland Hazard of Pittsburgh Plate Glass says: “The moment I find myself not listening carefully to the other person, I know it’s time for me to take over. . . . The trick is to remain silent in the early stages of a meeting, but you can’t wait too long. It’s picking that moment when the articulate ones have had their say and the inarticulate ones have not yet made up their minds. In every conference there comes a moment when those who have not thought the matter out in advance will hesitate. In that moment, if you know what you want to do, do it.”

Different men have different approaches to the matter of saving time. Some will seize any and every opportunity to dash off some dictation—in their cars or planes or homes—believing that this is the high road to efficiency; others will not dictate at all, believing that it is a useless waste of time. Samuel S. Auchincloss, head of Tracerlab, says that “when I dictate I feel I say too much, too often (and so do a lot of people, in my opinion).” Chairman Eugene Holman of Standard Oil of New Jersey will dictate only “a very few letters, and only the briefest of memos. Staff people do most of the letter writing and the preparation of memos as well as the lengthy and burdensome reading.” Similarly, president S. Clark Beise of the Bank of America avoids as much reading as possible; he will often skip to the last page of a report, to see what’s being done.

One of the most time-consuming, if gratifying, trends of recent years has been the development of increasingly good manners among

America's top men of business. There may have been a day when the top executive greeted visitors with a quick handshake from behind his desk, and a wave to a nearby chair. But no more. The standard technique now is for the boss to come out to meet a caller, and usher him politely into his office. Chances are, the room resembles a living room more than an office, with the work area at one end and the talk area, complete with upholstered sofa and easy chairs and perhaps a wood-burning fireplace, at the other.

The front office décor is as varied as the No. 1 men themselves. Columbia Broadcasting System's chairman William S. Paley combines his love for art with his love for C.B.S. On the walls of his office high above New York's Madison Avenue hang sketches and paintings by such artists as Rouault, Picasso, Watteau and Toulouse-Lautrec; but one side of the room is decorated entirely with ancient microphones bearing the call letters of C.B.S. radio stations. To decorate his office on Broadway, G.M.'s Donner chose a young master: Holding the place of honor on the chairman's wall is a misty harbor scene, painted by his son. Lever Brothers' former boss, architect Charles Luckman, uses his soft green Los Angeles office as a fine showplace to display his collection of antique brass mortars and pestles, brass figurines and other ornaments. Luckman, incidentally, works at what may be the most unusual desk in the country—an old rosewood piano, bleached and remodeled, whose massive legs sink ankle-deep into the rug.

A few of the top executives have done away with the desk altogether, using a coffee table and a telephone stand instead. Many sit at a plain table, with not a paper in sight (chairman Frank Pace of General Dynamics even keeps his telephone tucked away in a drawer). "If you put a desk between you and the other fellow," Pittsburgh Plate Glass's Leland Hazard once explained, "he feels your business is in the desk. But if you have just a table, he feels your business is with him." (Not surprisingly, Hazard used a slab of Pittsburgh plate glass for his table.)

The trouble with this kind of gracious office living is that it puts the caller into such a relaxed mood that he tends to sit around, passing the time of day and wasting the time of the boss. But there are ways to keep the flow moving. Edgar Row, vice president of Chrysler, used to keep his office temperature at a cool 55 degrees to discourage any loitering. The Glidden Co.'s president Dwight Joyce has a five-minute rule, which he often invokes: After a visitor's time is up, Joyce's secretary will come in to remind him of another appointment. Just

as effective, if not quite so urbane, was the technique used by K. T. Keller when he ran the affairs of Chrysler. Whenever Keller found visitors tiresome, "I just told them they didn't have enough facts to interest me and suggested they return when they did."

Because of the endless stream of visitors, telephone calls, and other bothersome interruptions in the office, many of the top men actually welcome travel; it gives them a chance to catch up on their business reading and other matters they may have let slip—and it gives them time to think. Owens-Illinois's chairman J. P. Levis, who spends about a quarter of his time traveling, says: "I find that much more constructive work can be done away from my home office than in it. When I am traveling, I find that I have a much better perspective of the business and more opportunity to think about it and observe it."

There was a story that made the rounds a few years ago about a top executive who returned from an extended business trip in Mexico. When he got home, he dashed into his little son's room and threw open his arms for the grand reunion. The child just stared at him, without a flicker of recognition. "If you go to Mexico," he said blankly, "you can see my daddy." The story may be apocryphal, but in view of the amount of traveling the No. 1 men do in the course of a year, it is not impossible. Forty thousand miles is the figure for United Aircraft's chairman H. Mansfield Horner; 100,000 miles for General Electric's president Robert Paxton, a figure matched by Textron's Royal Little. Blaw-Knox president W. Cordes Snyder Jr. racks up the equivalent of five times around the world.

As might be expected, one of the most far-ranging travelers is world-wide builder Edgar Kaiser, who thinks nothing of popping off to Australia one week, and India the next. "I'm a trouble-shooter," says Kaiser. "I go where there's a problem and something's got to be done." In one recent twelve-month period, there were so many problems that Kaiser made no fewer than thirteen overseas trips. He went five times to Australia, twice to England and once each to India, Ghana and Iran, to name a few.

But as General Telephone & Electronics' chairman Donald Power points out, the nature of a top man's job is such that it shouldn't really matter where he is at any given moment; he can work just as effectively wherever he happens to be. J. P. Levis quite agrees: "Some of the most constructive ideas that one gets can be while shaving, or visiting with people socially, or even in the duck

blind or on the fishing stream. To put it briefly, a business executive's mind is never far off from his business problems."

Previously, we looked in on Cleveland's Dwight Joyce, getting up every morning at five-thirty and spending two hours thinking about himself, his business, and the world. Joyce may feel alone in those early-morning hours, but all over the country he could find company among other men at the top. Litton Industries' Tex Thornton often is up at five, and sometimes at four. (Working as he does on the West Coast, he is sometimes on the phone to New York by six.) In his home outside Chicago, Illinois Central's president Wayne Johnston is up every morning at five-thirty or earlier. One day not long ago, worrying over what to do about his executives' salaries for the next year, Johnston got up at four, went into the study adjoining his bedroom and spent two hours figuring it all out while his wife slept on. Johnston has breakfast every morning at six-fifteen, walks to the station (he has it clocked at exactly fourteen minutes), and is in his office downtown by seven-thirty.

No one is a more dedicated member of the dawn patrol than Mills Lane, the off-beat banker from Atlanta. "I get up at 5 A.M. every day," he says. "I smoke a pack of cigarettes and drink a pot of coffee—and I muse. If I ain't got a project to think about I'm not happy." Lane's projects range from new homes for children suffering from cerebral palsy (his own daughter is a victim of the disease), to a new investment club he recently set up for three of his friends—the manager and the cook of Atlanta's posh Piedmont Driving Club, and a local cop. One December morning, Lane got to thinking it would be nice to draw up a family genealogy and give it to his "kinfolk" for Christmas. But the list grew so long he never finished. He waves a sheaf of papers and says: "Look at all my goddamn kinfolk! Twenty pages of 'em!"

But mostly, when Lane muses in the early-morning hours, he thinks about his Citizens & Southern Bank. "I take a statement of condition and spread it out in front of me," he says, "and when I look at those figures I can see every department and every person in the bank. I just let my mind wander."

What does the top man's job really consist of?

"No one man, or two or three men," says Sinclair Oil's chairman P. C. Spencer, "can possibly know and run an enterprise as large as

ours." Thus, the boss has to select certain functions and concentrate on them. Some managers, like Edgar Kaiser, consider themselves trouble-shooters. Atlanta retailer Richard Rich, for example, thinks that "top management should free itself and devote its time to 'exception' management. Don't pay attention to what's running right, but to what isn't running right." In the same way, C.B.S. chairman William Paley says: "I don't look at television shows that are out of trouble."

To keep himself on the right track, I.B.M.'s Tom Watson keeps a list of things that he should be concentrating on, and glances at it from time to time during the day. The list can range from the smallest detail to the broadest company policy. On the Watson docket recently, for example, was a note reminding him: "'Will' in staff memos." (Watson had discovered that too many of the memos sent out by his staff officers to I.B.M.'s operating divisions included the command, "you will." The staff is supposed to advise, not command.) On the same day, there was listed a matter of long-range company policy: "Product development in Europe." ("Everything developed in our European plants," Watson explained, "seems to get pooh-poohed here, and if it goes on like this our European inventors are likely to get fed up and quit. They blame what they call an attitude of 'N.I.H.'—not invented here—so we've given them four or five small machines to develop on their own.")

Most of the top men believe that their real job is to plan for the future, to get their organizations on a path that will keep them profitable and dynamic five, ten or twenty years from now. At first, says Erik Jonsson of Texas Instruments, "I think I wanted to prove myself. Then I got to institution building." General Electric's Ralph Cordiner likes to say that half his time is spent making decisions that won't take effect until after he is retired.

Among the men who seem to have licked the problem of delegating responsibility, perhaps the champion is president R. L. Minckler of General Petroleum in Los Angeles. "It used to be that all you saw of him were the bottoms of his feet, he was on the go so much," a friend recalls. "But now you can walk into his office at any time and find him with time on his hands." Minckler made three rules for himself: (1) Every night before he leaves the office, he writes down what he did that day that he will never have to do again—in other words, he lists the things he has now trained someone else to do; (2)

he will never allow anything to be put on his calendar that *must* be done on a given day; and (3) he will never allow an emergency to arise that demands his presence. In the event of an earthquake or fire or some other disaster, Minckler knows that there are capable men who can handle the problem without him. He knows, because in planning for the future he has trained them to do so.

Someone once said that the real test of delegation is for a manager to watch another man do something he thinks is wrong and not say anything about it; yet not every top executive has the kind of self-discipline required to sit back silently and watch. One after another, the bosses insist that they reserve to themselves only the decisions involving top policy, long-range planning and personnel. But since it is up to them to decide where operations end and policy begins, the line is sometimes flexible to the point of being nonexistent. It might be argued, in fact, that one of the functions the top executive should delegate is the job of deciding just where this line should be drawn.

There is a case in point in the story of an oil company which decided a few years ago to change the corporate symbol on its filling stations, believing that the signs then being used were too drab and old-fashioned. The top man in the company named a three-man committee to select a new sign.

First the committee tested a series of shapes on a panel of fifty consumers, to see which was best remembered. The winner was a trapezoid. Then the committee hired a color expert to work out a combination of shades with a tested "come hither" look. Next, there was the matter of a symbol. Should the company try to create an image, as some thought, of a "friendly" firm? Or was its corporate image already too folksy, as others believed? At length, a symbol was chosen, the sign was put together, and testing began at filling stations in a number of key cities. The results seemed favorable, but months passed and nothing was decided. The reason was that the president of the company, who insists that he concerns himself only with "over-all policy matters," simply did not like the sign.

In the business of selling gasoline, it may be that such details are all-important. Certainly it is true in a service industry like transportation. President Donald Nyrop of Northwest Airlines, who gets to his St. Paul office every day at seven-thirty, described to a visitor last year the kind of problems he has to deal with in the course of a day. They can range from new financing and labor relations to the smallest

details of aircraft décor. "Yesterday," he said, "we had to decide on the interiors that will go into our new Electras and DC-8 jets." Nyrop moved to a table behind his desk and proudly showed off a stack of nylon fabrics, fondling the material that had been selected. "The finest you can buy," he said. American Airlines' president C. R. Smith keeps an equally sharp eye on the details of his operation, forever showing up unannounced to test the food and service on American flights.

Certain things simply cannot and should not be delegated, of course. One of these, in the opinion of Shell Oil's president H. S. M. Burns, is worry. If he is doing a good job, the boss cannot help being keyed up, says Burns, who developed an ulcer for his labors. There are the TV appearances, the interviews, the congressional hearings, the constant traveling. "Many of my friends try to avoid this kind of thing," says Burns. "You can't. It's part of your job. I tell them, don't avoid congressional investigations, don't send your lawyer, insist on going yourself. I fought a war of nerves with Kefauver for three days, and I won. An executive is a guy with ulcers. Work doesn't do it—he can delegate that. It's overworry, not overwork." As a sign on the desk of Harry Truman used to say: "The buck ends here."

Not that the top men worry about every decision they have to make; they simply haven't time. But when they make a mistake, they quickly try to compensate for it. The decisions that do worry the managers are those that have to do with people. "If it were just a physical matter it would be easy," says Harllee Branch, Jr., of the Southern Co. "But the human aspect is what drives you nuts. There's no absolute right or wrong; and you've got that horrible problem of a man's family—the innocent bystanders."

What to do about the long-time, trusted employee who has started to drink? Should he be fired? If so, what about his wife and children? And is Jones the man to replace him, or should Smith get the nod? "When you make a mistake with a person," says banker Mills Lane, "there ain't no reserve you can charge it off against, and you can't forget it." In particular Lane cannot forget one individual whom he pushed too far too fast. The man didn't measure up to the responsibilities of his new job. He began to drink, and ended in a sanitarium. Was this Lane's fault? Lane thinks so. "I let him fly higher than he could roost," he says ruefully.

This painful aspect of the top management job bothers even the

toughest of the No. 1 men. "If you don't have some sentiment," says Litton Industries' Tex Thornton, "business becomes too coldly realistic. But you can't let sentiment dominate. Sometimes, for cripes's sake, you've just got to cut."

Such a cut had to be made some years ago in one large company, for a rather unusual reason. The firm was having trouble with a major department. A number of the key men were quitting, and the company was losing its historical share of the market as a result. When the president inspected, he found the reason: The department head was a homosexual. He was fired immediately, but it was years before the company got that key department built up again.

Many of the men at the top have spent years as operating men, and think they will miss the excitement of getting things done themselves when they switch to the job of getting others to do things for them. Yet they soon discover that however worrisome the human problems may be, it is in this area that they find their deepest sense of achievement. And while they sometimes get the feeling that the clock is gaining on them—or they can't remember which ear their pencil is behind—they love the race.

Sitting behind a table-desk in his office in Burbank, Lockheed's intense chairman Robert Gross drums his fingers on the window sill, fidgets with a paper clip, and says: "I'm amazed at the intensity with which we've all been working. The competition gets more and more intense. This business is changing so fast that we're all out struggling harder than ever before." But Gross has no desire to give up the struggle; he hasn't the faintest idea what he would do if he had to.

Few men are farther apart, in manner, than Gross and General Motors' seemingly placid chairman Donner. Yet deep down, Donner seems to have the same sort of enthusiasm. He thinks about his job for a moment, swiveling full circle in the chair behind his desk. "Business is a little like a battle," says Donner, who has made a hobby of reading up on the battles of the Civil War. "It's chaotic when you're in the midst of it. What most historians miss is the fact that battles are not fought through on any particular pattern."

It is this lack of pattern, this variety, this unpredictability, that makes business *fun* for the No. 1 men. "I'd be unhappy as hell if I didn't do this," says Edgar Kaiser of his taxing, travel-heavy job. "I like what I do!" And it is precisely the same sense of ever-changing

fun and excitement that makes it so hard for the men at the top to call it quits and retire.

True, there are a number who expect to be fully prepared to step down when retirement age rolls around. Ralph Cordiner, for example, has been planning for the day: "I've been building a diversified cattle ranch on the West Coast of Florida. I hope this will prove so intriguing—and I think it will—that I won't want to come back." Cordiner, who turned fifty-nine in 1959, wants to retire before he is sixty-five—just as G.E.'s former chairman Philip Reed did before him. "The saddest thing is when a man tries to keep up interest in his old job after he retires," Cordiner says. "That's why I want to be fifteen hundred miles away." At fifty-four Chrysler's Tex Colbert says he looks forward to traveling and renewing old friendships that have dropped by the wayside during his busy life.

But most of the top men think of retirement, if they think of it at all, with a sense of foreboding; for many of them, retiring from business would be the same as retiring from life itself. "I just can't imagine what I would do retired," says United Aircraft's H. M. Horner, now fifty-six. Nor can Lockheed's Robert Gross, who tells himself, but does not convince himself, that there are some things he would like to do: "I'd like to enjoy some of the things I haven't been able to. I've never spent any money, really. I'd like to have a boat, a couple of new cars, maybe build a new house or two." Then he admits: "I don't have much to turn to when I retire." What would happen to Lockheed if Gross retired tomorrow? "This place could get along without me, but I know that I'm the one person who has been driving for diversification and expansion. I think that if I gave up work this afternoon this program of reaching out into new fields might not go ahead as aggressively. This is my baby; I like to battle for it."

The No. 1 men echo one another on the subject of retirement. "I am not waiting to retire," says seventy-one-year-old hotelman Conrad Hilton. "When the time comes, I will keep on working." Railroader Wayne Johnston, sixty-one: "I deplore the idea of retirement." National Gypsum's Melvin H. Baker, seventy-four: "This business is my life. I have no intention of retiring in the foreseeable future." Clark Equipment's George Spatta, sixty-six: "I have a life contract with my company. I will never retire."

For many who, unlike Spatta, do not have such a contract,

directorships have served as a helpful transition into retirement; but the business of switching from an operating job to an advisory function calls for a large measure of self-discipline. The board of Pacific Gas & Electric asked James Black to stay on as chief executive officer after he reached sixty-five, but he turned them down on the ground that "people down the line want me to get the hell out." Instead, Black agreed to stay on as chairman, with no executive authority. He thinks it has worked out fine, and that he has managed to "keep out of management's hair, but you've got to discipline yourself to beat the band." (Black also serves on a number of other boards, and is called on to do a number of "spot" jobs in Washington from time to time.)

Some executives move into consulting when they reach retirement age; others launch whole new careers. William E. Mitchell, former president of Georgia Power, was happily ensconced as president of the \$7 million Atlanta Realty Co. when he turned seventy-five. "A retired man," he said, "should find some other interest to keep him busy so he won't go looking for a rocking chair." Sam Goldwyn, still hard at work at seventy-six, put it another way: "I find the longer you work, the longer you live."

Probably the two most notable proofs of this truism are Frederick H. Ecker, who at ninety-one was still putting in a good deal of his time as honorary chairman of Metropolitan Life; and Alcoa's former boss Arthur Vining Davis, who at ninety-one was in the midst of building up a new and diversified empire in Florida, ranging from real estate and resorts to ice cream and transportation.

With the average life span lengthening, a good deal more thought has been given, of late, to the problems of retirement. The labor unions have fought for, and in large measure won, the worker's right to a pension over and above the Social Security benefits he has paid for during his productive years. Retirement benefits of a financial nature have long been an established reward of executive work. What seems to be needed now, in view of the loudly bemoaned shortage of executive and directorial talent, is a way to retain the services and talents of industry's key men past retirement, without damping down the enthusiasm of the young bloods on their way to the top.

8

TOGETHERNESS: ORGANIZATION MAN*

WILLIAM H. WHYTE, JR.

As William H. Whyte, Jr., points out in his famous book, the organization man is by no means limited to the business world. He is also the seminary student who will end up in the church hierarchy, the doctor headed for the corporation clinic; he is the Ph.D. in the government laboratory, the intellectual on the foundation-sponsored team project, the engineering graduate in the huge drafting rooms of the airplane factories. He is the young apprentice in the Wall Street law factory.

The distinguished journalist, Eric Sevareid wrote during the Nixon-Kennedy election debates that the organization man had in effect taken over politics as he had taken over every other phase of human endeavor. The organization is used by many of us so that we can avoid meeting our experiences squarely as individuals. The exhilaration, excitement, and challenge of the world around us is perhaps just a little too much at times. We seek the robes of conformity and they are, of course, as useless as the Emperor's new clothes. "Togetherness" has become a catch word of our time, as Mr. Whyte analyzes it in the following selection. The "lonely crowd" dresses in gray flannel togetherness.

In the conclusion of his book, Mr. Whyte urges us to fight

* From: *The Organization Man* (New York: Simon and Shuster, Inc.) 1956.

the organization. What we should really fight are those qualities in ourselves that make us seek too much security, too much dullness, too much uniformity, too much overprotection from the world around us. None of those things in this atomic age will really protect us. The organization is not one great survival shelter, in which we could all sit, tabulating surveys while the world disappears outside of that one hundred per cent solid concrete wall. It isn't life in a "crystal palace," as Allen Harrington so aptly called it, but life in the emotional shelter that we must steel ourselves against.

Mr. Whyte's book is one of the greatest sellers of our time. Obviously the words that he has had to say have made a deep impression upon the readers of America. Some, of course, quite to Mr. Whyte's dismay we are sure, bought the book to see if it supplied some secret as to how to get to the top. In one famous appendix Mr. White gives an extraordinary document which tells how to cheat on personality tests. But Mr. Whyte's book is much more, as he explores the ideology of the organization man; the training of the organization man, the neurosis of the organization man; the testing of organization men, women, and children in the suburbs; the executive ego; friendship; the church, everything that is obvious in the world around us. Always he maintains that there is a clash between the individual belief of what we are supposed to believe and the collective life that we actually do live. He asks how we can seek out that faith to bridge that gap. The mere recognition that that gap exists, of course, is the first step toward any faith. There is no such man so clearly catalogued, surveyed, and battened down in cotton wool as Mr. Whyte's organization man. However, more than any other writer on the social picture in the post World War II period, he made everybody take the phrase to heart. You, of course, are not an organization man; we, of course, are not organization men or women, but isn't it funny that our neighbors are?

It is the organization man, then, more than the worker whom he wishes to serve, who most urgently wants to belong. His quest takes many forms; in this chapter I would like to examine the most concrete one: his growing preoccupation with group work. The group that he is trying to immerse himself in is not merely the larger one—The Organization, or society itself—but the immediate, physical group as well: the people at the conference table, the workshop, the seminar, the skull session, the after-hours discussion group, the project team. It is not enough now that he belong; he wants to belong *together*.

One reason that he is so fascinated with group work, of course, is the simple fact that there is now so much more of it. Organization life being what it is, out of sheer necessity he must spend most of his working hours in one group or another, and out of self-defense, if not instinct, the committee arts must become reflex with him. But more than necessity is involved. Where the immersion of the individual used to be cause for grumbling and a feeling of independence lost, the organization man of today is now welcoming it. He is not attempting to reverse the trend and to cut down the deference paid to the group; he is working to increase it, and with the help of some branches of the social sciences he is erecting what is almost a secular religion.

There are two bases for this movement, one scientific, the other moral. The scientific basis can be stated very simply. It is now coming to be widely believed that *science has proved the group is superior to the individual*. Science has not, but that is another matter. Mistaken or not, the popularized version of the science of the group is a social force in its own right, and it holds that experiments have shown that in human relations the whole is always greater than the sum of its parts and that through "interaction" we can produce ideas beyond our capabilities as individuals. The new dynamism, furthermore, is not to apply merely to the day-to-day work of getting things done; it is, presumably, going to envelop creative work too, and in areas until recently considered sacrosanct to the individual it is already having some effect. The scientific genius, for example. There is a growing

thought that he is an anachronism—a once valuable, but now unnecessary, prelude to the research team. And not an idle thought; in the name of science, administrators are taking some practical measures to insure that he will in fact be an anachronism.

As is so characteristic of scientism, there is an overriding faith that we are on the brink of superseding discovery. In previous eras people often worked in groups too, and sometimes, though one would not imagine so from current group literature, quite successfully. But they were merely being empirical. If people were successful before, some now exclaim, think what lies ahead! For there now exists, or shortly will, a scientific body of laws by which we can unleash hitherto untapped sources of creativity.

For their theoretical justification, group advocates lean heavily on the work being done in “group dynamics.” This is a difficult field to define, all social science having a concern with the group, but generally it describes the work of those whose attention is focused on the face-to-face group. From its beginnings, it has attracted some of the most imaginative men in social science, and through a combination of attitude surveys of organizations and experiments with small groups, they have tackled a whole series of intriguing questions. If a group has high morale, will it produce more? What is the ideal size of the informal group? What is the effect of the group on the deviate?

Overall, their intellectual ambition has been large. Not only have they aimed to discover the underlying principles of group activity, they have aimed to do it in a rather short time, and this promise has unduly excited lay followers in the organization world. There have been delays; originally the group-dynamics people had expected the basic program to be over in ten years, but now they feel more time may be needed. Such delays, however, have only made the eventual promise all the more tantalizing to organization people. Another ten years . . .

But the basis of the movement is primarily a moral one. To the organization man the search for better group techniques is something of a crusade—a crusade against authoritarianism, a crusade for more freedom, for more recognition of the man in the middle. The key word is “democratic”; with some justification the organization man

argues that the old-style individualist was often far more of a bar to individualism in other people and that in the modern organization the desk-pounding type of leader drastically inhibits the flow of ideas, not to mention making life unpleasant for everybody. As organization men see it, through an extension of the group spirit, through educating people to sublimate their egos, organizations can rid themselves of their tyrants and create a *harmonious* atmosphere in which the group will bring out the best in everyone. This moral urge is not lightly to be dismissed, and though I wish later to suggest other reasons for the group quest, it is only fair to say that most group advocates would be sincerely disturbed at the thought that they are party to anything that would stifle the individual.

But they are. Much of what they say is correct: it is true that the health of organization life depends upon skillful group work; it is true that the group is tremendously effective in bringing out different points of view that would otherwise remain latent, that together members of a group can see more possible lines of action than if they were consulted individually; it is true that genius cannot function in a vacuum and that interaction with others in the field can be vastly stimulating and, indeed, often indispensable.

But other things are true too, and in this chapter I would like to dwell on a few of the aspects of group work that are currently being sloughed over. To anyone who has had to work in an organization, they will not be novel thoughts, but I believe they deserve far more reiteration than they are now getting. It is not so much the fallacies of specific techniques of group work that are critical as the continued imbalance of emphasis, for this emphasis is having a definite molding effect on the organization man.

The organization man is not yet so indoctrinated that he does not chafe at the pressures on his independence, and sometimes he even suspects that the group may be as much a tyrant as the despot it has replaced. It is the burden of the new group doctrine that such misgivings, if they are not maladjustment on the part of the individual, are simply a lack of knowledge, a lack of mastery of managerial techniques. The doctrine may be wrong, but the constant impress of it is helping to undercut the few personal defenses left the individual; more to the point, it is making an organization life increasingly hostile to the nonbeliever who hangs onto his defenses.

The central fallacy, I believe, lies in what can be called false collectivization. When are people in a group? Too often, we insist on treating a person—or ourselves—as a unit of a group when association with the particular group is not vital to the task in question, or may even be repressive. In some cases the group is a key entity—that is, the working together of individuals is necessary to perform the particular function, and in such cases the way each of the people affects the others is inextricably entwined with the total performance. The work of a combat squad is a good example of this. The soldier is conditioned to fight primarily by his group, and just as a contagion of fear drastically alters the individual, so can a unity of courage. In such cases, plainly, the group is primary and it produces something over and above the total of the individuals.

Can we generalize, however, that this is true of all collections of individuals? We are confusing an abstraction with a reality. Just because a collection of individuals can be called a group does not mean it functions as a group or that it should. In many situations the fact of groupness is only incidental. Take, for example, the men who sit together in a college classroom. At times, an *esprit de corps* is helpful in promoting lively discussion, but it is not vital, and the student's important relationship is not with other members of the group but to the content of the course and to the teacher as intermediary.

But this distinction between the functional grouping and the incidental grouping is easily blurred. To follow the example of the class, we find many teachers treating a course less as a worthy discipline in its own right than as a vehicle for stimulating interaction. In many institutions, as a consequence, the yardstick of a teacher's performance is the amount of interaction he develops in the group, and those who keep the students' focus on the discipline are apt to find themselves under censure.

One teacher who had been criticized on this score told me that he was glad in a way, for he had been forced to think through his own position. "If I didn't, I would stand accused as a reactionary. So I had to think out what I had always taken for granted. First, I made the point that in my course—during the first part of it, at any rate—the students were not qualified. I think it would be a mistake to encourage them to think that their opinions are as good as mine at this stage. They aren't, and I want to let them know that before they can question my interpretation, they must master the fundamentals. Sure, I

want them to question and to come to their own conclusions, but they have to earn the right; they don't get fundamentals through glorified bull sessions but by hard work. The second point I made was on the value of the interaction that they talk about. What's so very important about it? Of all the groups that we are connected with in our lives, the classroom group is one of the least permanent and least vital ones. Try to remember who sat next to you in your classes at college. You'll have a hard time remembering."

Another example of false collectivization is the way many organizations treat their professional employees. Recently, to cite a typical case, one well-known corporation was worried over a morale problem among its engineers. Now it is convenient to talk of the engineers as a group—just as it is convenient to talk of hundreds of thousands of individuals as a "mass audience." A convenient method of description, however, is not necessarily a reality. The engineers appeared to be a group because physically many of them were housed in the same building, and in the organization charts and pay scales they were classified together for convenience' sake. But their real problem in this instance came from their vertical relationship—that is, their relationship to the particular task and the superiors above them—and their morale problem had very little to do with social harmony among themselves. The company insisted on treating them as a group, however, and in a vain effort to promote morale completely obscured the real nature of the problem. I am sure that many organization men can think of similar confusions.

The most misguided attempt at false collectivization is the current attempt to see the group as a creative vehicle. Can it be? People very rarely *think* in groups; they talk together, they exchange information, they adjudicate, they make compromises. But they do not think; they do not create.

Group advocates would agree that this has been so. But they do not see this as a natural limitation. To them it is a bug of human relations to be cured, and in the expectation that technique is the key, they are engaged in a wholesale effort to tame the arts of discovery—and those by nature suited for it. In part this effort is propelled by the natural distaste of the noncreative man for the creative, but again, there is the moral impulse. Among many there is a real belief that we can teach the individual to create in concert rather than as an

individual and that his acceptance of the organization way will produce a combustion of ideas otherwise impossible.

Here would be the ultimate victory of the administrator. The creative individual he does not understand, nor does he understand the conditions of creativity. The messiness of intuition, the aimless thoughts, the unpractical questions—all these things that are so often the companion to discovery are anathema to the world of the administrator. Order, objective goals, agreement—these are his desiderata.

Vital they are to executing ideas, but not to creating them. Agreement? To concentrate on agreement is to intensify that which inhibits creativity. For any group of people to operate effectively some firm basis of agreement is necessary, and a meeting cannot be productive unless certain premises are so shared that they don't need to be discussed and the argument can be confined to areas of disagreement. But while this kind of consensus makes a group more effective in its legitimate functions, it does not make the group a creative vehicle.

Think for a moment of the way you behave in a committee meeting. In your capacity as group member you feel a strong impulse to seek common ground with the others. Not just out of timidity but out of respect for the sense of the meeting you tend to soft-pedal that which would go against the grain. And that, unfortunately, can include unorthodox ideas. A really new idea affronts current agreement—it wouldn't be a new idea if it didn't—and the group, impelled as it is to agreement, is instinctively hostile to that which is divisive. With wise leadership it can offset this bias, but the essential urge will still be to unity, to consensus. After an idea matures—after people learn to live with it—the group may approve it, but that is after the fact and it is an act of acquiescence rather than creation.

I have been citing the decision-making group, and it can be argued that these defects of order do not apply to information-exchanging groups. It is true that meeting with those of common interests can be tremendously stimulating and suggest to the individuals fresh ways of going about their own work. But stimulus is not discovery; it is not the act of creation. Those who recognize this limitation do not confuse the functions and, not expecting too much, profit from the meeting of minds.

Others, however, are not so wise, and fast becoming a fixture of organization life is the meeting self-consciously dedicated to creating ideas. It is a fraud. Much of such high-pressure creation—cooking

with gas, creating out loud, spitballing, and so forth—is all very provocative, but if it is stimulating, it is stimulating much like alcohol. After the glow of such a session has worn off, the residue of ideas usually turns out to be a refreshed common denominator that everybody is relieved to agree upon—and if there is a new idea, you usually find that it came from a capital of ideas already thought out—by *individuals*—and perhaps held in escrow until someone sensed an opportune moment for its introduction.

I have been talking of the extension of the team to a field where it does not belong. Even in fields where the group is vital, however, the current emphasis on the team is having some equally inhibiting effects. Just as it has obscured the role of the individual in creation and discovery in such activities as research and communication, so in the regular work of running an organization it is obscuring the function of leadership.

Such emphasis is particularly unnecessary at this time because the whole tendency of modern organization life is to muffle the importance of individual leadership. In studying an organization, one of the most difficult things is to trace a program or innovation back to its origins, and this is just as true of organization successes as it is of failures. Who started what and when? This kind of question is the kind that makes organization people uncomfortable. To answer it would be an offense against the organization spirit, and even the man himself who first conceived the plan is apt to deny—except perhaps to his wife—that his contribution was really very important. A sense of the fitness of things requires that it be the team, everyone working together, a small part of the inexorable symmetry of the over-all plan. Repeated, time and again, it becomes official, and this is the face of organization—and the moral—that is presented to the apprentices.

But now to this inclination is added the force of ideology. On the surface it seems reasonable enough; the bogey is authoritarianism, and the aim is to free organization people from the pressures imposed on them by opinionated, unilateral people that all may express themselves more freely. But how do you define authoritarianism? In practice, current definitions of the authoritarian leader come perilously close to including anyone who has ideas of his own or who differs with others on basic policy.

Anti-authoritarianism is becoming anti-leadership. In group doc-

trine the strong personality is viewed with overwhelming suspicion. The co-operative are those who take a stance directly over the keel; the man with ideas—in translation, prejudices—leans to one side or, worse yet, heads for the rudder. Plainly, he is a threat. Skim through current group handbooks, conference leaders' tool kits, and the like, and you find what sounds very much like a call to arms by the mediocre against their enemies.

Let me cite a Bureau of Naval Personnel handbook on "Conference Sense." It is describing, with elephantine cheeriness, the different kinds of types one has to deal with in conferences. Among the bad people we meet is The Aggressor.

The conference leader's remedy: Place Donald Duck at your left (the blind spot). Fail to hear his objections, or if you do, misunderstand them. If possible, recognize a legitimate objection and side with him. Object is to get him to feel that he "belongs." If he still persists in running wild, let group do what they are probably by now quite hot to do, i.e., cut the lug down. They generally do it by asking Little Brother Terrible to clarify his position, then to clarify his clarification, then to clarify his clarification of his clarification, etc., until our lad is so hot and bothered that he has worked himself into role of conference comedian. Then soothe his bruised ego and restore him to human society by asking him questions that he can answer out of special experience.

The good people? One is The Compromiser. He "may offer compromise by admitting his error . . . by obviously disciplining himself to maintain group harmony, or by 'coming halfway' in moving along with the group. . . . This takes courage. Let him know he's appreciated. Give occasional cigar. A fifteen center. He deserves the best."

These defensive gambits against the leader are only a stopgap measure. What some group advocates have in mind is, quite literally, to *eliminate the leader altogether*. For some time the National Training Laboratory in Group Development at Bethel, Maine, has been experimenting with the "leaderless group"—and with such zeal as to make some students of the group a bit uneasy. One of the most astute students of the group, sociologist William Foote Whyte, was moved to write some second thoughts on his experiences at Bethel. He recounts the well-meaning attempt that was made there to turn

the group leader into a "resource person." The idea was that as the group jells, the leader would become less necessary and would retire into the background to be consulted, occasionally, for his special expertise. When this was tried out, a good bit of chaos resulted, but the group people hoped that the chaos—or "feeling-draining"—would be a valuable catharsis and a prelude to later agreement. But no agreement came. Unfortunately, the group could not agree on a topic to agree upon.

The causes of failure, as Whyte maintained, were not technical. Later he tried similar experiments on his own, and these led him to the conclusion that "if the group is to make progress in its discussions and avoid confusion and frustration, then there must be a well-defined leadership, at least in the sense of co-ordination of activity. . . . in some groups, and this was notably true at Bethel, such a high premium is placed upon fitting into the group and being sensitive to the group's wishes that the individual who shows some initiative on his own becomes suspect and is likely to be discouraged. We must remember that if every member simply wants to do what the group wants to do, then the group is not going to do anything. Somehow, individual initiative must enter into the group. Should we bring it in openly or should we try to bootleg it in an expression of group sentiment?"

The intellectual hypocrisy of the leaderless group has brought forth a new breed; into the very vacuum that they bespeak have moved the professional group expeditors. The end they seek is compromise and harmony, but in their controlled way they can be just as militant as any desk-pounder of old, and a lot more self-righteous. Reuel Denney has written a wonderful account in *Commentary* of the puzzlement of an old-style convention-goer when he comes up against them. After attending a preconvention conference with a group of people interested in groups, it slowly dawns on him that "those fellows were deciding a lot of things. Not that they knew it. But they were, for instance, planning a strategy to prevent the bright and talkative men from intimidating the others at the convention; they were going to get participation even if they, in a nice way, had to slug somebody, and the role of slugger—not just a role-playing role, either—was assigned in advance."

The extent of this ferment was forcibly brought home to me

several years ago when I encountered my first "buzz session." It was at a management convention. It had started conventionally enough with a panel discussion in which I and two other men spoke. Half-way through the proceedings, the program chairman called an intermission and, with the assistance of several helpers, began rearranging the seating so that the audience would be divided into groups of four, with the chairs turned around so that they faced each other, looking much like a huge bridge tournament with the bridge tables removed. When I asked him what was going on, he seemed surprised. Hadn't I ever heard of a "buzz session"? He was an old hand at it, having been one of the first graduates of the National Group Training Laboratory at Bethel. He explained that rather than have a "directed" discussion, we would stimulate ideas through interaction. By breaking the audience into a constellation of face-to-face groups, he said, we would create this interaction. The fact that the seating would be a random mixture of strangers would make no difference; the interaction itself would produce many provocative insights.

At last he banged down the gavel, and some two hundred grown men turned and faced each other for the discussion period. Minutes went by. There was no buzz. Something, obviously, was wrong, and it was only through the heroic efforts of two expeditors that any questions from the floor were forthcoming. The chairman was not chastened. After the meeting he told me that the trouble was simply that the groups were too small. Four wasn't up to the ignition level. Next time they would do it with six to eight men.

While it would be wrong to dwell overlong on the more fatuous examples, they are not quite as unrelated to the main trend as many embarrassed organization men would like to believe. The Harwald Group-Thinkometer, for example. Most group-relations people would probably disown it as too stringent a tool, yet it seems a perfectly logical development. The Group-Thinkometer is an electric meter the dial of which is graduated in degrees of interest. Feeding into it are ten remote-control switches which can be distributed around, or under, the table, and by pressing the switch members of the group indicate approval or disapproval. Since the needle on the meter shows only the accumulated group reaction, one can veto a colleague's idea without his being the wiser, and, as the Harwald Company suggests, thus the personality factor is eliminated almost entirely. Extreme? The

Harwald Company has only concretized, you might say, the underlying principles of the group philosophy.

Let me now take up the question of morale. Underpinning the current denigration of leadership are some very questionable assumptions about the relationship between morale and productivity. As usually expressed by organization people, these assumptions follow this general sequence. Once we used hard-driving leaders to get things done, but this was because we didn't know any better. As group-dynamics studies have proved, high group morale is the heart of production. This means that the ideal leader should not lead in the old sense—that is, focus his attention and that of the group on goals. He should instead concentrate almost wholly on the personality relationships within the group. If he attends to these and sees to it that the members get along, the goals will take care of themselves.

But the findings of the group-dynamics investigators themselves have been nowhere near as heart-warming as their lay followers would like to believe. Recently, Rensis Likert, Director of the Institute for Social Research at the University of Michigan—heartland of group dynamics—told a management audience of some second thoughts he had had. "On the basis of a study I did in 1937 I believed that morale and production were positively related: that the higher the morale the higher the production. Substantial research findings since then have shown that this relationship is much too simple. In our different studies we have found a wide variety of relationships. Some units have low morale and low production; other units have fairly good morale and low production; still others have fairly good production but low morale; other units have both high morale and high production."

Likert saw many benefits in the increased attention paid morale. Among other things it had led people to expect more opportunities for expression, initiative, and participation. But he had grown suspicious, he said, of the *laissez-faire* approach in which the supervisor does not lead but tries to keep people happy. In companies in which human-relations training programs have been emphasized, he went on, "some supervisors interpret the training to mean that the company management wants them to keep employees happy, so they work hard to do so. The result is a nice country-club atmosphere in which the leadership function has been abandoned to all intents and pur-

poses. Employees like it and absence and turnover are low, but since little production is felt to be expected, they produce relatively little."

Obviously, the study of group dynamics need not be antithetical to the individual, and here let me again make the distinction between analysis of a phenomenon and deification of it. One can study the group aspect of a man without deprecating his other aspects, and while many students of group dynamics have crossed the line, they don't have to. The more we find out about how a group actually behaves—and the scientific method is of immense help here—the more sophisticated we can become about its limitations, the more armed against its defects. But this won't be done unless there is a far more rigorous questioning of the value premises which underlie most current attacks on the problem. Consider the abstractions that are so taken for granted as good—such as consensus, co-operation, participation, and the like. Held up as a goal without any reference to ends, they are meaningless. Why participate, for example? Like similar abstractions, participation is an empty goal unless it is gauged in relation to the job to be done. It is a means, not an end, and when treated as an end, it can become more repressive than the unadorned authoritarianism it is supposed to replace.

And why should there be consensus? Must consensus per se be the overriding goal? It is the price of progress that there never can be complete consensus. All creative advances are essentially a departure from agreed-upon ways of looking at things, and to over-emphasize the agreed-upon is to further legitimize the hostility to that creativity upon which we all ultimately depend.

Let me admit that I have been talking principally about the adverse aspects of the group. I would not wish to argue for a destructive recalcitrance, nor do I wish to undervalue the real progress we have made in co-operative effort. But to emphasize, in these times, the virtues of the group is to be supererogatory. Universal organization training is now available for everybody, and it so effectively emphasizes the group spirit that there is little danger that inductees will be subverted into rebelliousness.

Over and above the overt praise for the pressures of the group, the very ease, the democratic atmosphere in which organization life is now conducted makes it all the harder for the individual to justify to himself a departure from its norm. It would be a mistake to con-

fuse individualism with antagonism, but the burdens of free thought are already steep enough that we should not saddle ourselves with a guilty conscience as well. The hunch that wasn't followed up. The controversial point that didn't get debated. The idea that was suppressed. Were these acts of group co-operation or individual surrender? We are taking away from the individual the ability even to ask the question.

In further institutionalizing the great power of the majority, we are making the individual come to distrust himself. We are giving him a rationalization for the unconscious urging to find an authority that would resolve the burdens of free choice. We are tempting him to reinterpret the group pressures as a release, authority as freedom, and that this quest assumes a moral guise makes it only the more poignant. Of all the forms of wanton self-destruction, the Englishman A. A. Bowman once observed, there is none more pathetic than that in which the human individual demands that in the vital relationships of life he be treated not as an individual but as a member of some organization.

9

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE BOSS*

HUGH GEESLIN, JR.

By the turn of the century the city had just come into its own. Men and women were coming from the farms to the streets of Chicago, New York, London, Paris, to work out a destiny that was to forever mark them and mark the world in which they lived in. The individual on the farm was to become what is now called mass man. Mass man in turn was to become organization man. Man's pain, anxiety, and loneliness were, until that time, projected outwards in his combat with the elements. The harvest, the sterility of the ground, the bad winds, the storms, the poverty of the land in our ever-expanding country were challenges that were met and conquered. The dangers were as omnipresent as the atom bomb, but land had existed for so long, nature seemed so infinite, that man shared its tradition and infinity. However, as he moved into the city his anxieties moved inward; they came to roost in his own soul, and he became troubled and anxious. His enemies were no longer the foes of the land, the torrent of rain, the forest to be felled; they were instead his own confusions and the desires with which he had such difficulty coping. They were confusions that grew as inflexible as concrete, and they became as oppressive as the stone walls that were going up about him.

The literature of the time reflected all these elements, and

* From: *The Georgia Review*, 1958.

the picture of the businessman and financier that began to emerge was tyrannical, unpleasant, threatening in every aspect. The tycoons became such characters as Theodore Dreiser's Cowperwood. These men had, their authors said, machines in their minds, machines for hearts. But all of these writers were humanity's voice trying to adjust itself to the new world of technological advancement.

Frank Norris, the American novelist, wrote the words below in 1903. American literature was coming alive with a great burst of naturalistic energy. Norris' words conjure up those exciting days—the beat of the new machines of industry as well as the cries of commerce. He was fascinated with the ever complex octopi of industry that had begun to spread its tentacles around the world. Behind these words was our modern concept of twentieth century business.

What is most striking about these magnificent narrative passages is that business is conceived as a force of nature, and was so tempestuous that man had to subdue it with all the qualities that had made him a pioneer in the new world. Even in 1903, as you will see, Norris was able to portray that the wheat pits of Chicago influenced lives from the Ganges to the Saar.

Often Jadwin had noted the scene, and, unimaginative though he was, had long since conceived the notion of some great, some resistless force within the Board of Trade Building that held the tide of the streets within its grip, alternately drawing it in and throwing it forth. Within there, a great whirlpool, a pit of roaring waters spun and thundered, sucking in the life tides of the city, sucking them in as into the mouth of some tremendous cloaca, the maw of some colossal sewer; then vomiting them forth again, spewing them up and out, only to catch them in the return, eddy and suck them in afresh.

Thus it went, day after day. Endlessly, ceaselessly the Pit, enormous, thundering, sucked in and spewed out, sending the swirl of its mighty central eddy far out through the city's channels. Terrible at the center, it was, at the circumference, gentle, insidious and persuasive, the send of the flowing so mild, that to embark upon it, yielding to the influence, was a pleasure that seemed all devoid of risk. But the circumference was not bounded by the city. All through the Northwest, all through the central world of the Wheat, the set and whirl of that innermost Pit

made itself felt; and it spread and spread and spread till grain in the elevators of Western Iowa moved and stirred and answered to its centripetal force, and men upon the streets of New York felt the mysterious tugging of its undertow engage their feet, embrace their bodies, overwhelm them, and carry them bewildered and unresisting back and downwards to the Pit itself.

Nor was the Pit's centrifugal power any less. Because of some sudden eddy spinning outward from the middle of its turmoil, a dozen bourses of continental Europe clamored with panic, a dozen Old-World banks, firm as the established hills, trembled and vibrated. Because of an unexpected caprice in the swirling of the inner current, some far-distant channel suddenly dried, and the pinch of famine made itself felt among the vine dressers of Northern Italy, the coal miners of Western Prussia. Or another channel filled, and the starved moujik of the steppes, and the hunger-stricken coolie of the Ganges' watershed fed suddenly fat and made thank offerings before ikon and idol.

Industrial birth pains were heard in all parts of the world. The machine was either applauded to the extent that a whole art movement in Italy was based on its fabulous intricacy or perpetually decried as though it attacked the very fate of man itself. In the new burst of industrial energy of our own time, the threat of automation has reawakened some of these old fears. But no machine can ever be the threat that we are to ourselves.

"Men in masses are gripped by personal troubles," wrote C. Wright Mills. The truth is, of course, that man in isolation is just as gripped by personal troubles; but these troubles are not nearly so well surveyed, analyzed, and profitable, to the writers of today as are the troubles of mass man. Organization man constantly deals not only with all the various factors of the corporation but with the deepest of personal relationships that he does not quite understand. It has taken nearly half a century from the time Frank Norris started his great trilogy on the business life of Chicago until we find a new kind of literature emerging about the businessman and a new appreciation of some of the anxieties and trepidations that are constantly afflicting management life.

A Day in the Life of the Boss by Hugh Geeslin, Jr., was chosen as one of the best American short stories the year it was published, a notable feat for a story about business,

where sometimes the sales are high but the critical reward is low. Why write about business, D. H. Lawrence, chastised a critic many years ago. "Business is nasty." It is obvious writing about business is no longer nasty. It is one of the most provocative fields of American letters today.

Mr. Geeslin's story is a simple, everyday story of experiences known to all of us. Mr. Geeslin was a salesman traveling over the Southeast when he wrote it, and the immediacy of everyday management life is right here.

He listened a moment at the bathroom door, and being sure finally that neither Lisa nor Little Mase was there, he entered. Preparing to shave, he gave himself the musing appraisal in the mirror which was as much a part of the ritual as the brush or shaving cream.

Staring at himself in the mirror, he saw a narrow face with a sharp nose and quick, indecisive eyes. He searched himself as he searched an invoice at the office, quick to seize on the wrong total or the errant shipment. His thin hair depressed him and he tried unsuccessfully each morning to cover the bald spot.

Applying the lather, he said, "Ugly. Ugly as hell."

There was nothing he could do about the face on which even the beard was not luxuriant but straggling and growing in patches, and nothing he could do about the six-feet-three-inch body that was not so much thin as narrow, or the AAA, size fourteen shoes. These things never entered his morning reverie because they were impossible to remedy. He could not right them as he did the mistaken invoice. There was no exchange for Gladstone Mott's self-confidence, healthy body, and the sense of belonging somewhere in history, and not only belonging but being of the people who were governors of states and later perhaps United States senators, of the people who founded businesses, played golf, and retired early. He couldn't be Gladstone Mott. He could only run his company for him, standing always at the elbow, sometimes obtrusively (when Gladstone began to make one of his unhinged mistakes), but most often quietly admiring.

He was satisfied, he often told himself during those early morning communions when he had at last wrenched the bathroom from Desiree, his wife, Little Mase, his son, and Lisa, his daughter. But saying this, he knew he lied. Instead he counted the things, the concrete objects which he owned, and which he knew to be important.

There was the house. Brick. Set well back from the street, the quiet dead-end street lined with poplars and pines, where Lisa and Little Mase could play with the other children without danger from passing cars, and lined also with thirty-thousand-dollar houses that

were identical to his except for that superficial change that transformed an ell into a front porch and a carport into a brick patio.

("Can't you see they're all alike?" John Shaw used to say before he stopped coming to the house. "Can't you see that they're one and all of that great dead Suburbia where nothing ever happens except promotion, transfer, and death? Can't you see?" John Shaw, who had wanted to be an architect, but had wound up at Mott's instead, had said all this in the living room of the house, leaning toward his host, half drunk on rye highballs.)

There was the house, with the brook running through the front yard, just as it did through the front yards of all of the houses on the street, which offered a rose-covered receptacle to the mailman, who nevertheless called them all mailboxes. There were the house and Desiree and the children. There were two cars in the carport, an old Studebaker which belonged to Desiree and a new Buick which was furnished to him by Mott, Inc., where he was Vice-president and General Sales Manager.

By the time he had seated himself at the breakfast table, his morning reverie was finished. He now devoted himself to arbitrating the contests of Lisa and Little Mase, as they tried to outwit Desiree, or at least perplex her so that she could no longer remember the rain-coat—when it rained—or the overcoat—in the winter—or the hundreds of other details which arise from having two children in school and a nine-room house to care for with only a maid and sometimes Willy, the handyman from Mott's, who came when the Motts could spare him from what they assumingly called their estate.

"Why can't I wear high heels, Daddy?" Lisa said. "I'm fourteen and all the girls in my class wear them. Mother says to ask you, Daddy. Why can't I, Daddy?"

He looked at her and was sorry that her eyes were his eyes and that she was positively his daughter and not his wife's. What could he do for her, now or later? Could he change that outer shell of hers, that covering of skin and arrangement of bones which he had never even considered until she was ten or eleven and her classmates at Miss Primrose's school had begun to yell "Ugly-smuggly" at her on the way home in the late afternoons? Could he forestall the anguish that would surely arise from the school proms, swimming parties, and the high school play? What could he do for her?

"Let her wear them, Desiree. I think she's old enough."

"All right, Mason." And then she was herding them through the door and into Miss Primrose's station wagon, which had made itself known by frequent blasts on the horn.

"Mason," Desiree called as he made his way to the carport and the Buick. He stopped at the door and leaning, brushed her cheek with a kiss. "Mason, you shouldn't feel badly about Lisa. She's going to be all right. And so are you, my dear. You're a fine man and she's a wonderful little girl. I'm very proud of both of you."

"Look," he said, already through the door, "I've got a lot of work to do. See you tonight."

The Buick was red-and-white and almost brand new. He had chosen the colors himself and he admired them. The car gave him much satisfaction during the early morning drives through the quiet city streets on his way to work.

He adjusted the wide-brimmed Stetson to the side of his head and settled down to the forty-five-minute drive downtown.

He wanted this time to think, to plan, and to compose himself. It was not fear that he felt rising in his stomach which caused the bitter taste in his mouth. He had not felt real fear since his last trip as navigator for the ATC, during the war. He was confident, as he knew he had a right to be, for he had helped to make the company the largest of its kind in six states. He had brought it almost single-handedly from the lazy little outfit run by old Mr. Mott and his golf-playing son to its present position of authority in the farm equipment industry. He was not afraid but he wanted time to plan his strategy.

John Shaw was resigning today. This he knew. Knowing John Shaw as well as he did after three years of close association, he knew that Shaw was capable of being bitter and accusatory and very likely suffering from a bad hangover. It was never well to leave an accusation unanswered when it was made to Gladstone Mott. Mott had a way of dwelling on events until they were finally resolved, weeks later, and not always in the manner that Mason would have liked. It was always best to end these things before they began.

2

The Mott, Inc., lot was a choice one on Murphy Avenue. There was one long building, which housed two offices, one the outer office where Mason had his desk along with Jeff Spires, the office clerk, and

Chalmers Marchant, the bookkeeper. To the rear were the shops which were headed by Don Swan, who, every day of his working life, ate his lunch at the Vice-president's desk, leaving bits of sandwich and coffee stains on the blotter.

(Leaning over Mason's sofa, holding his fourth drink carelessly, his hair hanging down limp over his face, John Shaw had said: "Why don't you buy him a table if you don't like it? Suppose that he was the first man they ever hired. Mott'd understand. Why gripe? Tell him.")

The lot was newly paved and landscaped. Bland gladioli bloomed beneath the office windows and the grass was green and neatly trimmed by Willy, the handyman. Four huge oaks brought shade to the front of the lot and in the rear there were three.

Accelerating the car into the driveway as he always did, Mason smiled. It was always a pleasure to get back to the place. He felt pride of ownership in this place and achievement realized here, as if he had conceived and nurtured it from its founding. He felt joy and anticipation of joy when he thought of the future. Mott would soon be out of it. He never came down to the office more than two or three times a week. He preferred to spend his time at the Crudney Hills Golf Club. Not that the Club wasn't all right. After all, at Gladstone Mott's insistence, he himself was a member. And it had done a lot for him; it had done plenty for him, the associations with really fine fellows, the good exercise, and besides he had met "Hump" Riley there and through him had made the arrangements with the Osgood Brothers Implement Company. Of course he got to play on the course only on Thursday afternoon and Saturday and Sunday, and not then if Mott was in a tournament and he had things to do which he couldn't delegate to Jeff Spires or Shaw. Not that he ever got much out of Shaw.

Mason smiled in spite of the taste in his mouth. It was good to get back to the place. He entered the office and sat down at his desk.

The office had been hastily, cheaply, and shoddily built. Loose mortar sifted from between the odd-sized concrete blocks of the walls; celotex panels hung limply from the ceiling where they had been improperly nailed; and the floor slanted crazily toward Mott's office.

The furniture was expensive. There were three desks, matching chairs, and an odd chair, all of which had been selected by Cherie Mott, Gladstone's wife.

John Shaw was sitting aslant in the odd chair at Mason's desk.

He swayed front and back, front and back, sometimes glancing at Mason, who was busy at a stack of invoices, and sometimes gazing over the air-conditioning units through the window and into busy Murphy Avenue.

"Morning, Mason-o," he said, grinning. Mason saw that his eyes were clear and alert. Apparently he had had a good night's sleep.

"Hi, John. Say, are you going to take care of this?" He handed John a request from a prospective customer, asking for prices and descriptive literature.

He handed back the letter. "Not today, Mason-o. Today I've got a lot of things to do, but taking care of this guy isn't one of them."

"All right," Mason said, his voice bearing traces of acquiescence and belligerency.

John did not hear Mason's words. He was listening to the tone of his voice. It was the juxtaposition in sound of heroics and cowardice that puzzled him, that manner of speaking which was half plea and half threat, as if Mason stood with an axe in one hand and an olive branch in the other. He could remember talking to Mason on long distance from the territory, and hearing the voice, but after a moment not listening to the words but enjoying the sudden rush of blood to his own face and the tightening of his stomach muscles, momentarily fighting down the rage, and then as Mason's high whine came through over the hundreds of miles of bright wire, dropping reservations and reason and letting the anger take hold completely.

"It's like I wanted to rip the phone off the wall," Shaw would say to Gladstone Mott later, trying to understand Mason, trying to understand him because he wanted to be able to understand him to be able to keep the job. So at last he could keep a job for more than a few months, so he could quit drinking, maybe get married and settle down on a farm somewhere and become the man he secretly believed every man should be, steady and hard-working. He would talk to Mott slowly at first but soon the words would come swiftly and finally cascade, and the only result of them was the reddening of John Shaw's face as he spoke.

Mason was telephoning, and Spires was busy transcribing letters from the dictaphone cylinder. Chalmers was bent slightly over his ledgers, making the neat entries which were automatic and nearly always correct.

Chalmers was small and as neat as his ledgers. His clothes were

good and he carried himself confidently. There had always been a haphazard raillery between him and John Shaw. This morning they had said only good morning. Chalmers glanced at his friend now, as he sat negligently in the expensive chair. He felt pity for John, wanted to help him, but knew no way of doing so.

(Over the lunch table, John had once pointed a hard bread stick at Chalmers, underscoring his words. "I don't know about that Mason. I don't know why he rubs me the wrong way. I do know it's becoming a big thing with me. My weekends are ruined. I find myself talking about him to perfect strangers in bars.")

"Maybe it's not him at all," Chalmers had said. "Maybe it's you and this town. Maybe you don't belong here."

"Don't talk to me like that." John had grinned, suddenly. "A man like you, a gentleman like you from Blue's Old Stand, Alabama, is simply always a gentleman from Blue's Old Stand, Alabama. Don't talk to me about this city. This is my town, man. It always has been. Other people wanted to go to Paris or Andalusia; I wanted to come here."

"Eat your beef," Chalmers had said.)

Mason was telephoning. Jeff Spires saw John rocking in the window but caught nothing of the tension of which Chalmers and Mason were aware. Spires was small, an inch or two over five feet, made too little money for his wife and two children, and wore clip-on bow ties. He also told jokes.

("Say, Mr. Shaw, did you hear what one psychiatrist said to another one when he passed him on the street one day? Heh. Heh. He said: 'You're all right. How am I?' Heh, heh, Mr. Shaw. He said: 'You're all—' ")

"All right, that's one. Two more and you're through for the day. Right?" John said.

"All right." Spires returned to his typing. He was pleased. A careful smile graced his thin, mottled face.)

Listening to Mason on the telephone, John was thinking of Spires and remembering the story that he had told him. After hearing the story, John had defended Spires during an informal meeting between Mason and Cherie, defended him hotly and with enough spirit that the clerk was assured ample time to remedy his overly precise manner when he handled the firm's telephone requests and the few customers who came to the offices.

Weeks before, during an afternoon when Spires and John were alone in the office, John working on an advertising letter and Spires seeming pensive and ill at ease, Spires had begun suddenly to talk about his father: "When I was five or six years old, we lived in a mill town. That was before Daddy and Mother were divorced. Later on they quit and I didn't know why and I still don't. I guess times were hard then. I don't remember anything about that at all. What I remember is Daddy working in a cotton mill and getting off every afternoon at four o'clock and me going down to meet him. I always got there about three-thirty and sat on one of them long wooden benches that the men sat on who were waiting to go to work on the four-o-five shift. I remember it was always smoky and I guess the streets must have been dirty as hell but I don't remember that at all. I'd go down there and sit down on the bench and wait for Daddy to get off from work. And then after a while I'd get up and do a little jig, you know, a buck-and-wing. I always was a dancer. You know I won this cigarette lighter here out in California at the Trianon Ballroom, me and my partner. She got an orchid and a big box of candy. Well, as I was saying, I'd do this little dance for the men there and they must have liked it because every day they'd ask me to dance and pretty soon they began to pitch money on the pavement. I didn't hardly know how to count money, then, but there were nickels and a lot of pennies. Sometimes as much as a quarter. Then the whistle would blow and my daddy would come through the gate and we'd walk home. When we got away from the mill, my daddy would take my arm and say, Give me what you got. And he'd take my money. Every day, he'd take my money."

"Listen, Bishop," Mason was saying into the telephone, "you call up Goode Contracting Company. Yeah, yeah, Goode. Ask for old man Goode. Tell him you heard he wants to buy two tractors in the same class as our LADY. Give him a price of fifty dollars over my price. Yeah, that's right, fifty dollars. In about an hour I'll call him and give him my price and get the business. The next two are yours. Okay? Fine, fine, boy. Goodbye, Harry." Mason was talking, John realized, to Harry Bishop, manager of Standard Tractor, Mott's chief competitor.

John knew what was going on. He knew that Mason had entered into an agreement with Bishop and Standard Tractor, setting the same price for merchandise sold by either company.

"Sewing it up, huh, boy," John said.

"You've got to do it," Mason said.

Don Swan came in from the shops, red-faced and greasy, mumbling and cursing a trunnion shaft. Another day at Mott's, Inc., had begun.

3

Gladstone Mott, President and sole owner of Mott Implement Company, sat eating breakfast with his wife Cherie on the terrace overlooking the pool.

He enjoyed his food. Mrs. Knighthammer's biscuits were especially pleasing today, and he wore a gob of butter on his chin, defiantly. The Virginia ham had been prepared just right, and its savor and texture was triumphant. Today he re-examined Mrs. Knighthammer's expertness as he did every day, but his mind strayed unwillingly to the office and the problems which awaited him there. His usually calm face now showed signs of rigid concern.

"What's the matter, Glad?" Cherie searched his tanned face expectantly and lovingly. She knew him well and she was accustomed to his changes of mood and purpose. Almost maternally she considered his open face, the carelessly worn sport shirt for which she had paid twenty dollars, the gabardine slacks which were grease-stained, the bottoms of which were inexactly rolled above his shoes to exhibit red wool golf socks. About money and business he would never know, she realized, and it took nothing from him. The money was hers, and she understood it, just as she understood him. Not perceiving that complex, almost mystic interrelationship of salesman, customer, manufacturer and designer, it was perfectly plain that he commanded a hard and wholly unsolicited and unwanted loyalty from his employees and co-workers. She did not understand why they held in respect and even love his careless gestures of confidence and rare flashes of genuine business acumen. This morning, as on most mornings, she was pleased with him.

"How did you know?" Gladstone said.

"You've only eaten one man's breakfast. Mrs. Knighthammer will think that you're ill."

"I'm not that transparent, I hope. It's a wonder I ever had any business success if my face is such an open book," Gladstone said.

"You forget that I've had years to study it," Cherie said. "It's about Mason and John Shaw, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's been building up a long time. They're both good men. I'd hate for anything to happen now that we've only just got the new line launched."

Cherie lifted her fine head in what could have been an impolite sniff. "Well, you simply can't get along without Mason. Why, he has every part of the business at his fingertips. Where would you find another man who's good at design, better at production and planning, and who's absolutely tops at sales? Where are you going to get a replacement for such a man?"

Gladstone glanced reflectively about the grounds, not admiring the towering maples and spruce, hardly able to identify them, or the thousands of flowers and shrubs, seeing all whole and green, and as a part of the scene. Botany was not one of Gladstone's interests.

"You don't like John Shaw much, do you?" Gladstone said, asking for the judgment which he had come to respect, and which, in matters of business, he seldom disdained.

"No," her face colored, "he laughs at me. He talks too fast, so many ideas come so swiftly that he wins every argument. He makes me feel like a fool. Now, Mason is a good old boy. Not the best-looking man I ever knew but certainly one of the smartest businessmen."

Gladstone disliked her remarks about Mason's appearance. He knew the depths, almost pathological, of Mason's sensitivity.

"What about the campaign John did on the *LADY*?" Gladstone said. "We had no hopes at all for that tractor, although we'd been manufacturing it for two years, and along comes John and increases our volume four hundred per cent in a few months."

"The *LADY* would have sold," Cherie said, vehemently. "Just because that Shaw thought up a few silly slogans, and reorganized the dealer setup, and we got more orders, that doesn't prove much."

"You aren't being fair, Cherie, and you know it. The whole campaign was his, and his alone. We'd sunk plenty into a new design for a small tractor aimed at the do-it-yourself market and they just weren't buying. Remember, John christened the tractor *LADY*, and he wrote all the advertising."

"Those silly slogans again," Cherie said.

"Maybe . . . maybe they were silly, but they were damned effective. Remember, *MRS. HOMEMAKER, IF YOU CAN MAKE A SALAD, YOU*

CAN OPERATE THE LADY. AND, SECRETARIES, IF YOU CAN TYPE, YOU CAN OPERATE THE LADY. We sold tractors and that's always the final test."

Gladstone pushed his chair back and stood up. He kissed his wife on the lips and drove his powder-blue Jaguar to the office.

Driving through the tree-lined streets, Gladstone felt neither resentment nor pleasure at the prospect before him. People and their motives were past his understanding and they had always been. Much better the open fairway and the exultation which came when club connected solidly with ball and he stepped back, knowing the drive good for three hundred yards.

It was almost eleven when he reached the Mott, Inc., offices, as he brought the Jaguar in line with Mason's Buick and extricated himself neatly from it.

4

At three in the afternoon the Mott offices were just as they had been earlier, except that the afternoon sun had begun to shine into the window above Chalmer's desk with such force that he rose to close the venetian blinds.

As he did so, Gladstone Mott called through the door of his office, "Mason . . . John . . . will you come in here, please?"

Chalmers sat at his desk, fingering a closed ledger. His questions, which had been directed at John Shaw during their lunch together, had brought no confidences or explanations.

As the men entered, Gladstone was seated in what John always called "the throne," a huge upholstered chair which Cherie had ordered from New York. He adjusted the chair to the great desk, much too large for the small cluttered office, and began tentatively to poke into the mass of old memos, letters, invitations to parties, bills from department stores, sales bulletins, catalogues, and old copies of *Sports Illustrated*. He knew that the two men were studying his face, trying to find the answer to what form the conference would take. Purposely Gladstone assumed an introspective demeanor.

"Close the door, men, and take chairs," Gladstone said.

Mason knew instantly that Gladstone was determined to keep the discussion on an unemotional level. Surprisingly, as he admitted to

himself, Mason was glad. John was certainly a talker, and in anger he often swayed Gladstone's judgment with sheer eloquence.

John searched the ruined wall for the framed photograph of the LADY. That this photograph hung with the other likenesses of Mott equipment gave him confidence.

"What do you want, Glad?" John said.

Mason admired the opening move. John had achieved his purpose, which was to make Gladstone slightly uneasy.

"That's not the question," Gladstone said. "It's what you want. Mason and I are waiting to hear just what it is that you want."

John flicked his attention from the photograph to the open window and back to Gladstone's face.

"I want to quit. Now. Today," John said.

"That's pretty silly and you know it," Mason said. "You've done all right here. The money has been good and we get along."

"Do we?" John said. "What about the McDarrell deal? Is that an example of how well we get along? What about the Smith deal? Is that another example? And apart from these two, what about 'Hump' Riley and his deal, yes, his deal, his goddamned slimy deal of deals?"

Shaw's face was red, and slowly the crimson spread to his neck.

"Glad approved every one of those deals," Mason said. His voice was high and nervous.

Gladstone laughed jovially, falsely. "Now, fellows, let's not start hollering."

"I can understand the McDarrell deal," John said, "even though I went up there and sold the dealer after first finding him and persuading him to become our dealer, and before that sitting down and deciding what qualifications a good dealer for the LADY would have; and even though I sold him and three days later he called up and Mason answered the phone and went up there and told the man he was Vice-president and got a signed order for fifty machines. I understand that deal, Glad, because Mason, bless his ugly hide, has to have the sales. It keeps him going. It's the one thing that he must have. He's so little like the rest of us, so different and lacking in all those things you and I and everybody else take for granted, that it was absolutely imperative that he slide up there and steal the order."

Mason's narrow face was pale and quiet.

Gladstone sat behind the mountainous desk, momentarily amazed at the viciousness of Shaw's attack.

"And the Smith deal," John said, rapidly. "I propose that we hereby discuss the Smith deal. Mason, here, is a man who cannot make a mistake. He cannot ever humanly err because to do so would detract an iota from that long glimmering vision he has of himself, that stenciled portrait he carries inside his narrow head, that appears to him inhumanly potent and omniscient. But mistakes become every man and are a part of most of us. Yet when Mason makes one, instead of admitting it, he has to alibi, or blame it on somebody else, or lie out of it."

John half rose from his chair. The room was ringed with the sound of his words.

"Smith bought twenty tractors from me and we didn't have them in stock for immediate delivery. Smith was on his head, so I called Stitch in Chicago and he promised me the machines at a good profit. I remember the day very well. I asked Mason to call Stitch and get a confirming price and also to confirm Smith's arrival to pick up the machines. After all, Mason is supposed to be the Boss. Mason didn't think it necessary to call Stitch. Oh, no. He had to write him an air-mail letter. Smith arrives. Stitch, not hearing from Mason, sells Smith the tractors himself and we're out in the cold completely. Two thousand down the drain. And the air-mail letter. Ah, the letter. It gets to Stitch a day later, after Smith had left Chicago with the machines. Now, here's the topper. That was all right about us losing the money. We could always make more money. But Mason said that he tried to call Stitch and Mason lied. But Mason had to be right. He couldn't make a mistake. The result was that we lost the money, and all the time I spent cultivating Smith was wasted."

"What's the matter with you, John?" Gladstone said. "Are you crazy? Don't you know better than to talk like this?"

"Maybe I am a little nuts, Glad. It's hard to say after three years with Mason. But to enthrone and decorate my insanity: the crowning achievement of Mason's claim to manhood is the agreement he fostered with Hump Riley."

"Glad okayed that deal. Glad wanted to go in with Hump," Mason said, his face ashen, frantically searching Gladstone's appearance for the key to his reactions.

"Sure, Glad wanted the deal. You talked to him night and day for weeks and finally Glad heard so much about it that he thought it was his idea in the first place," John said.

Gladstone said, "I'm that stupid, am I?"

"Not stupidity, Glad," John said. "Just not giving a damn, mostly. Wanting to please Mason because he's a good man and he lives with the business."

"It wasn't a bad deal, really," Gladstone said.

"No. Oh, hell no, it wasn't a bad deal. We had the LADY going like a house afire. We were knocking the hell out of Osgood Brothers Implement Company, and Hump, that noble almost All-American footballer and vaunted sales manager of Osgood Brothers, comes crying to Mason out at dear old Crudney Hills for a combination. 'Let's all get together,' Hump the hero says. 'Let's Mott and Osgood and Standard Tractor get together and set the price. We don't have any choice, boy. In view of rising labor costs, scarce steel, and skyrocketing freight rates, plus ruinatious competition, we don't have any choice.' Mason listened to Hump and he talked you into it, Glad, whether you'll ever admit it or not."

"What's the matter with the deal?" Mason said.

"In six months, you'll see," John said. "The LADY is such a good little machine that we could have wrapped up the market. Now we're taking thirds. Our volume is bound to drop."

"Bull," Gladstone said, "and Mason didn't talk me into a damned thing." At last he was in perfect control of himself. "We're getting nowhere, John. You'll have to make up your mind to be satisfied. These agreements are the coming thing, old sport. They're what all of us are working toward. Look what's happened in the automobile field, and the paper field, and the metal can field. Some day you'll see these agreements covering every phase of our business, from tractors like the LADY down to our cheapest peanut picker. You wait and see."

"Well, I'll be goddamned." John laughed. "I'll be goddamned if the man isn't sitting there, gazing into the distance, talking about getting together en masse to crooker the customer, and not only talking about it but dreaming about it, as if it were finally a cure for lung cancer or possibly the common cold. Goddammit, Glad, do you know what I'm talking about?"

"I never before realized that you were stupid," Gladstone said quietly. "Here you insult Mason at every turn and question my business sense and all at the top of your voice. You've done good work here, and I'm the first to admit it, but you're through. Where did

they dig you up, anyway? What are you, the honor guard of all the fair fair principles? Are you the weeping heart of Murphy Avenue, here to assure all the suckers an even break?"

"It's all in how you see it," John said.

"Well, goddammit, you've got no right to take it out on Mason or Cherie or me. If you want to be a drunk, with all that soul-search mumbling in your beer, all right. That's your business. But you shouldn't cross us in the business." Gladstone's voice was low but his face was slack and disorganized. Perspiration had begun to collect on his forehead.

Getting to his feet, Gladstone said, "Get the hell out of my office, Shaw, before I lose my temper."

John Shaw studied his own hands. They were steady. He lighted a cigarette and strolled through the door, closing it gently behind him.

The late afternoon sunlight made dappled shadows on the walls of Gladstone's office. In the distance, the sound of the homeward-bound Murphy Avenue traffic was loud and intermittently raucous. Mason and Gladstone sat in silence.

Finally Mason said, "Where do I stand in all this? You don't blame me, do you? Cherie doesn't blame me?"

"Hell no, Boss. We're old friends. We've been together for a long time," Gladstone said. "I picked you up when you didn't know one fork from another and I taught you how to wear a necktie and run a business. Between us, we've built a big business. Together, we're going to build an even bigger business. We're friends, old sport." Gladstone offered his hand and Mason solemnly shook it.

"One thing, Mason, before you go," Gladstone said. "I've been thinking about your car and I think you should have a new one. Why don't you take it downtown to the dealer's tomorrow and trade for a new one? Or better still, we'll both go. We might be able to work something."

Mason smiled, and the expression erased the strain from his face, and standing on the threshold of Gladstone's office, with the open door before him, he said, "Thanks, Glad. I think I'll get a red one this time, solid red. Thanks very much."

As Mason moved out of the office, Gladstone sat at the prodigious desk, idly studying the photographs which hung on the walls. He knew now that he would soon have to bring in someone to take John Shaw's place. It was true, of course, that no one was going to

take Mason's place, no one could for that matter, but Gladstone recognized certain strains of truth in Shaw's accusations. Yes, it would be best to bring in one of those young eastern business school graduates. They always had a lot of new ideas and goodness knows, Gladstone thought, we could always use new ideas.

Mason still smiled as he walked over to the hatrack and donned the wide-brimmed Stetson. He did not appear to notice Chalmers or Jeff Spires as he opened the office door and walked out to his car. Heading into the dense Murphy Avenue traffic, he did not feel his customary annoyance toward the other cars. Today all of them were driven by benign and prosperous strangers.

Accelerating gently so as not to collide with the car ahead, Mason turned on the radio, but did not hear the music. He began to whistle, softly, on key. He was still whistling when he drove into his driveway. He cut the motor and sat quietly, listening. Within the house, he could hear the distant sound of the washing machine motor and in a moment, Desiree's footsteps as she came to meet him.



THE MANAGERIAL MIND*

CHARLES E. SUMMER, JR.

Our management age today has discussed, analyzed, evaluated, praised, or derided management and the manager, but it is curious that very little literature exists that attempts to evaluate the managerial mind itself. The concept of the corporation is a far less trickier abstract with which to deal than the mind of the manager himself who is after all a human being and at times a remarkably fallible one.

Charles E. Summer, Jr., in this profile of the managerial mind, clarifies the vital qualities that characterize the managerial mind. Co-ordinator of the Executive Program at Arden House, a specialist in organization theory, as well as a professor in the Graduate School of Business at Columbia University, he has had ready access to all phases of the management world. His discussion answers four important questions:

Is the thinking of business executives characterized by certain well-defined qualities and attitudes, as is the thinking of scientists, lawyers, and other professional men?

How does the "managerial mind" resemble the "scientific" or "professional" mind with respect to attitudes about facts, numbers, theory, consistency, change, risk, and other questions?

In what ways does the "managerial mind" differ from or fall short of the intellectual qualities that we usually associate with doctors, lawyers, and scientists?

What is the significance of these similarities and differences for businessmen and for business educators?

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In the philosophy of science, art, and the professions we find fairly clear statements about the qualities of the "scientific mind," the "creative mind," the "engineering mind," or the "legal mind." But we do not find such statements about the "managerial mind." To be sure, the men who manage the affairs of the world in industry, government, and the armed services are not scientists or artists or doctors. But in failing to state with some clarity the qualities of the managerial mind, we have denied both individual executives and society some very practical advantages.

The professional manager sits by while others enunciate the noble qualities of the scientific or artistic mind, as if there were no realization that management decision making also can be complicated and intellectually difficult. And there is little recognition of standards which promote competence in management, as there is in the established professions, so that efforts to motivate and train men for administration are handicapped. Moreover, business schools lack the kind of clear, balanced concept of goals that has proved such an asset to professional schools.

Note that I am not writing about ability. Nor am I writing about decision-making skills. Almost everyone—even a novelist here and there—recognizes that a good manager has these. My concern here is with common qualities of thinking, with attitudes, biases, predispositions—in short, with those patterns of thought that enable us to characterize the executive and to predict how he will go about handling a problem, if not how he will decide it.

For my purpose here, it is unnecessary to define all facets of the professional mind. We need only agree that a professional is a man who uses his mind and the knowledge of other people's minds to accomplish results in the real world of action. He is concerned with understanding the environment or natural order, predicting what will happen in it as it operates, and in most cases controlling it. It is this orientation toward *action* and *results* and *solving action problems* that identifies the intellectual qualities of a professional.

The question of whether or not management is becoming a profession is also beside the point here. It stands to reason, however,

that if mental qualities similar to those presented in this article are developed and accepted as standards, management will come much nearer to the status of a profession. Yet it will never be quite like any profession that we know today. The managerial mind is developing many similarities to scientific, engineering, medical, and legal minds, but also some differences. It is going its own way, working in an independent direction. Of course, this is as it should be, but the fact that the pattern is a strange one may explain why so many people have been so slow in recognizing the new intellectual stature of management.

One more thing: in this discussion we shall be concerned only with the intellectual qualities of the manager. While these are vitally important, it should be remembered that other attributes are also important—moral, aesthetic, and creative qualities, for example, or knowledge and wisdom gained from experience. Indeed, from time to time the nonintellectual qualities may be a good deal more important than the intellectual ones, both from the point of view of the company and of society at large.

EMPIRICAL QUALITIES

The empirical qualities of the managerial mind are not new, in and of themselves. But they are combined in a different way, and they are given different emphasis, than in the case of the medical mind, say, or the engineering mind. What is especially noticeable is that the executive typically does not pursue any one kind of empirical reasoning to an extreme. Here, as elsewhere in this discussion, we shall find that no single attitude or predisposition dominates. Each seems to be followed in moderation, with the emphasis on the blend—on a way of thinking in its entirety, rather than on the individual ingredients.

The Factual Attitude

Alfred North Whitehead, the great philosopher and mathematician, tells us that scientists have always had a bias for observational and experimental investigation.¹ Galileo's insistence on "irreducible

¹ *Science and the Modern World* (New York, New American Library Edition, 1948), pp. 9, 17.

and stubborn facts" led to a distrust of reasoning to the point where even today there is among some scientists the feeling that those whose methods involve patient observation of facts through experiments or analysis of past experience are "greater" than those whose methods rely primarily on reason and logic.

This first empirical quality, which might be called the factual attitude, is particularly valuable in the world of managerial action, where the manager has to cause or control specific events in his problem situation. It is too bad if either quick conclusions or imaginative speculations yield decisions that are not in accordance with the real world of problems and facts.

The factual attitude is very much in evidence in the annals of management. For example, when General Motors first decided to go into the diesel engine business, management got extensive facts on what kind of small locomotive was required and what it would take to design, produce, and sell such a product; then it methodically proceeded to base its actions on this evidence. Again, the careful long-range planning of many companies today attests to the importance of the factual attitude.²

Conversely, there are many examples of unsatisfactory results when facts are not gathered carefully before making decisions. For example, a number of studies show that the primary reason for failure of new business is optimistic speculation of owners who fail to be as factual as possible about projected sales, operating problems, capital requirements, and so on.

However, the factual attitude can be overdone. If the administrator is too possessed with the necessity of patience in getting all of the facts, he may fail on two counts: (1) In many decisions the facts bearing on a problem cannot be known. (2) Even if the various kinds of needed facts could be known, there may not be enough time to dig all of them out patiently.

What is needed, therefore, is a modified form of the factual attitude, one that says, in effect, "*Have patience and a desire to get the facts, be reluctant to jump to conclusions, but do not hesitate to use such reasoning and judgment as you must if lack of facts or lack of time prevents thorough research of a problem.*"

In this respect the managerial mind is not unlike the medical or

² For a documentation of many companies' experience, see *Long-Range Planning for Management*, edited by David W. Ewing (New York, Harper & Brothers, 1958).

legal mind; the doctor must make decisions at times on the spur of the moment, and the lawyer may have to advise a client before a question of law can be settled by the courts or the legislature. But a modified factual attitude would do little credit to an aeronautical engineer or a research chemist. Here, in other words, we have the first in a series of likenesses and contrasts between management and the established professions.

The Quantitative Attitude

A second empirical quality might be called the quantitative attitude. Philosophers of science tell us that scientists have a distinct "innate prejudice" for selecting only those facts in the environment which can be *measured*. One writer has noted: "Kepler's deepest conviction was that nature is essentially mathematical, and all his scientific life was an endeavor to discover nature's mathematical harmonies. Galileo, also, had no doubt that mathematics is the one true key to natural phenomena."³ That this preference exists strongly even today is attested to by biologists, physicists, anthropologists, and others.

The quantitative attitude satisfies two important needs of the scientist. It helps him to be objective, and it enables him to "prove" his relationships or laws—for instance, what will happen to x units of y variable if b variable changes by z units.

This mathematical predisposition can also be of value to the executive. It can result in improved ways of doing things. The budget is an example, as are standard costs and financial ratios. Operations research, digital computers, probability and game theory, systems theory, automation, and such social sciences as applied anthropology are all adding to the possibilities for being "scientific" in the sense of measuring the consequences of managerial decisions.

Efforts to quantify complex business problems have so often been successful that almost every businessman is familiar with at least a few of them—as for example:

The work done in chemical process plants in scheduling complicated flows of by-products through linear equations.

The efforts of Thomas Malone, a weather expert for The Travelers

³ J. W. N. Sullivan, *The Limitations of Science* (New York, New American Library Edition, 1949), p. 128.

Insurance Companies, and oil industry people to show what quantification can do to help control inventories of heating fuel, schedule refinery runs, schedule tanker shipments, and even plan capital investment.

Most businessmen have also had numerous opportunities to learn what may happen if management does not have a quantitative predisposition—cases like that of the new owner of a large newspaper in the Midwest who discovered that the previous publisher had been losing money every year for 15 years on a job-order printing business, simply because he “hated figures” and failed to separate job printing from the newspaper in a quantitative fashion; or instances of companies continuing unprofitable lines, or continuing to serve territories and customers which cost more than their profit contribution, simply because nobody had time to worry with figures when there were more glamorous things to do.

Interestingly enough, the quantitative attitude can be of great assistance in the executive's human relations. The objectivity of numbers, rather than subjective emotion, is one road by which the individual can be understood by, and influenced by, others. This has been pointed out by social scientists, and it seems to fit the facts in the world of business, as evidenced, for instance, by General Electric's stress on the “authority of facts” as contrasted with the “authority of command.”

Unlike the scientific mind, however, the managerial mind can give only qualified emphasis to the use of numbers; the beauty and preciseness of measurement can be admired only up to a point. Otherwise the decision maker may delay things while the patient dies, the war is lost, or the firm misses its opportunity. Business organizations may need certain people who are deeply, zealously interested in quantification, but the one who receives quantitative facts and has to incorporate them into judgmental actions in a limited time should not possess this temperament in excessive degree.

Perhaps the modified predisposition for the manager would be something like: *“Strive patiently and creatively to prove the results of your decision by searching for variables that can be measured, but do not let yourself be enchanted by mathematical systems to the point where you postpone or shun judgment when action is necessary.”*

Here, by the way, we see an interesting difference in the managerial mind from the mind of most professional groups. Parts of the

company organization can be as deeply committed to quantitative techniques as any scientists are, and the policy-making executive himself may once have been closely associated with such projects; but when he is making decisions as a member of top management, he must vigorously resist the temptation to become beholden to any one point of view. This is a problem which is generally insignificant for scientists, lawyers, doctors, and so on. They work in homogeneous groups. By contrast, the heterogeneity of a business organization requires a very high order of judgment and mental discipline on the part of the manager. Indeed, far from making him unprofessional, this may really do a great deal to *justify* professional status for the manager.

LOGICAL QUALITIES

In spite of what appears to be a bias among some men of science for the factual, most scientists recognize the necessity for a delicate interaction and balance between experiment and observation, on the one hand, and speculation and reasoning, on the other. The scientist will, of course, speculate and theorize in the same mathematical and physical terms as he observes and proves, but a difference in approach is involved.

The Theoretical Attitude

The first quality of the deductive mind seems to be a faith and belief in the similarity and harmony of events over time. With this goes an interest in searching out concepts that catalogue these events into the same meaning, and an interest in reasoning out laws that govern what happens to one concept when another changes. This is the theoretical attitude; and while it is most often associated in the popular mind with science, it has many uses in business. Thus:

We have a concept called "inventory" and other concepts called "current assets," "current liabilities," "current ratio," and "bank loans." The financial executive may know that when the inventory goes up and is paid for with bank loans, the current ratio decreases as current assets and current liabilities are increased by the same amount. He can deduce other future events from these relationships: when the inventory is sold and the

cash used to build a building, this converts current assets to fixed assets, and the current ratio decreases. He then deduces what will happen to other parts of the business when the current ratio declines; there is a whole chain of effects.

There are hundreds of these concepts and relationships in the functions of finance, sales, personnel, manufacturing, and the rest.

Now the really great minds in mathematics and deductive physics are minds which have peculiarly strong predispositions of this nature. Albert Einstein made this clear when he said:

I believe with Schopenhauer that one of the strongest motives that lead men to art and science is escape from everyday life with its painful crudity and hopeless dreariness, from the fetters on one's own ever shifting desires.⁴

In other words, by inventing new concepts abstracted from the problems, events, and situations in the real world around us, the scientist escapes to what is, for him, a more pleasant world of theory and reason.

This kind of attitude can be most valuable to the professional "on the firing line." In cutting through the complex difficulty of running a business or an army, one is completely lost if he cannot catalogue the confusion of facts and problems into a more simplified meaning so that his mind can handle them. Instead of reacting to someone else's theory as "egghead," or quickly saying, "Give me facts not theory," many a businessman has found it helpful to ponder the operations researcher's "model" of the firm, the economist's "laws" for the economy, and the social scientist's hypothesis about the relation between morale, participation, and decentralization. Indeed, I wonder if business leaders and business schools might not do well to support more of the kind of training (both in logic and semantics) that encourages interest in "theory spinning" and the use of theory in practice.

Of course, in order to prevent the professional manager from resting too long on "Cloud 9" rather than in the real world, the theoretical attitude, too, needs modifying. Perhaps it could be stated thus: "*Reasoning and quiet thought, and use of theory from others, can be valuable in professional practice, provided I maintain a healthy*

⁴ Albert Einstein, *Essays in Science* (New York, Philosophical Library, 1934), p. 2.

distrust and a willingness to abandon theoretical concepts if they do not fit my specific problem."

Predisposition for Truth

A second logical quality that is useful to the professional executive might be termed the predisposition for truth.

The attitude of Aristotelian logic is one that says, "I must define my terms precisely, and test each statement, before using them as premises in arguments and drawing any conclusions." The modern semanticists, who have developed a supplementary method, would declare, "Every word must be tested and traced to the abstract characteristics that connect the word to the object it represents in the real world; only then do we know what is truth."

The quality of an executive's thinking and the workability of his ideas are dependent upon the truth and preciseness of statements with which he reasons. Thus, the concept of truth is not as "long hair" as it sounds; on it rests the possibilities of executive decisions working or not working.

Like the other qualities of mind taken from science and logic, this attitude must be modified for the professional manager. Oftentimes, he must deal with fuzzy concepts, and he cannot take the time to retire to a cloister and reduce his problem to fundamental truth. The logician, seeing an ambiguous object and unable to identify it, may refuse to deal with it—"morale," for instance—unless its identity can be thoroughly investigated. The executive, on the other hand, must sometimes grab whatever concepts he can use as factors in his problem.

The modified attitude toward truth might sound something like this: "*I must be as precise in reasoning from facts and premises as time will allow, and I must search out premises and conclusions that are true, but I must not shrink from the problem because some statements are impossible to define precisely.*" To illustrate:

Suppose that the president of a small but growing company is faced with hiring more and more people and assigning them work, all of which must be coordinated to achieve the goals of this growing business. In assigning a pattern of work and decision making, he reasons that he should create departments for the operating work (planning and deciding the details of jobs, explaining and clarifying work, appraising results, receiving informa-

tion from the workers themselves in order to appraise, and so on), and either hire staff assistants or decentralize the managing to the departments themselves. He may further reason that the choice between these alternatives is best determined by certain factors: human needs, the speed necessary for decision, the coordination required between parts of the work flow, and other matters.

A few writers have given some precision to the meaning of the terms just used—"department," "planning," "staff," and so on. But semanticists and others urge the executive to seek out and use more precise and fundamental terms, such as would give a concrete, clearly defined reality to the kind of decentralization, to the authority of staff men, to the role of the department in the revised organization picture, and so forth. Obviously this would be a major and impractical undertaking, especially at this stage of the development of management.

Accordingly, the modified attitude toward truth would lead the executive to do only the best he can in the time he has available, and to go ahead and use the terms that have proved to be the *most useful* tools in his thinking. He could not take a leave of absence and retire to build deductive models, or search out more fundamental premises.

The fuzziness of so many management terms and concepts points up a shortcoming of the executive mind that has no parallel in the sciences and professions (with the possible exception of a few areas of the law). The situation suggests that one of the main goals of business scholarship should be to increase both our experimental and deductive knowledge of business practices and policies to the end that the words we use symbolize reality more accurately than they now do. I wonder, for example, if members of faculties of business schools should not have some time (or more time) for model building, just as they should have time for gathering "practical" facts from the business world. As both types of knowledge become available to future executives over the years, the compromise with the scientist's predisposition for truth will become less pronounced.

Consistency

A third logical quality of the professional executive is a modified version of the "validity" attitude in formal logic. So far we have been talking about whether *statements* of fact are "true" or "false" in the executive's reasoning. Now, we turn to whether or not the *arguments*

in his reasoning are valid—that is, whether the premises as stated are consistent among themselves rather than contradictory, and whether the statement of conclusions and decisions is consistent with the statements of premises.

An excellent example of logical form in industry is the way decisions are prepared by management for action by the board of directors of Standard Oil Company of New Jersey: projects are usually prepared in the form of proposals (conclusions) with supporting statements as to the positive and negative results of the action. This is a deductive form and is the reverse of another sequence that is often used elsewhere—the classical form of inductive argument, where a series of statements is built up from lower-order statements based on facts and then is followed by a conclusion.

The reasons why the manager must emphasize consistency *within limits* are similar to those mentioned in connection with the attitude about truth. Both logic and semantics, as disciplines of the mind, may take long, patient reflection, away from the day-to-day pressures of operating decisions. And too often that amount of time simply does not exist.

The discipline of mind which the manager needs should be something like this: *“Clear, precise reasoning from premises to conclusions is necessary if my professional decisions and proposed actions are to be workable. However, I cannot expect to discover scientific laws in every decision through strictly valid arguments, and sometimes it will be necessary to substitute reasonableness’ in a broad sense for syllogistic precision in thinking.”*

In Defense of Modification

It is not always clear to observers why businessmen must modify the traditional logical attitudes as much as they do. For instance, if the manager were to take time and insist on more truth and consistency, might he not save time for everybody in the end? Personally, I doubt it. Let me illustrate:

Last year I attended an executive program designed for top managers from a cross section of companies and from the government. A nationally known writer on logic and clear thinking was discussing the pitfalls and fallacies that are common if one does not make use of precise syllogistic

logic. His thesis seemed to be an exhortation for executives to use such reasoning.

In the question period which followed, the speaker was caught by the audience in two rather definite errors in his own thinking—errors of “over-generalization”—and he seemed quite unprepared to handle his predicament.

The reason was: he did not see that by standing in front of a group and answering questions he was transformed from a logician and a thinker to a man of action. He saw the necessity for acting by answering as helpfully as possible, and he acted.

Now this man, had he been a precise logician first and foremost, instead of a logician equally interested in helping this group of executives, would have declined to answer questions until he had time to state them clearly, retire from the platform for as long a period as needed, and think through an answer. In the case in point, he tried to be both a scholar and a man of action at the same time; hence his trouble.

The lesson to be learned from this episode is clear. If decisions are reasoned sloppily with low degrees of validity and truth, the executive can make them in the time period required but they may be unworkable. On the other hand, if he insists on such high degrees of validity and truth that he is removed from his job into long periods of abstract thought, he may have to stay on the platform and say “I don’t know” to every question, and never get going with actions at all. Somewhere in between is the only practical course—but this requires another set of quite different qualities.

QUALITIES OF ACTION

We turn now to a group of action-centered qualities which discipline the managerial mind. Those accustomed to thinking in a scientific way may immediately challenge these qualities and say, “They are not intellectual.” Since this misconception is one which prevents both professionals and university teachers who teach professionals from seeing the importance of action-centered qualities and consciously trying to develop them, a word is needed to say why they are intellectual in nature.

Any belief or predisposition which influences the way a person thinks, the sequences involved in mental thought, or the way he attacks a problem can be thought of as an intellectual attitude. This

is one of the meanings of the phrase "disciplined way of thinking." A scientist has one set of predispositions or beliefs, an artist another set, professionals another set, and so on.

In the discussion that follows, we shall look at a set of attitudes that influence the way the action-centered mind works as it tries to be factual and rational. We shall see great variances between the managerial mind and the scientific mind, but important similarities in the intellectual biases of executives, lawyers, and doctors.

Desire to Change Things

Remembering Einstein's statement, quoted earlier, about how the scientist and artist try to escape from the world of current action, we might say that the professional has a somewhat opposite desire to *take actions* that have results. The lawyer wants to win cases as well as to present a brilliant argument. The surgeon wants to cure people as well as to know anatomy. The architect wants to build buildings, the engineer to build bridges, the army general to win campaigns. And the executive wants to get output.

There are a number of ways in which executives have been observed to demonstrate this quality. Some have moved from a comfortable, safe, high-status position in a well-run company to accept a position with a company that is in trouble, is lagging behind its competitors, or is "worn-out." Such tough problem situations may be viewed as a challenge. In the same way, the executive who takes pleasure in turning his attention to the "messy" departments in his division may be exhibiting this quality. It also shows up, on a more modest plane, in the desire to make improvements in an otherwise good situation, or in an "itch to do something new." Frequently this leads to innovations which show immediate results—witness, for example, the record of the Prudential Insurance Company in the last few years.

To be sure, the desire to change things may be more characteristic of "chiefs" than of "braves." For example, William H. Whyte, Jr. would say that the "organization man"⁵ does not feel much like departing from tested experience, and Chris Argyris would say that people who start out "healthy," with a desire to grow and to produce innovations, instead tend to adapt to the organization and become

⁵ *The Organization Man* (New York, Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1956).

apathetic and disinterested in the company and its goals.⁶ Both of these are probably overstatements, but the warning is a legitimate one. Certainly it is management at *all levels* that needs a disposition toward action, since small improvements in processes and techniques can add up to the equivalent of "big" innovations.

This desire to change things in the real world is perhaps quite different from that of the pure scientist who wants to be basic, factual, logical, and to contribute to the truth and validity of knowledge. The scientist may in fact want to change things—but, if so, he is not overly concerned about just when. It may be in the very distant future. For example, Arthur Burns, former adviser to the President of the United States, has stated his preference for *long-run* results accomplished through scholarly ideas, rather than *current* results obtained through operating as a professional economist in government.⁷

Timely Action

Top executives, in addition to desiring to change things in the real world, should have a predisposition for timely action. John L. Burns, president of Radio Corporation of America, a man with a doctorate in physical science, has put the attitude this way: "I'd rather be president than be right"—by which he means simply that when timeliness and speed of decision are necessary, truth and validity must sometimes rank secondary.

There seem to be at least two ways in which an executive can fail to demonstrate this vital quality of timeliness:

(1) He can insist on a deluge of facts without any forthright conclusion. Examples of this are familiar to most businessmen (although seldom recorded). It is also interesting to note that military history is full of cases where commanders refused to act because they demanded more facts. General McClellan, for instance, made this mistake when he followed Lee into Virginia.

(2) The executive can postpone action for a long time on the grounds that "we have to wait and see." What he may really mean is that he is afraid to make a move until all the facts are in. By the time they are in, of course, it will probably be too late to accomplish much.

⁶ *Personality and Organization: The Conflict Between the System and the Individual* (New York, Harper & Brothers, 1957); and "The Organization: What Makes It Healthy?" HBR November-December 1958, p. 107.

⁷ "An Economist in Government," Columbia University Forum, Winter 1957, p. 4.

Judgmental Qualities

The term "judgment" is one that has caused much confusion. It is usually described only in the most general terms. F. R. Collbohm, president of the Rand Corporation, for instance, recently said: "What is Judgment? Judgment is just experience."⁸ Certainly judgment is based to a great extent on experience, but describing it so simply does not, in my opinion, do the term justice. The role of judgment can be made more meaningful if the word is broken down and analyzed.

Executives and all men of action must many times try to make meaning out of their problems and solve them without doing certain things that the scientist or logician does in his patient search for truth and validity. For each of the scientific devices by which scholars eliminate risk from their thinking, there is a corresponding judgment or risk that the man of action often must take if he is to accomplish results in the real world. These various kinds of judgment can be looked at as conceptual judgment, quantity judgment, weight judgment, and whole problem judgment:

Conceptual judgment results from the fact that the executive cannot reduce the ideas he works with to fundamental concepts, either by science (experimentation and generalization) or by logic (reasoning backward to fundamental premises). The physicist deals with forces and mass, atoms and electrons; the chemist deals with atoms and molecules; and the anatomist deals with corpuscles and cells. On the other hand, the management of a company like General Foods must deal with such big, multifaceted symbols as "customer service," "product line," "duplication of effort," "jobbers," and others in order to reason out its policy of a single sales force selling a product line to customers.

Use of such imprecise or "sloppy" variables in a problem is an attempt by the managerial mind to create "big" thinking tools to include a host of other minor variables. If the problem could be broken down to fundamental variables (which it cannot), it would be so complex it could not be solved.

The nature of *quantity judgment* and *weight judgment* have been mentioned already. The managements of Du Pont and General Motors cannot say, "If we decentralize 68,000 decisions to the divisions, morale will go up 5 degrees, speed of decision will increase 35 miles per hour, or development of lower executives will accelerate at a rate of 16 foot-pounds

⁸ "Scientific Aids to Decision-Making: A Perspective," American Management Association, General Management Series, No. 187 (1957), p. 43.

per minute." Rather, the managerial mind makes an estimate of such factors as the cost of employing general executives to head independent divisions, a second estimate of the effect of the proposal on decision speed, increased motivation, and so on, and then reaches a decision.

Whole problem judgment results from the fact that the executive cannot eliminate all of the thousands of factors in a problem, narrow it down to two or three factors, and then triumphantly say that the value of such-and-such a policy or course of action can be proved.

Shortly after the Korean War, the International Business Machines Corporation was confronted with a problem of whether initially to produce a small or large number of Model 650 computers. Now, if the company's president, Thomas Watson, had been a scientist instead of an executive, then he might have proved that "if manufacturing costs are held constant, capital investment expenditure is held constant, sales and advertising methods are held constant, number of plant personnel is held constant, and materials costs are held constant, a change of 180 in computer output will yield \$5 million in sales." Even if this were a triumphant truth, and 180 computers did sell for \$5 million, the discovery would be almost useless, for manufacturing-unit cost would go down, the number of plant personnel would vary, and so forth.

Accordingly, the executive must try to grapple with thousands of chain effects, both inside and outside the company, when he makes a major decision. In doing so, he takes a judgmental risk of being wrong in his evaluation of the relationships.

Suspicion of Science

One of the most difficult balances to maintain in the managerial mind is that between respect for scientific theory and a healthy suspicion of it. In business there is a long history of fads which have come and gone. They stand as evidence that both "good" and "bad" science are offered to the businessman, and that the former can be used both effectively and ineffectively. To indicate the range of possibilities:

As far back as 1850, Jeremy Bentham tried to help the English government make policies for running the country by his "felicific" calculus. His purpose was to enable the Parliament to choose between alternative laws by measuring the pleasures and pains each inflicted on the population.

Frederick Taylor's scientific management has been pursued vigor-

ously by many companies. At times past, a large number of companies applied it as a formula.

Just before World War II, a consultant named Charles E. Bedeaux convinced the managements of a large number of corporations that his Bedeaux System of wage payments could equate human effort and "rest" with technology and output. Among the companies using his theory were American Rolling Mills, Campbell Soup, Diamond Match, General Electric, Du Pont, Eastman Kodak, Swift, Postum, and Goodrich.⁹

Today, many competent social scientists and mathematicians are trying to help management solve problems. We read of studies which indicate that productivity can be increased if employees "participate," or that morale can be increased by less authority and pressure from supervisors. Yet I know of one company where a study of this kind was performed (and published), which today believes there "is something wrong" with such formulas.

Perhaps the key to such misunderstandings between scientists and professionals lies in the "closed system" idea versus the "whole problem" concept. Social scientists frequently stress that their mission is to help the executive *understand* his problem, and not to tell him what to do.¹⁰ They are no more physically or mentally able to tell the executive what to do than the executive is himself. But behavioral scientists can help to illuminate the human variables just as the engineer, accountant, marketing-research man, and others isolate the variables associated with technology, costs, consumer preferences, and the numerous other factors that get mixed into the decision-making picture.

What I am saying is that both scientists and managers should have a reluctance to think that scientific formulations can solve action problems in all of their complexity. A manager errs if he grabs onto "participation" or "scientific management" or the "Bedeaux System" and employs it as a formula for an action problem. Scientists also err if they write their publications so as to *imply* that their understandings will work on a broad and general basis, without adjustment or change, in the world of action.

One reason for a healthy suspicion of theory is that usually it is impossible, or impractical, to quantify the variables in a decision.

⁹ *The New Yorker*, September 22, 1945, p. 30.

¹⁰ See Edward C. Bursk, "Opportunities for Persuasion," *HBR* September-October 1958, p. 111.

Certainly "morale" and, as many executives know, even "profit" cannot be precisely measured.

In advanced research with computers, in the more sophisticated econometric formulas, and in operations research models, the mathematician usually either (1) selects only a few variables that can be measured and leaves the other variables to the executive for judgment; (2) includes more variables but weights them arbitrarily, as is done in some of the business games now popular; or (3) looks for and attacks only those problems which lend themselves to a high degree of quantification. In any of these three cases, both the scientist and the manager can understand each other better if they appreciate the proper use and limitation of quantitative science.

I do not mean that the executive should take a pessimistic view of the progress in social science and in operations research. The long, patient identification of fundamental variables, their quantification, and the fitting together of theory will yield better solution of problems over the years. But we must be patient and realize that, while we are moving, there is still a long way to go.

Objectivity & Values

The scientist strives above all for something called "objectivity." This is the belief that his mission is the patient and dispassionate study of the environment—of the basic facts in nature and of the way different factors influence one another. The professional manager seeks objectivity, too, but under different conditions. For example, the search for factual and logical truth is not his highest governing objective when timing of actions and results are also important. Again, unlike most scientists, he is willing boldly to enter debates on moral and ethical questions, and to have research influenced, stopped, or changed by subjective factors.

Why does the manager or the lawyer allow himself to be influenced more by moral and ethical considerations than the scientist? The answer, it seems to me, does not have so much to do with personalities and tradition as with the time dimension in which these men work. In most professions the practitioners are faced immediately with the results of their decisions; hence they are naturally impelled to take moral and ethical values into consideration along with objective "facts." To illustrate:

The doctor, believing in value of human life, keeps a patient alive in the midst of suffering.

The lawyer, believing in the right of every person to have his case presented and understood, defends the criminal.

The business executive, believing in the dignity of individuals, may refrain from firing an aged employee.

By contrast, scientists often do not have to face immediate results. Whether or not results are "good" or "bad" to their way of thinking may not be known for years, if ever. Those who worked with quantum and relativity theories did not know whether the atomic bomb would be used on Hiroshima or whether atomic power plants would be constructed to heat and light the homes of mankind.

If progress in science operated so that one day a scientist worked in his laboratory and the results of his work were available to use in the everyday world the next day, perhaps he too would incorporate nonrational values into his research.

CONCLUSION

A better understanding of the qualities of the managerial mind ought to stimulate business education and management training. For the executive on the job it would add meaning and nobility of purpose to the tasks of getting things done through people. And it would help in the crystallization of standards for the businessman to measure up to.

How does a person develop the qualities earlier described in this article? Generally speaking, it seems to me that he makes the greatest progress when he can:

1. Become acquainted with the substantive knowledge available and with the particular attitudes and predispositions that distinguish the successful manager.
2. Observe the mistakes executives make when they do not apply these qualities.
3. Experience successes and failures of this kind himself in the presence of his colleagues or superiors.

As for formal training methods, management might take a cue from law. In developing qualities of the legal mind, law school moot courts and the study of precedent have been most helpful. Similarly,

in training the managerial mind, Socratic questioning, along with skillful teaching of theory, should be helpful. The study of cases is excellent, provided it exposes the executive or student in all three of the ways just mentioned. The type of oral examination currently used for scholarly degrees suggests a kind of discussion that can effectively force thinking through *action* issues and create an awareness of mistakes in fact and logic. Finally, business games ought to be useful in developing the logical and empirical as well as action qualities earlier discussed.¹¹

Of course, there is nothing quite as compelling as the example of business leaders in the field. The more they can personally demonstrate the qualities of the managerial mind, and the more they can make it a living reality, the more meaningful will be the efforts of everyone in adding to the stature of management.

¹¹ See G. R. Andlinger, "Business Games—Play One!" HBR March-April 1958, p. 115; and "Looking Around: What Can Business Games Do?" HBR July-August 1958, p. 147.



II

*SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE**

JOHN P. MARQUAND

"Willis Wayde, before he went to sleep, could shut his eyes and see every detail of the Harcourt Place. He never owned it, and he had never coveted it, but as his father might have said in engineering language, it did serve as a base of reference. In engineering when you set out to make a map, you started running your line and reading off from some fixed mark, and in life too, everyone possessed a solid starting point."

With these words, John P. Marquand began his famous novel *Sincerely, Willis Wayde*. This solid starting point in Willis Wayde's life was unfortunately quicksand that more than once sucked him into insincerity.

When *Sincerely, Willis Wayde* was published, the reviewers had a difficult time evaluating it. It was a good story, as Marquand novels always are, but the critics decided that Willis Wayde was simply an insincere heel. The reviews on that book, perhaps more than anything else, indicated the wide difference between the concept of the businessman held by many people in the field of letters and the businessman as the man of business knows him today. We have chosen to represent Willis Wayde here by the famous scene in which he finally comes to terms with that "frame of reference" the Harcourt family. It's obvious in every line that Marquand did not think that Willis Wayde could ever quite come to

* From: *Sincerely, Willis Wayde* (Boston: Little, Brown and Co.) 1955.

terms with himself, but he is surely not portrayed as an evil man. He tries not to hurt anyone deliberately. He is not, as far as he can be aware of it, motivated by cruelty or hostility, but he is in ever pursuit of that one woman he cannot reach and cannot really understand, the bitch goddess Success. He had little time for friendship, little time for wide ranging sensitivity, and yet unlike many other Marquand heroes, he had warmth and appeal that allowed a woman to love him and love him sincerely, just the way he was.

Frank Oppenheimer, lawyer and critic, has pointed out very astutely why Marquand spoke out so eloquently for management man. "The work of John P. Marquand" he says, "has developed from the regional to the universal—from the problems of a minute fringe of the American people to the problems of the managers who run the companies which employ two-thirds of gainfully employed Americans. Thus it is concerned with the core of American civilization, and it has diagnosed the degenerative symptoms radiating from that core with clinical insight and constructive pessimism."

Marquand was above all essentially a storyteller. The story he tells is completely of our time, and the world he describes is the world of the management age that we all know so well. We all know Willis Wayde, and we all may have felt the sting of his "sincerity" as well as our own.

The art of persuasion, Willis believed, was the very keystone of American business and the basis of American industrial prestige, and he was never more convinced of its importance than during his talk with Bill and Bess. Without exaggeration, never in his life had he so keenly wanted two people to understand and sympathize with his point of view and to agree with his conclusions. It would have been unthinkable to have quarreled after so many years. It was a time for a sincere interchange of reaction, a time when every question must be answered.

The strength of his approach, as he talked to Bill and Bess, lay in his sincere sympathy. No one knew better than he how genuinely the Harcourts had regarded the conduct of the Harcourt Mill as a family obligation. In his own small way, he told them, he shared that obligation. He knew that Bess and Bill looked upon the workers of the Harcourt Mill, as he did too, almost as members of the family, and why not? There were dozens he could name—because he never liked to regard labor as a commodity—whose families had worked there for three generations. This was a proud record and Willis shared in the Harcourt's pride—just a little. He shared this fine tradition, having been brought up in it like Bess and Bill, and he was as loyal to it as any Harcourt. And yet—and yet they were all old enough now to see how times were changing, and even traditions had to be reactivated—sometimes.

Without delving into the history of American industry, they were all aware of the almost explosive expansion of business that was going on around them. He hated to say it, but they would have to face a painful fact. The day of family ownership in business was disappearing. Within a radius of fifty miles of where they were sitting, there were hundreds of factories that had been in family hands for over a century now being merged into larger groups. There was nothing to be ashamed of in this situation, for merging, very frankly, set new blood and new ambition coursing through fine old arteries. This was not exactly a happy simile, as he could tell from Bess Ewing's changed expression.

"Sorry, Bess," he said, "I didn't mean to get poetic, but believe me, basically the thought is sound."

And it was—so sound that Willis was carried away on the wings of it. There was no use standing against change. One had to accept it as one accepted old age and death—not that he meant for a single moment that the Harcourt Mill or the Harcourt tradition would dissolve if it merged with Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting. Eventually the time was bound to come when they would have to sell the Harcourt Mill because, very frankly, it could not stand alone as an isolated unit. Frankly—because they were all talking almost like brothers and sisters now—in his opinion the Harcourt Mill would have closed its doors long ago because of competition if he had not happened to think of integrating the Planeroid patents with Harcourt when he was at Rahway Belt. Fortunately at the moment Harcourt Associates was in a fine position. They had many assets which might never be so valuable again, which explained why P. L. Nagel, whom he hoped Bill and Bess would get to meet and love as much as he did, had made this generous offer. All change was painful, but very conceivably there might never be such a chance again. Willis was reluctant, being humanly proud of Harcourt's achievement, but—to encapsulate all his thought—he must recommend that the stockholders accept this offer, and he knew that Bill and Bess, when they thought it over, would stand right there with him to be counted.

You could always tell from the feel of things around you whether or not a presentation had moved toward success. It gave Willis a fine glow of pride that he had been sincere and had used the straightforward approach without dialectic tricks. He had not lost their attention for an instant, but it might have been dangerous to have gone on further.

"Well," he said, "I'm afraid that was a pretty tough sermon, and I really did feel a couple of times that I was sort of in the pulpit, but I do think that's about the picture as it looks to me, and now I know you'll have a lot of things to ask."

Bill was the first one to speak. He rose from the captain's chair in which he had been sitting, walked to the portable bar, and poured the ice water from the Martini shaker.

"That was quite a speech," he said. "I never knew you could lay it on the line like that. I'm always convinced by the last person who talks to me but that's because I'm said by little sister here to have

a weak character. Maybe Bess had better pick up the thread of the discourse while I mix another round of drinks. Will you have one now, Willis?"

"Er—well, no thank you, Bill, not at the moment," Willis said. "Not that I won't have one later."

Bess was the one, of course, whom Willis was watching, because he valued her reaction as much as he valued her opinion. He was too well aware of her devastating observation and her capacities of derision not to feel uneasy. There flashed unexpectedly across his mind the occasion when she had compared him to Uriah Heep, and he dismissed this from his thoughts as abruptly as he could. It had never struck Willis that Bess's lower lip was so nearly a replica of Mr. Henry Harcourt's, or that her eyes, though of a different color, had the same qualities of contemplation he remembered in old H.H. Willis was happy to observe that Bess looked intensely serious. At least she was not in the mood to ask some frivolous or disconcerting question.

"I'm glad you've been so frank, Willis," she said. "I know you have been."

"Why, Bess," Willis answered, "I couldn't possibly be anything else."

"And I'm glad you feel the way Father and all the rest of us do about the mill," Bess said. "I know it's old-fashioned, and I suppose we'll have to face the inevitable, but there is one thing I'm sure we will all want to know. That offer will make us quite rich, but I'd like to know, if we're bought out, what assurance there is that those people won't close the mill. There is still our obligation to the people working there."

Of course he had known that the question was coming, just as he had known previously that Sylvia would ask it.

"Bess, dear," Willis said, "of course I knew you'd bring that matter up, and it is the sixty-four-dollar question, isn't it, as they say? Frankly it's been bothering me from the first moment that P. L. Nagel approached me with this proposition. Believe me, I've been right to the mat with P.L. on this subject, and in that connection I think I can deliver some reassuring news—not, mind you, that anyone can ever promise anything beyond the foreseeable future—you know that, don't you, Bess?"

He never forgot that he had made this proviso and he saw Bess nod her assent to it.

"Bill," he said, "since you are being barkeep maybe I would like just a rather small one after all." He must not be tense, he was telling himself. It looked better to appear relaxed.

"Thanks, Bill," he said, "and as one Martini authority to another, my heartiest congratulations. Well, I hesitate to obtrude my personal problems at this time but here's the news I was speaking of. It seems they're been looking for a new president at Simcoe, and well, to make matters brief, they've offered it to me—first vice president to start with, and president when Mr. Nagel becomes chairman of the board. It's a pretty hard matter to turn down when I remember Sylvia and the kids."

He raised his hand quickly when he saw that Bess was about to speak.

"Please, Bess," he said, "just let me make my point." He leaned slightly forward in his chair to emphasize his point and allowed his voice to drop to a lower scale. "If we should sell out to them and if I should take that position, you know and I know, Bess, that the Harcourt Mill and all your feelings about it will be one of my first cares. In fact, Bess, P. L. Nagel and I have had some discussion about integrating Harcourt Associates and we've pretty well decided to leave it where it is and call it the Harcourt Division, so the name will still be there."

He should have realized long ago that the very fact that he would be the president of that larger company was a favorable argument.

"Why, Willis," Bess said, and she smiled and not at all in a mocking way, "that makes everything sound much better. Why didn't you tell us that before?"

"Oh, it was only a personal matter, Bess," he told her, "and, as I said, you and Bill have problems of your own."

Bess leaned forward and rested her hand on his knee for a moment.

"Well, I'm awfully glad for your sake, Willis," she said. "In fact, if things happen that way I guess I'm pretty glad for all of us."

Then Willis had the most glorious feeling that anyone can have, a conviction that everything was resolved, and this was due to Bess. There was no one in the world quite like Bess Harcourt. She had made him feel happy and at peace with himself for the first time since P. L. Nagel had passed the word. It was all due to Bess, to her

generosity and her lovely understanding. It had not been necessary at all to bring up the subject of Roger Harcourt or Mrs. Henry Harcourt's trustee. After all there was nothing like an old friendship.

Yet Willis had learned long ago to conceal blatant feelings of triumph and elation. It was a part of office discipline always to be measured and controlled.

"Good-by, Bill," he said, when he escorted them around the glassy island of cubicles to the reception room. "Aside from everything else, it's been swell seeing you and I hope we can repeat the process soon again."

He meant it, because he had always had a warm spot in his heart for Bill, and then he remembered that this was a hackneyed phrase. In all the years he had known Bill he never could help liking him.

"Good-by, Bess, dear," he said. "May I?"

"Well," Bess said, and she laughed, just as she had in the old days, "it wouldn't be the first time, Willis."

She turned her cheek to him and he kissed it, in the most formal possible way, since Bill was there.

"And it won't be the first time I've thought you were a very wonderful person, Bess," Willis said, "and I know furthermore that it won't be the last."

It was a quarter before six when Bill and Bess left, and the office was deserted except for Nancy Sullivan at the switchboard and Hank Knowlton.

"Thanks a lot for staying, Nancy," Willis said. "I hope I haven't made you stand your boy friend up."

"Oh no indeed," she said. "It's been a pleasure, Mr. Wayde."

"I won't forget your kindness, Nancy," Willis said, "and now before you go will you see if you can get me Mr. P. L. Nagel, please, in Chicago? And, Hank, will you come back with me to Mr. Bryson Harcourt's office for a moment?"

Willis rested his hand affectionately on Hank's shoulder. There was nothing like loyalty, and when loyalty was obtained it should be nourished by appreciation.

"I wouldn't have kept you around here, Hank," he said, "unless I had had something pretty big to say to you, and maybe if Elly wouldn't mind at this short notice, you might call her up and say I'd like you to dine with me at the Ritz. You see, very confidentially, Simcoe Rubber has made an offer to buy Associates, Hank, and if it

comes through I'll want you to be the head of the Harcourt Division—temporarily, at any rate, until we solve the problem of integration. Of course, operationwise the Harcourt Mill may be something of a headache in the future—not that I haven't got my fingers crossed in the hope that it won't. . . .”

It would mean a lot to Hank Knowlton, but that was the way the world was. You either moved down or up. As soon as Willis had invited Hank to dinner he was a little sorry, because he was so tired that it would be hard to make a further effort. His words and gestures already seemed to be spoken from a distance. He was moving away from everything inevitably, as though a tide were moving him faster and faster, now that he had seen Bill and Bess. He wondered for a moment how this thought had come to him of moving faster and faster, and then he remembered that it must have stemmed from his mother's reading him *Through the Looking Glass*—a book which had always made him uncomfortable and which he had asked Sylvia as a great favor not to read to their own children. He was like a passenger on the observation platform of an outgoing train that was gaining in acceleration as it left the station. He was moving away from his years of contriving as head of Harcourt Associates. Memories and figures were growing smaller, losing their validity. He was moving out of one square into a larger one, and he was moving faster and faster.

I 2

STATUS SYMBOLS*

EDITORS OF THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

My Country 'tis of Status, Sweet Land of Conformity!

Is that true? Are we such status seekers that the car you drive, the church you attend, where you go to school, what words you use, the paintings on your wall, the political parties you favor, can all be tabulated, weighed, and assessed and your particular place on the status ladder evaluated? The rugged individualist among us will believe there are just too many people standing on the same rung, and sooner or later the whole ladder will collapse. But fortunately, there is always going to be some entrepreneur who will shinny up the drain pipe.

The Wall Street Journal, long the voice of management man and his work habits, was a pioneer observer in uncovering the status symbols rampant in American business. That pigskin tile floor, discovered in its following report, was probably the last ten-yard gain of that particularly adolescent executive.

However, there were status symbols long before Daniel Boone's coon-skin cap, and, long before we have colonized the moon, someone will want a gold-plated rocket with split level H₂O.

* From: *The Wall Street Journal*, October 29, 1957.



Every morning the president of a big Ohio paper products corporation carefully pilots his auto into the least desirable and least convenient spot in his company's parking lot—a place reserved for him at his own request.

At about the same hour the chairman of a giant Midwestern retailing company guides his conspicuously ancient Plymouth past the rows of gleaming new models owned by his subordinates to his regular space.

These top executives are fighting a brave but losing battle. They're among the small minority of business leaders who are trying to downgrade that much maligned but omnipresent appurtenance of corporate power—the status symbol.

Almost wherever one turns—and *Wall Street Journal* reporters turned to over fifty businessmen in twelve cities—the status symbol is on the rise. From the parking lot to the executive washroom, the special privileges denoting corporate rank are more prominent and more frankly acknowledged than ever before.

At an increasing number of concerns, the corporate caste system is being formalized and rigidified. Most Detroit auto makers have adopted strict management classifications for the purpose of doling out such privileges as the use of company-owned cars for both business and personal purposes. At top levels, executives not only get more expensive models but also receive a second free car for the wife.

Gulf Oil Corp. divides its management personnel into five levels for the purpose of distributing special privileges. When it comes to company cars, Class I (division managers and the like) can choose between Cadillacs and Imperials. In Class V (which includes sales representatives), the employee can choose only from among the Chevrolet 150, Ford Custom, and Plymouth Plaza.

Crown Zellerbach Corp. has been seeking for more scientific stratification for three or four years. "Standardization will be in force when we move into a new twenty-story building," says H. W. Herzig, manager of the building and office services division. "We'll be able to arrange walls so that the offices for executives of equal rank can all be built to within a square inch of one another in size."

Status symbols are nothing new to the business world, of course. The early chief of one big Hollywood studio used to bring his two big boxer dogs to work with him every morning, housing them in a special kennel beside his office.

But not until more recent years have status symbols taken on such importance and formality at somewhat lower levels of the power pyramid. And this trend has presented companies with some severe headaches.

"Status symbol problems are by far the most ticklish internal difficulties of our management," confides the vice president of a large international construction company.

The most common sources of interoffice rivalry over status symbols involve such obvious executive trappings as the size of the desk, the quality of drapes and carpets in private offices, the number of windows, and the over-all nature of office furnishings.

Warfare recently broke out at the offices of a Boston-based utility company when an executive fell heir to a fine red leather couch. Says the executive: "The vice president next door began coveting my couch, even claiming his doctor ordered him to take mid-day naps. I finally told my secretary, 'you decide.' She told me not to give it away."

Collectors of status symbols vie for the little "extras" in office furnishings. Witness the Madison Avenue executive who had his office relaid in pigskin tile at company expense (at something like \$5 per square foot). One former president of a Chicago food processing concern put his desk and chair on a raised platform so he could look down on employees who dropped by his office.

For many years at Standard Oil Co. (Ohio) a brass spittoon symbolized authority. But more recently a water carafe and tray have replaced the spittoon in the offices of top brass.

At Cummins Engine Co. in Columbus, Ind., another new symbol of executive caste has appeared. Top management personnel have been awarded aides—bright young assistants fresh out of Harvard Business School.

Secretaries play a key role in the status symbol game: One Eastern manufacturing company calls the secretaries of department heads "executive assistants," while ladies performing identical chores for lesser personnel are merely "stenographers." At a major broadcasting

company an executive's stratum is given away by a look at his secretary's typewriter: Only the offices of higher-level officials get electric models.

To attain two secretaries is the goal of many a rising executive. But this achievement can bring problems. After a department manager for a western Pennsylvania oil company finally managed two secretaries he found they couldn't get along together. The possibly-temporary solution: He induced his company to construct a wall between his warring secretaries.

Some status symbols have been snatched—before being awarded—by ambitious young management climbers trying to better themselves. In many companies, for instance, only members of top management are permitted to include their wives in their expense accounts on corporate junkets. This has led some men-on-the-make to bring along their wives at personal expense just for show. And the widespread practice of corporations footing the bill for country club memberships for key executives has led many newcomers to pay their own way into the clubs just to pal around with the brass.

Such maneuvers can be dangerous for the practitioners, of course, if they stir their bosses' resentment. They also have contributed to a minor revolt against the more blatant aspects of the caste system.

"You can spend lots of company money on status symbols—false rewards is what we consider them," observes an official of a Los Angeles electronics firm. "But real rewards for a job well done, let's face it, should be largely financial—higher pay, bigger bonuses."

"Status symbols only help to feed office jealousies," says the president of a West Coast communications equipment concern.

Some companies have sought to cut down on some of the more obvious trappings of rank. At International Minerals & Chemical Corp.'s new Skokie, Ill. headquarters the dimensions of offices will be standardized. And there will be less than usual rivalry over windows because, as Thomas M. Ware, administrative vice president, explains, "the walls are all window." There still will be competition for corner offices, of course.

Similarly, DuPont is slowly but surely doing away with executive washrooms on the pretext that "there's a premium on space."

Monsanto Chemical Co.'s new St. Louis Headquarters has

eliminated competition over water coolers by installing only permanent drinking fountains in the hallways.

One of the most sweeping status symbol upheavals took place when young Henry Ford II took over the reins of his company. As is widely known in Detroit, he lost little time in chopping away all the so-called "fringe benefits" that had arisen during the Harry Bennett regime. In their place he introduced a highly formalized system of status symbolism which, among other things, drastically reduced the number of free autos given Ford officials.

Under the current set-up at Ford, which the company refuses to discuss, status symbols are awarded in accordance with a set salary scale. Here's the way one former Ford man describes his trek up the ladder: As his position improved, his office grew larger, his furniture fancier, his name went on the door, he received a rug for the floor and a spot in the indoor garage. Then came keys to the executive washroom, country club membership at company expense, and finally the free car.

These various rewards, he recalls, did more than merely bolster the ego. The executive washroom to which he gained admission offered showers and electric shavers as well as cologne. And the indoor garage proved particularly helpful during midwinter freezes.

A number of personnel experts rationalize the entire matter of status symbols in terms of alleged "practical" benefits: accruing to both company and individual executive. Nearby parking lots and washrooms, they argue, save time and energy for high-salaried officials and hence save money for companies.

A Portland bank executive claims a certain amount of "window dressing" is needed to please customers. Bank officials need fancy titles and elaborate furnishings, he reasons, to make clients believe "They're talking to big wheels."

In a similar vein, a former soap company president used to explain away the immense fireplace in his office by claiming it "put visitors at their ease."

Some corporate leaders also defend status symbols as being important to a company's discipline and operating efficiency. They serve to underscore the lines of authority, goes this argument, and remind employees where the power actually resides. Moreover, status privi-

leges sometimes are used as "fringe benefits" in lieu of pay boosts or bonuses.

Many skeptics, of course, take a dim view of all this. To them the status symbol is mainly a device for flaunting one's power, and any practical justification is largely accidental.

The wives are as responsible as anyone, says a top official of a Western power company. "The company wife can't brag that her husband makes so much money, but at least she can boast his new title or bright new office," he remarks. "Company wives need a way of displaying their husbands' importance."

"If a young junior executive becomes preoccupied with symbols," says Dr. J. Elliott Janney, a Cleveland psychologist and management consultant, "you will find a pattern of other things that will show he's self-centered. Subordinates and superiors both will become distrustful of his motives and lose confidence in him."

"But," Dr. Janney concludes, "status symbols to a large degree are just part of human nature."

In Texas, "human nature"—like almost everything else—expresses itself in especially extravagant forms. One Dallas oil company has set up its three top men in lavish penthouse-like quarters. Included in the layout is an ornate executive washroom replete with marble walls and gold faucets with handles carved in the shape of sea horses.

The company also confers upon fifteen lesser wheels such blessings as membership in a private club, underground parking space, and the use of a new car complete with gas, oil, insurance, and repairs.

"We can't pay salaries commensurate with the real worth of our top men," says the president of this oil concern. "So we try to give them added benefits to improve their spirit and morale."

In most corporations, of course, it's the president who gets the biggest share of such "added benefits." In the railway business, the top prize is an expensively outfitted private car. A former railway executive calls these private cars the "most wasteful status symbol known to man. It would be cheaper to raise a man's salary \$100,000 a year than to give him a private car."

A large aircraft manufacturing corporation in Los Angeles, whose headquarters is only two stories high, nevertheless provides an ele-

vator for its chief executive. Only the president and his visitors may use the elevator—everyone else must use the stairs.

The president of an airplane parts making company in Los Angeles has just remodeled his penthouse office to include a special sunroom. The room's ceiling contains a series of infrared lamps mounted in a big circle. Under the lamps is a plush, curved couch of red and gray on which the president can recline while absorbing the pseudo sunshine. And just so he won't forget the business world entirely, there's a fancy electric clock set into the ceiling in the middle of the circle of lamps. The office also contains a bar and a new ice cube machine.

Some status symbols can be too elaborate even for the most acquisitive executive. Such is the case with an immense, three-story mansion perched atop a hill overlooking a small Pennsylvania mill town. The mansion was built to serve as the home of the mill boss, but it has stood bare and unoccupied for many years. The company still pays taxes and repairs on the mansion, but has not been able to talk anyone into living there.

For lesser brass, railway cars, sun lamps, and hilltop mansions usually are out of the question. Lower-level executives must settle for smaller fringe benefits. The distinctions sometimes seem trifling. At a major Midwest oil company, vice presidents get private washrooms just like the boss, but theirs contain no toilets. At Campbell Soup Co.'s new headquarters at Camden, N.J., the president has a private washroom, while vice presidents must double up on their adjoining washrooms. Below the vice presidential level, executives are completely barred from the bathroom aristocracy, and must walk to the regular facilities.

I 3

THE NEW MAN IN THE EXECUTIVE SUITE*

CAMERON HAWLEY

"When Avery Bullard dropped dead, he left behind him an important piece of unfinished business. As president and guiding genius of the Tredway Corporation, he had failed to fill the vacancy in the office of executive vice president. There was no heir-apparent ready to succeed him. What happened in the next twenty-six hours is the story Cameron Hawley tells in his engrossing novel, *Executive Suite*.

"This is a novel about the top brass of a great manufacturing corporation and, as far as I know, it is unique in American fiction. There have been few good novels about American businessmen and most of these have been satirical, the work of outsiders who look upon the most conspicuous faults of businessmen with violent distaste and write of them without really knowing much about what goes on in executive offices or in executive heads. But Cameron Hawley is an insider, a successful corporation executive himself. He writes with authority.

"*Executive Suite* . . . is an immensely interesting exploration of one of the most representative aspects of American life, an aspect generally neglected in American Literature. Its narrative pace is tremendous, its characterization

* From: *Executive Suite* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company) 1952.

bluntly effective. Its behind-the-scenes revelations of rivalry, jealousy, maneuver, and compromise are fascinating.

"One of the useful things Mr. Hawley accomplishes in *Executive Suite* is to bring out the drama of big business without romanticizing it. . . . I believe that many business men who do not ordinarily read current fiction will read *Executive Suite* with relish and a delightful feeling of recognition."

We have quoted this review by Orville Prescott in such detail because it is unusual that the ideas of the book review column of *The New York Times* and the financial pages get together. Only in our day has big business discovered the "big business of publishing," and the financial details of publishing itself have been of interest to readers more frequently engrossed by annual reports rather than best sellers. Mr. Hawley's novel created quite a stir when it was first published, and it occasioned an extraordinary amount of commentary re-evaluating the role of the American businessman in American literature. In the following exciting denouement of his novel, Mr. Hawley chose the successor to Avery Bullard in a photo-finish meeting of management minds that left his readers breathless. In this one short sequence Mr. Hawley has summed up the many elements that make management still an adventure. A businessman himself, Mr. Hawley was the top executive of a large manufacturing corporation before he started to devote himself to writing. In *Executive Suite* he had a solid winner.

The world was changing. The Bullards were defeated and the Shaws were inheriting the earth. The accountants and the calculators had risen to power. The slide rule had become the scepter. The world was being overrun with the ever-spawning swarm of figure-jugglers who were fly-specking the earth with their decimal points, proving over and over again that nothing mattered except what could be proved true by a clerk with a Comptometer.

Julia Tredway Prince cleared her throat. "Are you suggesting, Mr. Shaw, that there's no place any more for corporation presidents of Mr. Bullard's type?"

It was the first mention of Avery Bullard's name and it came like an unexpected clap of thunder. Every eye in the room was on Loren Shaw. Even Don Walling, as Mary noticed gratefully, was watching him sharply.

Shaw was balling his handkerchief in the palm of his right hand but his voice, when he spoke after a moment's hesitation, carried no trace of the nervous tension that his fingers betrayed. "I was speaking in general terms; of course—not specifically about the Tredway Corporation."

"I'd still be interested in having your viewpoint," Julia Tredway Prince said pleasantly. "I'm sure the others would, too."

The handkerchief was a hard ball, tight-clutched in Shaw's hand, but his voice was still carefully casual. "No one can deny that men of Mr. Bullard's type played a great part in our industrial past. They belonged to an important phase of our commercial history. I would be the first to acknowledge the great debt that we owe Mr. Bullard for his leadership in the initial formation and early development of the Tredway Corporation."

The way in which Shaw had relegated Avery Bullard to the distant past was so purposeful that Mary Walling was certain that Don couldn't have missed it. She glanced at him and caught the fading of an odd half-smile that seemed to recall some memory in her mind, yet despite the quick frantic racking of her brain she could not remember when she had seen it before, nor what special meaning

it had in the lexicon of their intimacy. Then, suddenly, she forgot everything else in the realization that Don was about to speak, that he was going to fight back. Hopeless or not, he would make the try! She knew that the effort might make his defeat all the more bitter, but that realization could not dim the elation that made her heart pound wildly as she waited for his first words.

"As I get your point, Loren," Don said, "you're maintaining that Avery Bullard was the right man to build the company, but now that the company has been built we need a different type of management in order to make the company produce the maximum amount of profit for the stockholders."

Mary Walling watched her husband intently, surprised at his composure. She had been expecting the flare of half-anger but his voice was cleanly dispassionate.

Shaw, too, seemed surprised, his hesitance betraying his search for a hidden trap. "I don't know that I'd express it in exactly those terms—but, yes, that's substantially what I mean."

An expectant hush had fallen over the room and George Caswell broke it by saying nervously, an undertone of near-embarrassment shading his voice. "I don't know that this is anything we have to thresh out here today—too soon for any of us to see the situation clearly. After all—" He had glanced at his wrist watch and suddenly stiffened, his eyes fixed and staring, and there was a long pause before he said in a low voice. "Coincidence, of course—happened to look at my watch—exactly two-thirty."

Mary saw other blank looks that matched her own.

"Just twenty-four hours," Caswell said in whispered explanation. "He died yesterday at two-thirty."

Mary Walling's heart sank—afraid that Don had lost his chance, afraid that the cloud of grief that now shadowed the room could not be broken. Then she heard Julia Tredway Prince say, "Avery Bullard is dead. Nothing can change that, no matter how long we wait to talk about it."

There was strength in her voice but when she turned Mary saw, in puzzling contrast, that there was a mist of tears in her eyes. She knew now what Julia had done—that she had purposefully saved the situation for Don—and she felt the warmth of a gratitude that was chilled only by the sensing of her own failure in not having been able to do for her husband what another woman had done.

But one thing was now clear. Don had been right about Julia Tredway Prince's support. With her vote and Alderson's, he needed only one more. Where would it come from? Her eyes polled the faces of the three men who sat facing him . . . Shaw, Caswell, and Dudley . . . close-shouldered and resolute. What could Don possibly do to break through the barrier of their tight-woven opposition.

Unexpectedly, it was Dwight Prince who spoke. "I've often wondered about men like Mr. Bullard. He was a great deal like my father, you know—willing to give his whole life to a company—lay everything on the altar like a sacrifice to the god of business. I've often asked myself what drives them to do it—whether they ever stop to ask themselves if what they get is worth the price. I don't suppose they do."

"It's accomplishment that keeps a man going," Dudley said in his sales-meeting voice. "That's what I always tell my boys—it isn't the money that counts, it's that old feeling of accomplishment."

An enigmatic smile narrowed Don Walling's eyes as he looked intently at Loren Shaw. "Going back to this question of the kind of a management that you think the company ought to have from here on out, Loren—the kind of a management that measures its accomplishment entirely in terms of return to the stockholders. We'd need a strong man to head up that kind of a management, wouldn't we?"

A faint flush warmed Loren Shaw's neck. "Of course."

"And it would be a big job, even for an able man? He'd have to throw himself into it—make a good many personal sacrifices in order to do a job?"

Shaw hesitated, wary and unblinking. "If he were the right man there'd be no worry on that score."

"What incentive would he have?" Don Walling demanded, and for the first time there was the sharp crackle of attack in his voice. "You will grant that there'd have to be an incentive?"

Loren Shaw forced a cold smile. "I'd say that sixty thousand a year might be considered something of an incentive."

"You would?" Don Walling's voice was whiplashed with astonishment. "Do you really think a man of that caliber would be willing to sell his life for money—for what would be left out of sixty thousand a year after tax?"

Dwight Prince's tongue-in-cheek voice cut in unexpectedly. "You could always give him his own plane as a bonus."

The flush on Shaw's neck spread like a seeping stain. "Of course there's more than money involved."

"What?" Don Walling demanded. "What Walt just called a sense of accomplishment? Would that satisfy you, Loren? Just suppose that you were the man—that you were the president of the Tredway Corporation."

Mary Walling's heart stood still as her body stiffened to the shock-wave of what Don had said. She had not expected this . . . that it would be brought out in the open . . . and the taut silence made it plain that the others hadn't expected it either.

Don Walling leaned forward. "Suppose that you were to spend the next twenty years—all the rest of your working life—in doing what you say needs to be done. Would you be satisfied to measure your life's work by how much you had raised the dividend? Would you regard your life as a success if you'd managed to get the dividend up to three dollars—or four—or five or six or seven? Is that what you want engraved on your tombstone when you die—the dividend record of the Tredway Corporation?"

The blood-color had crept out over the mask of Shaw's face, but Mary Walling saw that it was not the flush of an embarrassment that acknowledged defeat, but the stain of an anger born out of desperation.

Like a fighter at bay, Shaw tried to escape the attack with a diversion. "That's all very well, Mr. Walling—to take the high-minded attitude that money isn't important—but how far do you think you'd get next month if you offered the union negotiators a sense of accomplishment instead of the six cents an hour they're demanding?"

George Caswell grimaced, shifting uneasily in his chair. Mary Walling could sense his disappointment at Shaw's weak evasion of the issue. Had Don seen it, too? Did he realize that Caswell might be split away from Shaw—that Caswell might give him the one vote that was all he needed?

Don Walling's eyes were still on Shaw. "What sense of accomplishment would you offer them—the wonderful hope that if they passed up a raise and sweated their guts out to make that production line run a little faster, that we might be able to raise the dividend from two dollars to two dollars and ten cents?"

There had been a smile in his voice, dulling the edge of his

sarcasm, but now as his eyes left Shaw and fanned the whole room his words were soberly measured. "I don't want to be facetious about this—it's too serious for that. Loren's right when he says that we have an obligation to our stockholders—but it's a bigger obligation than just paying dividends. We have to keep this company alive. That's the important thing—and a company is like a man. No man can work for money alone. It isn't enough. You starve his soul when you try it—and you can starve a company to death in the same way. Yes, I know—sometimes our men in the factories give us the impression that all they want is another raise in wages—and then another and another and another. They make us think that getting more money is all that matters to them. But can we blame them for that? God knows, we've done our best to try to make them believe that money is the only measure of accomplishment that matters to us.

"Look at what we did this last year with what we called a 'communications program.' We put out a movie that analyzed our financial report and had meetings in all the plants. The men weren't much interested in our financial report—we knew that to begin with, it was the premise we started from—so what did we do? We tried to force them into being interested. We disguised the dollars as cartoons—little cartoon dollars that jumped into workers' pocketbooks—other little cartoon dollars that dragged in piles of lumber and built factories—and a big fat dollar that took a trip to Washington and was gobbled up by Uncle Sam. Oh, it was all very clever—even won some kind of an award as an outstanding example of how to promote industrial understanding. Understanding? Do you know what it forced our men to understand? Only one thing—the terrible, soul-killing fact that dollars were all that mattered to the management of this company—dollars—dollars—and nothing else."

"But that program was Mr. Bullard's own idea," Shaw cut in like a quick knife thrust.

Mary Walling had been so completely swept along that her guard had dropped and Shaw's interruption came as a shocking surprise. Her eyes flashed to her husband. Had he been caught off guard, too?

"No, I don't think we can call that Mr. Bullard's idea alone," Don Walling said. "It's something that's in the air today—the groping of a lot of men at the top of industry who know they've lost something, but aren't quite sure what it is—nor exactly how they happened

to lose it. Mr. Bullard was one of those men. He'd been so busy building a great production machine that he'd lost sight of why he was building it—if he ever really knew. Perhaps he didn't."

Julia Tredway Prince's voice, so close to Mary Walling's ears that even a whisper seemed like an explosion in the silence, asked, "Do you know, Mr. Walling?"

Mary Walling held her breath through the moment of silence. Could he answer that question? A smile flickered on his face . . . that same tantalizingly familiar smile that she hadn't been able to identify before. Now suddenly, she remembered when she had seen it before . . . that night when he had finally designed their house . . . when, after all of his groping and fumbling had frightened her almost to the point of losing faith in him, he had suddenly made everything come right and clear.

"Yes, I think I do," he said. "You see, to Mr. Bullard, business was a game—a very serious game, but still a game—the way war is a game to a soldier. He was never much concerned about money for its own sake. I remember his saying once that dollars were just a way of keeping score. I don't think he was too much concerned about personal power, either—just power for power's sake. I know that's the easy way to explain the drive that any great man has—the lust for power—but I don't think that was true of Avery Bullard. The thing that kept him going was his terrific pride in himself—the driving urge to do things that no other man on earth could do. He saved the company when everyone else had given up. He built a big corporation in an industry where everyone said that only small companies could succeed. He was only happy when he was doing the impossible—and he did that only to satisfy his own pride. He never asked for applause and appreciation—or even for understanding. He was a lonely man but I don't think his loneliness ever bothered him very much. He was the man at the top of the tower—figuratively as well as literally. That's what he wanted. That's what it took to satisfy his pride. That was his strength—but of course that was his weakness, too."

Mary Walling listened in amazement. Where were those words coming from . . . those words that he could never have said before but were now falling so easily from his lips? Was that actually Don who was talking . . . the same man who had never been able to answer those dark-of-night questions before?

She watched him as he rose from his chair and in the act of

standing he seemed a giant breaking shackles that had held him to the earth . . . shaking loose the ties that had bound him to the blind worship of Avery Bullard. He stood alone now . . . free.

"There was one thing that Avery Bullard never understood," Don Walling went on. "He never realized that other men had to be proud, too—that the force behind a great company had to be more than the pride of one man—that it had to be the pride of thousands of men. A company is like an army—it fights on its pride. You can't win wars with paychecks. In all the history of the world there's never been a great army of mercenaries. You can't pay a man enough to make him lay down his life. He wants more than money. Maybe Avery Bullard knew that once—maybe he'd just forgotten it—but that's where he made his mistake. He was a little lost these last few years. He'd won his fight to build a great company. The building was over—at least for the time being. There had to be something else to satisfy his pride—bigger sales—more profit—something. That's when we started doing things like making the sixteen-hundred series."

He turned and confronted Dudley. "Are your boys proud when they sell the sixteen-hundred series—when they know that the finish is going to crack and the veneer split off and the legs come loose?"

"But that's price merchandise," Dudley said in fumbling defense. "There's a need for it. We're not cheating anyone. At that price the customers know that they can't get—"

"How do you suppose the men in the factory feel when they make it?" Don Walling demanded. His eyes shifted from Dudley to Shaw. "What do you imagine they think of a management that's willing to stoop to selling that kind of junk in order to add a penny a year to the dividend? Do you know that there are men at Pike Street who have refused to work on the sixteen-hundred line—that there are men who have taken a cut of four cents an hour to get transferred to something else?"

"No, I wasn't aware of that," Shaw said—and the weakness of his voice signaled the first thin crack in his armor. "I don't suppose it would hurt too much if we dropped that line. After all, it's a small part of our business."

A voice in Mary Walling's mind wanted to shout out at her husband, urging him to drive in for the kill that would clinch his victory. Couldn't he see that Shaw was defeated . . . that Caswell was

nodding his approval . . . that Walt Dudley was waiting only to be commanded?

But Don Walling turned, looking out of the window, and his voice seemed far away as if it were coming from the top of the distant white shaft of the Tredway Tower. "Yes, we'll drop that line. We'll never again ask a man to do anything that will poison his pride in himself. We'll have a new line of low-priced furniture someday—a different kind of furniture—as different from anything we're making now as a modern automobile is different from an old Mills wagon. When we get it, then we'll really start to grow."

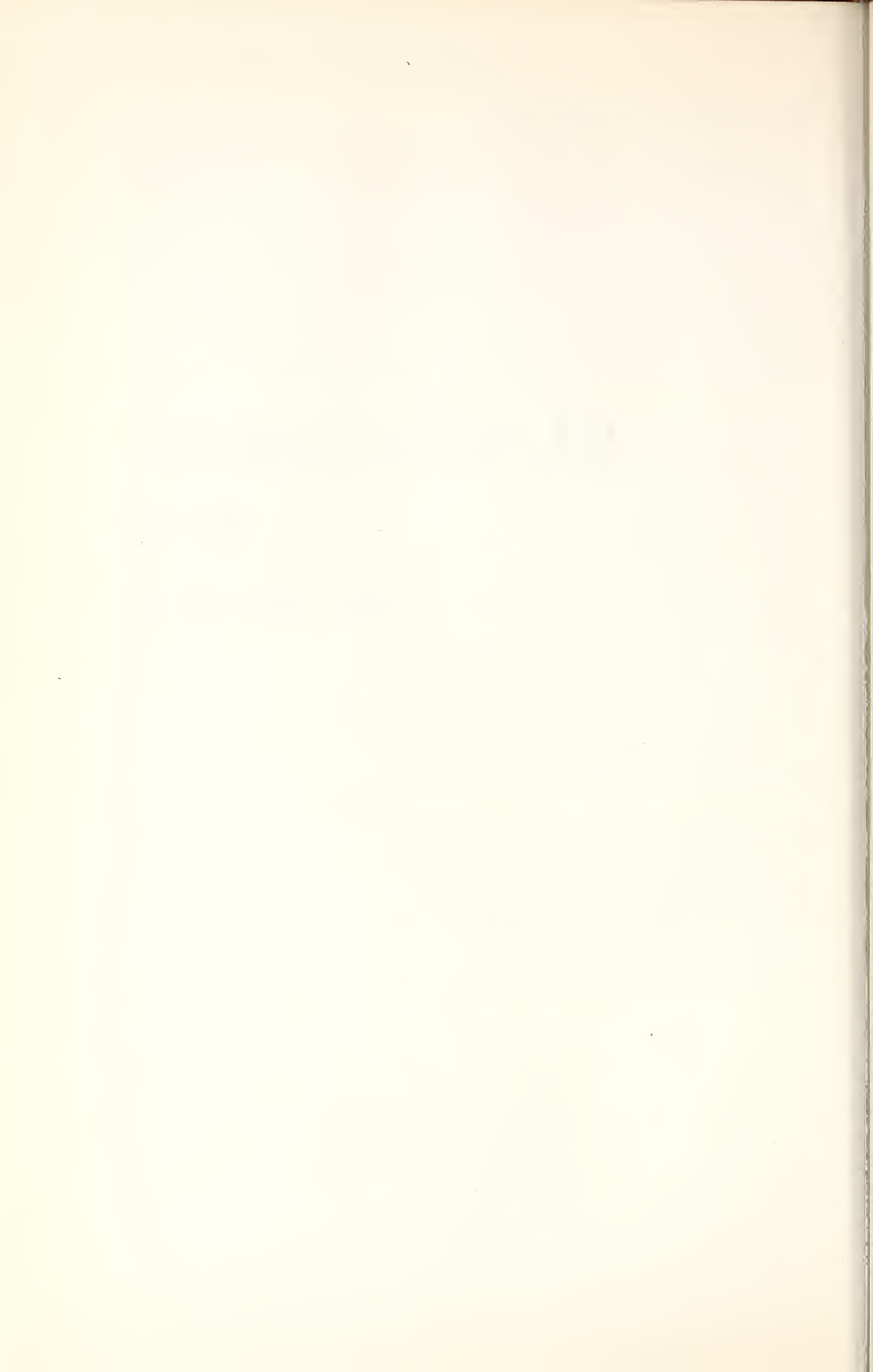
His voice came back into the room. "We talk about Tredway being a big company now. It isn't. We're kidding ourselves. Yes, we're one of the biggest furniture manufacturers but what does it mean? Nothing! Furniture is close to a two-billion-dollar industry but it's all split up among thirty-six hundred manufacturers. We have about three per cent of the total—that's all, just three per cent. Look at other industries—the percentage that the top manufacturer has. What if General Motors had sat back and stopped growing when it had three per cent of the automobile industry? We haven't even started to grow! Suppose we get fifteen per cent of the total—and why not, it's been done in a dozen industries? Fifteen per cent and the Tredway Corporation will be five times as big as it is today. All right, I know it hasn't been done before in the furniture business, but does that mean we can't do it? No—because that's exactly what we are going to do!"

His voice had built to a crescendo, to the moment that demanded the shout of an answering chorus—and then in the instant before the sound could have broken through the shock of silence, Mary Walling saw a tension-breaking smile on her husband's face. In the split second that it took her eyes to sweep the room, she saw that the smile was mirrored in all the faces that looked up at him . . . even in the face of Loren Shaw.

III. MANAGEMENT

MAN

How He Lives



HIGHBROW, LOWBROW, MIDDLEBROW*

RUSSELL LYNES

Half a decade ago the literary critic, Van Wyck Brooks, coined the expressions "highbrow" and "lowbrow." The phrases were so succinct that they were incorporated into the folklore of American language. Several decades later Russell Lynes, writing at the time when "middle management" was pervasive, brought us up to date with a delightful article entitled "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow."

Mr. Lynes has always been particularly interested in the members of society whom he calls "the tastemakers." In the history of the United States he feels that taste has had very distinct periods. The first age he calls "The Age of Public Taste," a phenomenon of the nineteenth century that was finally smothered by the age of private taste when the great elaborate homes of J. P. Morgan, for example, were associated with private wealth. The emerging businessman at that time, aspired to be an aristocrat in all senses of the word, and he squirrelled up treasures so that he might live in a private, crystal palace, in that instance the crystal being Tiffany glass.

Once again taste took a marked change. As Mr. Lynes puts it, "The Tastemakers took to working through mass communications media and vast corporations reached millions upon millions of people." Mr. Lynes calls our present age

* From: *The Tastemakers* (New York: Harper & Brothers) 1949.

"The Age of Corporate Taste." It is in the everyday facets of living, however, that taste most inexplicably expresses itself. As with all labels, highbrow, lowbrow, and middlebrow are more useful to the surveybrow than to the average man and woman. Mr. Lynes, however, makes no attempt to be a sociologist and anthropologist, a historian or an art critic—nonetheless his work has been used in all those fields. What he has is a very astute eye and a great gift for evaluating what he sees and what he hears. Last but not least, he has a delightful sense of humor. In the following "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow" that sense of humor can be relished in the best taste—and the picture it portrays of management life has the twist-of-lemon touch of fine writing.

"It becomes increasingly difficult to tell who
is serious and who is not."

*M*y wife's grandmother, the wife of a distinguished lawyer, once declined to dine with the Cartiers of jewelry fame because they were, as she put it, "in trade." Life for grandmother, who lived in a properly elegant but nondescript town house in New York, was relatively simple where social distinctions were concerned. While there are still a few people who think and act as she did, the passage of time has eliminated a great deal of that particular kind of snobbishness from American society. We are replacing it with another kind. The old structure of the upper class, the middle class, and the lower class is on the wane. It isn't wealth or family that makes prestige these days. It's taste and high thinking.

Edith Wharton's theory that if the taste of the rich could be improved the general level of public taste would benefit has turned out to be a fallacy. The consumers and makers of taste, it appears, cannot be divided according to the conventional social strata. Good taste and bad taste, adventurous and timid taste, cannot be explained by wealth or education, by breeding or background. Each of these plays a part, but there is no longer such a thing as upper-class taste and lower-class taste as there was once supposed to be. In recent years a new social structure has emerged in which taste and intellectual pretension and accomplishment plays a major role. What we see growing around us is a sort of social stratification in which the high-brows are the elite, the middlebrows are the bourgeoisie, and the low-brows are *hoi polloi*.

For the time being this is perhaps largely an urban phenomenon, and the true middlebrow may readily be mistaken in the small community for a genuine highbrow, but the pattern is emerging with increasing clarity, and the new distinctions do not seem to be based either on money or on breeding. Some lowbrows are as rich as Billy Rose, and as flamboyant, some as poor as Rosie O'Grady and as

modest. Some middlebrows run industries; some run the women's auxiliary of the Second Baptist Church. Some highbrows eat caviar with their Proust; some eat hamburger when they can afford it. It is true that most highbrows are in the ill-paid professions, notably the academic, and that most middlebrows are at least reasonably well off. Only the lowbrows can be found in about equal percentages at all financial levels. There may be a time, of course, when the highbrows will be paid in accordance with their own estimate of their worth, but that is not likely to happen in any form of society in which creature comforts are in greater demand than intellectual uplift. Like poets they will have to be content mostly with prestige. The middlebrows are influential today, but neither the highbrows nor the lowbrows like them; and if we ever have intellectual totalitarianism, it may well be the lowbrows and the highbrows who will run things, and the middlebrows who will be exiled in boxcars to a collecting point probably in the vicinity of Independence, Missouri.

While this social shift, which is also a shift in the weight that we give to taste, is still in its early stages, and the dividing lines are still indistinct and the species not yet (if ever) frozen, let us examine the principal categories, with their subdivisions and splinter groups, and see where we ourselves are likely to fetch up.

The highbrows come first. Edgar Wallace, who was certainly not a highbrow himself, was asked by a newspaper reporter in Hollywood some years ago to define one. "What is a highbrow?" he said. "A highbrow is a man who has found something more interesting than women."

Presumably at some time in every man's life there are things he finds more interesting than women; alcohol, for example, or the World Series. Mr. Wallace has only partially defined the highbrow. Brander Matthews came closer when he said that "a highbrow is a person educated beyond his intelligence," and A. P. Herbert came closest of all when he wrote that "a highbrow is the kind of person who looks at a sausage and thinks of Picasso."

It is this association of culture with every aspect of daily life, from the design of his razor to the shape of the bottle that holds his sleeping pills, that distinguishes the highbrow from the middlebrow or the lowbrow. Spiritually and intellectually the highbrow inhabits a

precinct well up the slopes of Parnassus, and his view of the cultural scene is from above. His vision pinpoints certain lakes and quarries upon which his special affections are concentrated—a perturbed lake called Rilke or a deserted quarry called Kierkegaard or a meadow of exotic flowers called Henry James—but he believes that he sees them, as he sees the functional design of his razor, always in relation to the broader cultural scene. There is a certain air of omniscience about the highbrow, though that air is in many cases the thin variety encountered on the tops of high mountains from which the view is extensive but the details are lost.

You cannot tell a man that he is a lowbrow any more than you can tell a woman that her clothes are in bad taste, but a highbrow does not mind being called a highbrow. He has worked hard, read widely, traveled far, and listened attentively in order to satisfy his curiosity and establish his squatters' rights in this little corner of intellectualism, and he does not care who knows it. And this is true of both kinds of highbrow—the militant, or crusader, type and the passive, or dilettante, type. These types in general live happily together; the militant highbrow carries the torch of culture, the passive highbrow reads by its light.

The carrier of the torch makes a profession of being a highbrow and lives by his calling. He is most frequently found in university and college towns, a member of the liberal-arts faculty, teaching languages (ancient or modern), the fine arts, or literature. His spare time is often devoted to editing a magazine which is read mainly by other highbrows, ambitious undergraduates, and the editors of middlebrow publications in search of talent. When he writes for the magazine himself (or for another "little" magazine) it is usually criticism or criticism of criticism. He leaves the writing of fiction and poetry to others more bent on creation than on what has been created, for the highbrow is primarily a critic and not an artist—a taster, not a cook. He is often more interested in where the arts have been, and where they are going, than in the objects themselves. He is devoted to the proposition that the arts must be pigeonholed, and that their trends should be plotted, or as W. H. Auden puts it—

Our intellectual marines,
Landing in Little Magazines,
Capture a trend.

This gravitation of the highbrows to the universities is fairly recent. In the twenties, when the little magazines were devoted to publishing experimental writing rather than criticism of exhumed experimental writing, the highbrows flocked to Paris, New York, and Chicago. The *transatlantic review*, *transition*, and the *Little Review*, of the lower-case era of literature, were all published in Paris; *BROOM* was published in New York; *Poetry* was (and still is) published in Chicago. The principal little magazines now, with the exception of *Partisan Review*, a New York product but written mostly by academics, are published in the colleges—the *Kenyon Review*, the *Sewanee Review*, the *Virginia Quarterly*, and so on—and their flavor reflects this. But this does not mean that highbrows do not prefer the centers in which cultural activities are the most varied and active, and these are still London, Paris, New York, and more recently Rome. Especially in the fine arts, the highbrow has a chance to make a living in the metropolis where museums are centered and where art is bought and sold as well as created. This is also true of commercial publishing, in which many highbrows find suitable, if not entirely congenial, refuge.

But no matter where they may make their homes, all highbrows live in a world which they believe is inhabited almost entirely by Philistines—those who through viciousness or smugness or the worship of materialism gnaw away at the foundations of culture. And the highbrow sees as his real enemy the middlebrow, whom he regards as a pretentious and frivolous man or woman who uses culture to satisfy social or business ambitions; who, to quote Clement Greenberg in *Partisan Review*, is busy “devaluating the precious, infecting the healthy, corrupting the honest, and stultifying the wise.”

It takes a man who feels strongly to use such harsh words, but the militant highbrow has no patience with his enemies. He is a serious man who will not tolerate frivolity where the arts are concerned. It is part of his function as a highbrow to protect the arts from the culture mongers, and he spits venom at those he suspects of selling the Muses short.

The fact that nowadays everyone has access to culture through schools and colleges, through the press, radio, and museums, disturbs him deeply; for it tends to blur the distinctions between those who are serious and those who are frivolous. “Culturally what we have,” wrote William Phillips in *Horizon* several years ago, “is a democratic

free-for-all in which every individual, being as good as every other one, has the right to question any form of intellectual authority." To this Mr. Greenberg adds, "It becomes increasingly difficult to tell who is serious and who not."

The highbrow does not like to be confused, nor does he like to have his authority questioned, except by other highbrows of whose seriousness he is certain. The result is precisely what you would expect: the highbrows believe in, and would establish, an intellectual elite, "a fluid body of intellectuals . . . whose accepted role in society is to perpetuate traditional ideas and values and to create new ones." Such an elite would like to see the middlebrow eliminated, for it regards him as the undesirable element in our, and anybody else's, culture.

"It must be obvious to anyone that the volume and social weight of middlebrow culture," Mr. Greenberg writes, "borne along as it has been by the great recent increase in the American middle class, have multiplied at least tenfold in the past three decades. This culture presents a more serious threat to the genuine article than the old-time pulp dime novel, Tin Pan Alley, *Schund* variety ever has or will. Unlike the latter, which has its social limits clearly marked out for it, middlebrow culture attacks distinctions as such and insinuates itself everywhere. . . . Insidiousness is of its essence, and in recent years its avenues of penetration have become infinitely more difficult to detect and block."

By no means all highbrows take such a strong position as this or are so concerned with the tastes of others. Many of them, the passive ones, are merely consumers totally indifferent to the middlebrows or supercilious about them. Some without a great deal of hope but in ardent good faith expend themselves in endeavor to widen the circle of those who can enjoy the arts in their purest forms. Many museums, colleges, and publishing houses are at least partly staffed by highbrows who exert a more than half-hearted effort to make the arts exciting and important to the public. But they are aware that most of their labors are wasted. In his heart of hearts nearly every highbrow believes with Ortega y Gasset that "the average citizen [is] a creature incapable of receiving the sacrament of art, blind and deaf to pure beauty." When, for example, the Metropolitan Museum planned to expand its facilities a few years ago, an art dealer who can clearly be classified as a highbrow remarked: "All this means is less art for more people."

There are also many highbrows who are not concerned in the least with the arts or with literature, and who do not fret themselves about the upstart state of middlebrow culture. These are the specialized highbrows who toil in the remote corners of science and history, of philology and mathematics. They are concerned with their investigations of fruit flies or Elizabethan taxation or whatever it may be, and they do not talk about them, as the dilettante always talks of the arts, to the first person they can latch onto at a cocktail party. When not in their laboratories or the library, they are often as not thoroughly middlebrow in their attitudes and tastes.

The real highbrow's way of life is as intellectualized as his way of thinking, and as carefully plotted. He is likely to be either extremely self-conscious about his physical surroundings and creature comforts or else sublimely, and rather ostentatiously, indifferent to them. If he affects the former attitude, he will within the limits of his income surround himself with works of art. If he cannot afford paintings he buys drawings. Color reproductions, except as casual reminders tucked in the frame of a mirror or thrown down on a table, are beneath him. The facsimile is no substitute in his mind for the genuine, and he would rather have a slight sketch by a master, Braque or Picasso or even Jackson Pollock, than a fully-realized canvas by an artist he considers not quite first-rate. Drawings by his friends he hangs in the bathroom. His furniture, if it is modern, consists of identifiable pieces by Aalto, or Breuer, or Mies van der Rohe, or Eames; it does not come from department stores. If he finds modern unsympathetic, he will tend to use Biedermeier or the more "entertaining" varieties of Victorian, which he collects piece by piece with an eye to the slightly eccentric. If he has antiques, you may be sure they are not maple; the cult of Early American is offensive to him.

The food that he serves will be planned with the greatest care, either very simple (a perfect French omelette made with sweet butter) or elaborate recipes from *Wine and Food* magazine published in London and edited by André Simon. If he cannot afford a pound of butter with every guinea fowl, he will in all probability resort to the casserole, and peasant cookery with the sparer parts of animals and birds seasoned meticulously with herbs that he gets from a little importer in the wholesale district. His wine is more likely to be a "perfectly adequate little red wine" for eighty-nine cents a half gallon than an imported French vintage. (Anybody with good advice can

buy French wines, but the discovery of a good domestic bottle shows perception and educated taste.) He wouldn't dream of washing his salad bowl. His collection of phonograph records is likely to bulk large at the ends and sag in the middle—a predominance of Bach-and-before at one end and Stravinsky, Schönberg, Bartok, and New Orleans jazz at the other. The nineteenth century is represented, perhaps, by Beethoven quartets and late sonatas, and some French "art songs" recorded by Maggie Teyte. His radio, if he has one, is turned on rarely; he wouldn't have a television set in the house.

The highbrow who disregards his creature comforts does it with a will. He lives with whatever furniture happens to come his way in a disorganized conglomeration of Victorian, department store, and Mexican bits and pieces. He takes care of his books in that he knows where each one is no matter in what disorder they may appear. Every other detail of domestic life he leaves to his wife, of whose taste he is largely unaware, and he eats what she gives him without comment. If he is a bachelor, he eats in a cafeteria or drugstore or diner and sometimes spills soup on the open pages of his book. He is oblivious of the man who sits down opposite him, and if Edgar Wallace is right, to the woman who shares his table. He is not a man without passions, but they have their place. Dress is a matter of indifference to him.

The highbrows about whom I have been writing are mainly consumers and not creators—editors, critics, and dilettantes. The creative artists who are generally considered highbrows—such men as T. S. Eliot, E. M. Forster, Picasso, and Stravinsky—seem to me to fall in another category, that of the professional man who, while he may be concerned with communicating with a limited (and perhaps largely highbrow) audience, is primarily a doer and not a done-by. When Eliot or Forster or Picasso or Stravinsky sits down at his work table, I do not know whether he says to himself, "I am going to create Art," but I very much doubt if that is what is in his mind. He is concerned rather with the communication of ideas within the frame of a poem, a novel, a painting, or a ballet suite, and if it turns out to be art (which many think it frequently does) that is to him a by-product of creation, an extra dividend of craftsmanship, intelligence, and sensibility. But when this happens he is taken up by the highbrow consumer and made much of. In fact he may become, whether he likes it or not, a vested interest, and his reputation will be every bit as carefully guarded by the highbrows as a hundred shares of Standard

Oil of New Jersey by the middlebrows. He will be sold—at a par decided upon by the highbrows—to the middlebrows, who are natural gamblers in the commodities of culture.

In a sense it is this determination of par that is the particular contribution of the highbrow. Others may quarrel with his evaluations, but the fact remains that unless there were a relatively small group of self-appointed intellectuals who took it upon themselves to ransack the studios of artists, devour the manuscripts of promising writers, and listen at the keyholes of young composers, many talented men and women might pass unnoticed and our culture be the poorer. Their noncommercial attitude toward discovery of talent is useful, though they have an obsession with the evils of the monetary temptations with which America strews the artist's path. They stand as a wavering bulwark against the enticements of Hollywood and the advertising agencies, and they are saddened by the writers and painters who have set out to be serious men, as Hemingway did, and then become popular by being taken up by the middlebrows. They even go so far as to say that a story published in *Partisan Review* is a better story than if it were published in *The New Yorker* or *Harper's Bazaar*, for the reason that "what we have is at once a general raising and lowering of the level, for which the blurring of distinctions new writing tends to become more and more serious and intellectual and less and less bold and extreme. . . ."

This attitude, which is the attitude of the purist, is valuable. It is the sort of statement that James Jackson Jarves might have made a century before, or James Fenimore Cooper even earlier. They were dismayed at the way every man pretended to be a connoisseur—"knowledge or no knowledge; brains or no brains; taste or no taste." The ground in which the arts grow stays fertile only when it is fought over by both artists and consumers, and the phalanx of highbrows in the field, a somewhat impenetrable square of warriors, can be counted on to keep the fray alive.

The highbrow's friend is the lowbrow. The highbrow enjoys and respects the lowbrow's art—jazz for instance—which he is likely to call a spontaneous expression of folk culture. The lowbrow is not interested, as the middlebrow is, in pre-empting any of the highbrow's function or in any way threatening to blur the lines between the serious and the frivolous. In fact he is almost completely oblivious of

the highbrow unless he happens to be taken up by him—as many jazz musicians, primitive painters, and ballad writers have been—and then he is likely to be flattered, a little suspicious, and somewhat amused. A creative lowbrow like the jazz musician is a prominent citizen in his own world, and the fact that he is taken up by the highbrows has very little effect on his social standing therein. He is tolerant of the highbrow, whom he regards as somewhat odd and out-of-place in a world in which people do things and enjoy them without analyzing why or worrying about their cultural implications.

The lowbrow doesn't give a hang about art *qua* art. He knows what he likes, and he doesn't care why he likes it—which implies that all children are lowbrows. The word “beautiful,” which has long since ceased to mean anything to the highbrow, is a perfectly good word to the lowbrow. Beautiful blues, beautiful sunsets, beautiful women, all things that do something to a man inside without passing through the mind, associations without allusions, illusions without implications. The arts created by the lowbrow are made in the expression of immediate pleasure or grief, like most forms of jazz; or of usefulness, like the manufacturing of a tool or a piece of machinery or even a bridge across the Hudson. The form, to use a highbrow phrase, follows the function. When the lowbrow arts follow this formula (which they don't always do), then the highbrow finds much in them to admire, and he calls it the vernacular. When, however, the lowbrow arts get mixed up with middlebrow ideas of culture, then the highbrow turns away in disgust. Look, for example, at what happened to the circus, a traditional form of lowbrow art. They got in Norman Bel Geddes to fancy it up, and now its special flavor of authenticity is gone—all wrapped up in pink middlebrow sequins. This is not to say that the lowbrow doesn't like it just as much as he ever did. It is the highbrow who is pained.

Part of the highbrow's admiration for the lowbrow stems from the lowbrow's indifference to art. This makes it possible for the highbrow to blame whatever he doesn't like about lowbrow taste on the middlebrow. If the lowbrow reads the comics, the highbrow understands; he is frequently a connoisseur of the comics himself. But if he likes grade-B double features, the highbrow blames that on the corrupting influence of the middlebrow moneybags of Hollywood. If he participates in give-away quiz programs, it is because the radio pollsters have decided that the average mental age of the listening

audience is thirteen, and that radio and television are venal for taking advantage of the adolescent.

The lowbrow consumer, whether he is an engineer of bridges or a bus driver, wants to be comfortable and to enjoy himself without having to worry about whether he has good taste or not. It doesn't make any difference to him that a chair is a bad Grand Rapids copy of an eighteenth-century *fauteuil* as long as he's happy when he sits down in it. He doesn't care whether the movies are art, or the television improving, so long as he has fun while he is giving them his attention and getting a fair return of pleasure from his investment. It wouldn't occur to him to tell a novelist what kind of book he should write, or a movie director what kind of a movie to make. If he doesn't like a book he ignores it; if he doesn't like a movie he says so, whether it is a Martin and Lewis show or *Henry V*. If he likes jive or square dancing, he doesn't worry about whether they are fashionable or not. If other people like the ballet, that's all right with him, so long as he doesn't have to go himself. In general the lowbrow attitude toward the arts is live and let live. Lowbrows are not Philistines. One has to know enough about the arts to argue about them with highbrows to be a Philistine.

The popular press, and also much of the unpopular press, is run by the middlebrows, and it is against them that the highbrow inveighs.

"The true battle," wrote Virginia Woolf in an essay called "Middlebrow" (she was the first, I believe, to define the species) "... lies not between the highbrows and the lowbrows joined together in blood brotherhood but against the bloodless and pernicious pest who comes between. . . . Highbrows and lowbrows must band together to exterminate a pest which is the bane of all thinking and living."

Pushing Mrs. Woolf's definition a step further, the pests divide themselves into two groups: the upper middlebrows and the lower middlebrows. It is the upper middlebrows who are the principal purveyors of highbrow ideas and the lower middlebrows who are the principal consumers of what the upper middlebrows pass along to them.

Many publishers, for example, are upper middlebrows—as are most educators, museum directors, movie producers, art dealers, lecturers, and the editors of most magazines which combine national circulation with an adult vocabulary. These are the men and women

who devote themselves professionally to the dissemination of ideas and cultural artifacts and, not in the least incidentally, make a living along the way. They are the cultural do-gooders, and they see their mission clearly and pursue it with determination. Some of them are disappointed highbrows; some of them try to work both sides of the street; nearly all of them straddle the fence between highbrow and middlebrow and enjoy their equivocal position.

The conscientious publisher, for instance, believes in the importance of literature and the dignity of publishing as a profession. He spends a large part of his time on books that will not yield him a decent return on his investment. He searches out writers of promise; he pores over the "little" magazines (or pays other people to); he leafs through hundreds and hundreds of pages of manuscript. He advises writers, encourages them, coaxes them to do their best work; he even advances them money. But he is not able to be a publisher at all (unless he is willing to put his personal fortune at the disposal of financially naïve muses) if he does not publish to make money. In order to publish slender volumes of poetry he must also publish fat volumes of historical romance, and in order to encourage the first novel of a promising young writer he must sell tens of thousands of copies of a book by an old hand who grinds out one best seller a year. He must take the measure of popular taste and cater to it at the same time that he tries to create a taste for new talent. If he is a successful publisher he makes money, lives comfortably, patronizes the other arts, serves on museum boards and committees for the Prevention of This and the Preservation of That, contributes to the symphony, and occasionally buys pictures by contemporary painters.

The highbrow suspects that the publisher does not pace his book-lined office contriving ways to serve the muses and that these same muses have to wait their turn in line until the balance sheet has been served. He believes that the publisher is really happy only when he can sell a couple of hundred thousand copies of a novel about a hussy with a horsewhip or a book on how to look forty when forty-five. To the highbrow he is a tool to be cultivated and used, but not to be trusted.

The museum director, as we have already seen, is in much the same position, caught between the muses and the masses. If he doesn't make a constant effort to swell the door count, his middlebrow trustees want to know why he isn't serving the community; if he does,

the highbrows want to know why he is pandering to popular taste and not minding his main business—the service of scholarship and the support of artists currently certified to be “serious.” Educators are in the same position, bound to be concerned with mass education often at the expense of the potential scholar, and editors of all magazines except those supported by private angels or cultural institutions know that they must not only enlighten but entertain if they are to have enough readers to pay the bills. To the highbrow this can lead to nothing but compromise and mediocrity.

The upper-middlebrow consumer takes his culture seriously, as seriously as his job allows, for he is gainfully employed. In his leisure hours he reads Toynbee or Osbert Sitwell’s serialized memoirs. He goes to museum openings and to the theater and he keeps up on the foreign films. He buys pictures, sometimes old masters if he can afford them, sometimes contemporary works. He has a few etchings and lithographs, and he is not above an occasional color reproduction of a Cézanne or a Lautrec. Writers and painters are his friends and dine at his house; if, however, his own son were to express an interest in being an artist, he would be dismayed (“so few artists ever really pull it off”)—though he would keep a stiff upper lip and hope the boy would learn better before it was too late. His house is tastefully decorated, sometimes in the very latest mode, a model of the modern architect’s dream of functionalism, in which case he can discourse on the theory of the open plan and the derivations of the International Style with the zest and uncertain vocabulary of a convert. If his house is “traditional” in character, he will not put up with Grand Rapids copies of old pieces; he will have authentic ones, and will settle for Victorian if he cannot afford Empire. He, or his wife, will ransack second-hand shops for entertaining bibelots and lamps or a piece of Brussels carpet from Andrew Jackson Downing’s day for the bedroom. He never refers to curtains as “drapes.” He talks about television as potentially a new art form, and he watches the Ford Foundation’s TV program *Omnibus*. His library contains a few of the more respectable current best sellers which he reads out of “curiosity” rather than interest. There are a few shelves of first editions, some of them autographed by friends who have dined at his house, some of them things (like a presentation copy of *Jurgen*) that he “just happened to pick up” and a sampling of American and British poets. There is also a shelf of paper-bound French novels—most of

them by nineteenth-century writers. The magazines on his table span the areas from *Time* and *The New Yorker* to *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*, with an occasional copy of the *Yale* and *Partisan Reviews*, and the *Art News*.

From this it can be seen that he supports the highbrows—buys some of the books they recommend and an occasional picture they have looked upon with favor—and contributes to organized efforts to promote the arts both by serving on boards and shelling out money. In general he is modest about expressing his opinion on cultural matters in the presence of highbrows but takes a slightly lordly tone when he is talking to other middlebrows. If he discovers a “little” painter or poet, the chances are excellent that the man has already been discovered and promoted by a highbrow or by an upper-middle-brow entrepreneur (art dealer or publisher). Once in a while he will take a flyer on an unknown artist, and hang his picture inconspicuously in the bedroom. He takes his function as a patron of the arts seriously, but he does it for the pleasure it gives him to be part of the cultural scene. If he does it for “money, fame, power, or prestige,” as Virginia Woolf says he does, these motives are so obscured by a general sense of well-being and well-meaning that he would be shocked and surprised to be accused of venality.

If the upper middlebrow is unsure of his own tastes, but firm in his belief that taste is extremely important, the lower middlebrow is his counterpart. The lower middlebrow ardently believes that he knows what he likes, and yet his taste is constantly susceptible to the pressures that put him in knickerbockers one year and rust-colored slacks the next. Actually he is unsure about almost everything, especially about what he likes. This may explain his pronouncements on taste, which he considers an effete and questionable virtue, and his resentment of the arts; but it may also explain his strength.

When America and Americans are characterized by foreigners and highbrows, the middlebrows are likely to emerge as the dominant group in our society—a dreadful mass of insensible back-slappers, given to sentimentality as a prime virtue, the willing victims of slogans and the whims of the bosses, both political and economic. The picture painted by middlebrow exploiters of the middlebrow, such as the advertisers of nationally advertised brands, is strikingly similar to that painted by the highbrow; their attitudes and motives are quite differ-

ent (the highbrow paints with a snarl, the advertiser with a gleam), but they both make the middlebrow out to be much the same kind of creature. The villain of the highbrow and the hero of the advertisers is envisaged as "the typical American family"—happy little women, happy little children, all spotless or sticky in the jam pot, framed against dimity curtains in the windows or decalcomania flowers on the cupboard doors. Lower-middlebrowism is a world pictured without tragedy, a world of new two-door sedans, and Bendix washers, and reproductions of hunting prints over the living-room mantel. It is a world in which the ingenuity and patience of the housewife are equaled only by the fidelity of her husband and his love of home, pipe, and television. It is a world that smells of soap. But it is a world of ambition as well, the constant striving for a better way of life—better furniture, bigger refrigerators, more books in the bookcase, more evenings at the movies. To the advertisers this is Americanism; to the highbrows this is the dead weight around the neck of progress, the gag in the mouth of art.

The lower middlebrows are not like this, of course, and unlike the highbrows and the upper middlebrows, whose numbers are tiny by comparison, they are hard to pin down. They live everywhere, rubbing elbows with lowbrows in apartment houses like vast beehives, in row houses all alike from the outside except for the planting, in large houses at the ends of gravel driveways, in big cities, in medium cities and suburbs, and in small towns, from Boston to San Francisco, from Seattle to Jacksonville. They are the members of the book clubs who read difficult books along with racy and innocuous ones that are sent along by Messrs. Fadiman, Canby, Beecroft *et al.* They are the course takers who swell the enrollments of adult education classes in everything from "The Technique of the Short Story" to "Child Care." They are the people who go to hear the lecturers that swarm out from New York lecture bureaus with tales of travel on the Dark Continent and panaceas for saving the world from a fate worse than capitalism. They eat in tea shoppes and hold barbecues in their back yards. They are hell-bent on improving their minds as well as their fortunes. They decorate their homes under the careful guidance of *Good Housekeeping* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, or, if they are well off, of *House and Garden*, and are subject to fads in furniture so long as these don't depart too radically from the traditional and the safe, from the copy of Colonial and the reproduction of Sheraton. In

matters of taste, the lower-middlebrow world is largely dominated by women. They select the furniture, buy the fabrics, pick out the wallpapers, the pictures, the books, the china. Except in the selection of his personal apparel and the car, it is almost *infra dig* for a man to have taste; it is not considered quite manly for the male to express opinions about things which come under the category of "artistic."

Nonetheless, as a member of the school board or the hospital board he decides which design shall be accepted when a new building goes up. The lower middlebrows are the organizers of the community fund, the members of the legislature, the park commissioners. They pay their taxes and they demand services in return. There are millions of them, conscientious stabilizers of society, slow to change, slow to panic. But they are not as predictable as either the highbrows or the bosses, political or economic, think they are. They can be led, they can be seduced, but they cannot be pushed around.

Highbrow, lowbrow, upper middlebrow, and lower middlebrow—the lines between them are sometimes indistinct, as the lines between upper class, lower class, and middle class have always been in our traditionally fluid society. But gradually they are finding their own levels and confining themselves more and more to the company of their own kind.

The highbrows would apparently like to eliminate the middlebrows and devise a society that would approximate an intellectual feudal system in which the lowbrows do the work and create folk arts, and the highbrows do the thinking and create fine arts. All middlebrows, presumably, would have their televisions taken away, be suspended from society until they had agreed to give up their subscriptions to the Book-of-the-Month, turned their color reproductions over to a Commission for the Dissolution of Middlebrow Taste, and renounced their affiliation with all educational and other cultural institutions whatsoever. They would be taxed for the support of all writers, artists, musicians, critics, and critics-of-criticism whose production could be certified "serious"—said writers, artists, musicians, and critics to be selected by representatives of qualified magazines with circulations of not more than five thousand copies. Middlebrows, both upper and lower, who persisted in "devaluating the precious, infecting the healthy, corrupting the honest, and stultifying the wise" would be disposed of forthwith.

If life for grandmother, who wouldn't dine with the Cartiers, was simple in its social distinctions, life is becoming equally simple for us. The rungs of the ladder may be different, it may even be a different ladder, but it's onward and upward just the same. You may not be known by which fork you use for the fish these days, but you will be known by which key you use for your *Finnegan's Wake*.

MANAGEMENT WIVES: THE KIND OF WOMEN WHO MAKE SUCCESSFUL WIVES*

W. LLOYD WARNER AND JAMES ABEGGLEN

W. Lloyd Warner and James Abegglen in their book entitled *Big Business Leaders In America* have painted an absorbing group portrait of America's top executives and the forces that made them leaders. Warner and Abegglen have explored in great detail the careers of over eight thousand leaders. The facts and fancies of management life, from birth to marrying the boss's daughter, are either confirmed or exploded.

Whether or not it is the boss's daughter that the man marries (a fallacy, say the authors; it takes longer for the mobile man to reach the top if he marries the boss's daughter than if he marries at his own level), the woman he marries is definitely a contributing factor to his success. Not so much as perhaps every woman would like to think, because the mother who made that man was in all likelihood a greater guide to his success than either Mr. Warner or Mr. Abegglen have pointed out. The hand that rocks the cradle—or did not—has done a great deal in either keeping steady or rocking the boat in every man's career world. His father, of course, can even wreck the boat.

* From: *Big Business Leaders in America* (New York: Harper & Brothers) 1955.

There is no doubt, however, that a man's wife is important. Sometimes she has an exaggerated sense of her own importance; sometimes she feels defeated by the very concept of "business," which is after all the greatest rival she will ever have in her life. Most women, at least women whose husbands satisfy so many drives in business life, feel secure that they can hold their man against any onslaught of feminine competition. Not so the organization. Some part of her must be always willing to adapt her to all circumstances; all parts of her, although the authors do not say so, must take gratification in the fact of being a happy wife. This is quite different from a wife who is simply anxious to make her husband happy. That particular form of masochism will not stand up to the particular emotional exhaustion that is rampant in management life.

In the following selection, "The Kinds of Women Who Make Successful Wives," the reader can discover some interesting insights. You may not recognize your wife here, and your wife, in turn, may not recognize herself here, but we maintain that any marriage that stands up to the anxieties, disappointments, and, yes, sudden success, that is business achievement; a marriage that incorporates mortgages, children awakening in the middle of the night, fatigue, pressure, and the terrible impress of our chaotic modern world, without breaking is successful. If you are still smiling at each other successfully, you're both a success, so chalk up one for the management life together. Marriage is where the "togetherness" of management life offers dividends.

A successful wife may play four major roles, defined in terms of her activities, her interests, and her significance to her husband's career. In one, she limits her interests and activities to being the wife, mother, and manager of the home. In another, she may consider it her principal duty to participate in social and civic activities. Or her greatest importance may be as the helpful, active participant in her husband's job or as consultant to him in his business decisions and the development of his career. Finally, she may devote most of her time and interest to her own profession and career. Occasionally one woman during the course of her life may play all of these roles. More often she assumes but one of two. A woman in the first role may be regarded as acting her part on the family stage—her meaning and defense must be sought in this context; in the second she acts her role in the wider arena of the community; in the third she is the silent or open partner on the job itself; in the last, she is the wife who seeks greater autonomy as a career woman. Let us critically examine each of them.

The family-centered woman knows little or nothing about her husband's job or his business and has only minimal relations with his business associates and their wives. She may have an active social life but within the narrow confines of immediate friends, not related to her husband's job or significant to its practical needs. Such women may be isolated and cut off from close contact with all people outside their immediate families. They may become withdrawn and lonely. What they do, although possibly important to their marital relations, contributes little to the success of their husband's careers.

Such a role can be vulnerable and dangerous. The experiences of the man as he advances broaden and develop him. As he enters new and larger worlds he meets men and women whom he admires and respects, some of whom may become his friends and his models for status advancement. Their goals, values, and activities become his. His wife meanwhile often remains much what she was when they married and both were people of limited understanding and experience. Her social and personal equipment under these conditions

often suffers when he measures her by his newly acquired standards. She may become increasingly isolated while he seeks elsewhere for companionship and intimacy. Divorces sometimes occur; her reveries may be filled unhappily with justified or unjustified suspicions and jealousies. On the other hand, he may be the kind of person who needs and wants "a safe haven," a place where he can relax and be what it is he has always been. Within the limits of such a role, marriages of this kind can be counted rewarding and successful, particularly when the wife is adaptive in developing her behavior within the home to meet the needs of her husband's advancement.

The varieties of this type of family-centered woman include both adequate and inadequate mothers, but in any case their interests are heavily invested in their children. They may act out the role of the mother protestingly and with difficulty or they may do it with ease and, in helping their children, fulfill themselves. Such women may be overinvolved in the lives of their children to the point of domination and rejection of their mates.

In sort, these wives, in all their varieties, except for the fact of their marriage to business leaders, are like millions of other women in American culture. Whether the woman is limited or has great capacity for the role she plays, the important questions for us are: How do wives who play this family-centered role relate themselves to their husbands' careers? What happens to the women, to the men, and to their careers? We will answer these questions later by presenting a few cases of successful and unsuccessful wives who play this role.

Within the family the community-centered woman, although a wife and mother, is essentially a hostess to those guests who seem necessary for her husband's advancement. She is also a participant in civic, philanthropic, or social affairs, primarily to advance the family's social position and to help her husband's career. She may play the social game narrowly, within the required limits, by entertaining her husband's business associates; or her activities may range widely to help translate his economic achievement into social advancement, not only for her but for her husband and their children. Obviously, there are many varieties of this type of woman, among them being the woman who ceases to be, or cannot be, the warm person who is a satisfactory wife and creative mother, and the woman who not only transforms her husband's economic success into social achievement

for her family but maintains close and rewarding relations with her husband and her children as well as with herself.

A few women, as we said earlier, participate directly in helping their husbands solve their business problems—this, when measured by the career of the husband, being their primary significance. Sometimes they do this by full discussion with him, by comment through understanding his problems, by actual experience on the job itself, or by a basic understanding of business practice and leadership. Such women may or may not be “good wives and mothers”; they may be inadequate hostess; they may or may not participate in the community.

Finally, there is the professional woman following her own career who may be adequate or inadequate in helping her husband’s advancement and as a wife and mother. She may be egocentric to the point that only her own achievement and self-gratification are important to her. In rare cases, however, a woman may be adequate in all the social worlds that the wife of a business man has available. Often in the early part of the career the wife may work to increase their income, perhaps with the hope that her work will develop into a career for herself. Sometimes she resumes such a career after the children are grown or at the death of her husband.

The family-centered woman appears not infrequently, but the wife who is heavily engaged in civic affairs and the social life of the community is most frequent. The wife who is an active and valued consultant in business affairs is rare. The career woman seldom appears. The demands and the needs of the man’s career make a separate one for his wife difficult. The necessary changes from place to place as he moves up cannot be accommodated to the advancement of the wife in a separate job, nor is her own professional career easily fitted to that of her husband. Nevertheless, career women—some of them with notable success—are married to business leaders. Often their marriages occur later than those of women who play the other roles and often they take place after one, or both, of them has failed at an earlier marriage. The mobile man may have divorced a wife who was “no longer adequate”—one who had confined herself to the family and had refused, or been unable to grow. The career woman may have released herself from a husband because of early conflict as their careers were developing.

The personal needs of the husband may be such that the family-

centered wife may be most adaptive and, indeed, the only kind some men can tolerate. The single role most likely to be adaptive to the needs of a man's career and to fit most easily the social-class subcultures in which it is placed is the one played on the larger social stage of the community. The combined roles of wife and participant in civic affairs when played well are likely to be supportive to the man and his career.

THE PRIVATE WORLDS OF THE WIVES OF AMBITIOUS MEN

Given the fact that we are examining a large and important segment of the *lifetime* of most of these men and women of the business elite, perhaps the surest and most revealing way to learn what kinds of women succeed and are effective as the wives of business leaders is to discover how they think and feel about time, their life spans, and how they relate themselves and "their lifetimes" to the past, present, and future. To accomplish this task we have constructed certain idealized models to which the various women fit with varying degrees of accuracy. All of these women who have helped or hindered their husbands' achievement have characteristic feelings about themselves and their relations to time. They relate themselves to the past, present, and future rather differently. Some are fleeing from a past they long to forget and cannot, for they are forever involved with it, feeling the constant backward pull of old unresolved problems. Others may or may not be running away from equally unpleasant social beginnings, yet find no trouble engaging themselves in solving present problems. They have little involvement with the past or the future and concern themselves with the immediate present. Still others get little satisfaction or reward from past or present triumphs in their present participation, for they are seeking something that for them is to be found only in the future. Those who are pulled by the future or engaged with present solving of immediate problems usually fill their roles rather easily.

Those women who look to the past may or may not act easily in their roles and perform successfully. They include several types, for their thoughts about themselves in relation to their past and their varying ways of attachment to it are significantly different. There are women who solve all present problems in terms of unsolved past in-

volvements. Consciously or unconsciously they live in the past and are too attached to it to relate themselves without difficulty to the present or the future. Mobile women who must be constantly learning new ways of thinking, feeling, and acting, and unlearning older ways are thus under grave handicaps. They struggle unceasingly, spending precious psychic and nervous energies fruitlessly to solve yesterday's problems rather than devoting their attention to, and discharging their energies on, the ever-changing world in which they are implicated by their husbands' advancing careers. The learning woman who is easily related to the present or to the future can constantly refresh and strengthen herself by the satisfactions of new experience. Her sister who looks to the past cannot.

There are also those women who are involved with the past in such a way that their present experiences with it reinforce what they now do and give them strength to solve problems concerning future actions. They can look to, and depend upon, the past with positive social results and personal satisfaction, free from unresolved emotional attachments and dilemmas beyond their grasp; however, their attachment is to figures whose power and prestige are symbolically and factually related to them as progenitors, persons with whom they have had satisfactory relations, who as parents and ancestors provide social distinction. Daughters of high-born parents and descendants of such ancestors are psychically and socially benefited—materially as well as technically aided by their inheritance of the learning that was available in this highly valued way of life. Their resources are the social and psychic reinforcements that flow from such social strength and certainty.

However, well-born women may suffer from deep involvements with their families of birth making it difficult for them to play their proper roles in helping their husbands. Casualties, including divorce, suicides, and "social suicides," such as profligate sexual behavior, alcoholism, or marriage to a mate of evil or low reputation, often spring from these sources. Such women find it more difficult to free themselves from their past than do women of lowly birth because it is the custom of their subcultures to look to the past. Their whole significance and that of their social level are founded on their parents and ancestry. Difficult emotional adjustment to parents and ancestors can be "solved" for the mobile persons of low status by rejecting them and running away. Under the socially approved and rewarded ideolo-

gies of getting ahead and self-improvement, the basic rejection of their parents often can be disguised and their personal dissatisfactions masked and robed in a pretty costume. But the woman or man born to high status, with parents of distinction and social prestige, cannot follow such a familiar and well-marked path. If the involvement with the family of birth has been satisfactorily reconstructed to meet the needs of maturity there is no need to escape it and even reason to identify one's social self with it.

There is another kind of woman who looks to the past and relates herself to it. This ability is partly a phenomenon of aging. When the leaders and their wives reach, or approach, the age of retirement, many relive the events of the past with deep pleasure and a sense of accomplishment that give them the fortitude to face an ever-changing present. Great emotional involvement with the past at an earlier age would not have been adaptive, but now present joys can be enhanced with an appreciation of the fulfillment of past effort and achievements in present experience. The very role of grandmother when successful is often an expression of this feeling. The wife who has played the role of a family-centered existence, when she becomes a grandmother, may acquire the accumulated honor and respect that often come to such women at this time not only from their children but from their grandchildren.

DODSWORTH'S DECISION*

SINCLAIR LEWIS

In *Dodsworth*, the Nobel Prize winner Sinclair Lewis portrayed with unforgettable clarity and controlled passion the portrait of a businessman that was reflected and refracted around the world. In the following picture of a day in the life of Samuel Dodsworth, Lewis shows with minute exactness how the dream fantasy and accomplishments of one man are inextricably involved with the world of the twentieth century in which he lives.

Dodsworth was published in the year of 1929. On September third of that year the great bull market came to an end—it had not yet been gored to death, but the moment of truth was there. Another novel, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, was on that hot September day selling far faster than *Dodsworth* but the best seller list, as so frequently happens, was recording ancient history. *Dodsworth* was modern history, as modern as the *Graf Zeppelin* that had just made its first round-the-world flight. The panic of October was not to come for several weeks, but illusion was still there. As John Galbraith uncovered in his book *The Great Crash*, in mid-September *The Wall Street Journal* printed Mark Twain's adage as the thought for the day:

Don't part with your illusions; when they are gone, you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.

* "Dodsworth's Decision" by Sinclair Lewis. From *Dodsworth* by Sinclair Lewis, copyright, 1929 by Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc.; renewed © 1957 by Michael Lewis. Reprinted by permission of the publishers. Title supplied by Editors.

After the year of the crash, management man would be far more pervasive, far less insular, far less financially comfortable. Dodsworth's butler answered the door to a forgotten age but the same aspirations and dreams (and some of the illusion) linger on in every car pool today.

Mr. Alexander Kynance, president of the Unit Automotive Company, was a small bustling man with a large head, an abrupt voice, a lively mind, a magnificent lack of scruples, and a love for oratory and Corona-Coronas. He had been a section-hand and a railway superintendent, he had the best cellar of Burgundies in Detroit, and he made up for his runtiness by barking at people.

"Everything all ready? Everything all ready?" he barked at Sam Dodsworth, as the dozen representatives of the two companies settled down and rested their elbows on the gigantic mirror-surfaced table in the gold and oak directors'-room.

"I think so," Sam drawled.

"Just a few things left," said Kynance. "We've about decided to run the Revelation in between the Chromecar and the Highroad in class—drop it three hundred below your price—two-door sedan at eleven-fifty."

Sam wanted to protest. Hadn't he kept the price down to the very lowest at which his kind of car could be built? But suddenly—What difference did it make? The Revelation wasn't his master, his religion! He was going to have a life of his own, with Fran, lovely loyal Fran, whom he'd imprisoned here in Zenith!

Let's go!

He was scarcely listening to Kynance's observations on retaining the slogan "You'll revel in a Revelation." Sam had always detested this battle-cry. It was the invention of a particularly bright and bounding young copy-writer who took regular exercise at the Y.M.C.A., but the salesmen loved it. As Kynance snapped, "Good slogan—good slogan—full o' pep," Sam mused:

"They're all human megaphones. And I'm tired."

When he had rather sadly signed the transfer of control to the U.A.C. and his lifework was over, with no chance for retreat, Sam shook hands a great deal with a number of people, and was left alone with Alec Kynance.

"Now to real business, old man," Kynance blatted. "You'll be

tickled to death at getting hooked up with a concern that can control the world-market one of these days—regular empire, b' God!—instead of crawling along having to depend on a bunch of so-so assistants. We want you to come with us, of course. I haven't been hinting around. Hinting ain't my way. When Alec Kynance has something to say, by God he shoots! I want to offer you the second vice-presidency of the U.A.C., in general charge of production of all our eight cars, including the Rev. You've been getting sixty thousand salary, besides your stock?"

"Yes."

"We can offer you eighty-five, and your share in the managers' pool, with a good chance for a hundred thou in a few years, and you'll probably succeed me when the bootlegged hootch gets me. And you'll have first-class production-men under you. You can take it easy and just think up mean ideas to shove over. Other night you were drooling about how you'd like to make real Ritzy motor caravans with electric stoves and radios and everything built in. Try it! We've got the capital. And this idea you had about a motorized touring-school for boys in summer. Try it! Why, God, we might run all these summer camps out of business and make a real killing—get five hundred thousand customers—kid that hadn't gone on one of our tours, no class to him at all! Try it! And the U.A.C. getting into aeroplane manufacture. Go ahead. Draw up your plans. Yes sir, that's the kind of support we give a high-class man. When do you want to go to work? I suppose you'll have to move to Detroit, but you can get back here pretty often. Want to start right in, and see things zip?"

Sam's fantastic schemes for supercaravans, for an ambulatory summer school in which boys should see the whole country from Maine pines to San Joaquin wheat-fields, schemes which he had found stimulating and not very practical, were soiled by the lobster-faced little man's insistence on cashing in. No!

"First, I think I'll take a vacation," Sam said doubtfully. "Haven't had a real one for years. Maybe I'll run over to Europe. May stay three months or so."

"Europe? Rats! Dead's a doornail! Place for women and long-haired artists. Dead! Only American loans that keep 'em from burying the corpse! All this art! More art in a good shiny spark-plug than in all the fat Venus de Mylos they ever turned out. Naw! Go take a run through California, maybe grab a drink of good liquor in Mexico, and

then come with us. Look here, Dodsworth. My way of being diplomatic is to come out flat. You necking around with some other concern? We can't wait. We got to turn out the cars! I can't keep this open, and I've offered you our pos-o-lutely highest salary. That's the way we do business. Yes or no?"

"I'm not flirting with any other company. I've had several offers and turned them down. Your offer is fair."

"Fine! Let's sign the contract right now. Got her here! Put down your John Hancock, and begin to draw the ole salary from this minute, with a month's vacation on pay! How's that?"

With the noisiness of a little man making an impression, Kynance slapped the contract on the glowing directors'-table, flourished an enormous red and black fountain pen, and patronizingly poked Sam in the shoulder.

Irritably Sam rumbled, "I can't tie myself up without thinking it over. I'll give you my answer as soon as I can. Probably in a week or so. But I may want to take a four-months rest in Europe. Never mind about the pay meanwhile. Rather feel free."

"My God, man, what do you think is the purpose of life? Loafing? Getting by with doing as little as you can? I tell you, what I always say is: there's no rest like a little extra work! You ain't tired—you're just fed up with this backwoods town. Come up to Detroit and see how we make things hum! Come sit in with us and hear us tell Congress where it gets off. Work! That's the caper! I tell you," with a grotesque, evangelical sonorousness, "I tell you, Dodsworth, to me, work is a religion. 'Turn not thy hand from the plow.' Do big things! Think of it; by making autos we're enabling half the civilized world to run into town from their pig-sties and see the movies, and the other half to get out of town and give Nature the once-over. Twenty million cars in America! And in twenty more years we'll have the bloomin' Tibetans and Abyssinians riding on cement roads in U.A.C. cars! Talk about Napoleon! Talk about Shakespeare! Why, we're pulling off the greatest miracle since the Lord created the world!

"Europe? How in hell would you put in four months? Think you could stand more'n ten art galleries? I know! I've seen Europe! Their Notre Dame is all right for about half an hour, but I'd rather see an American assembly-plant, thousand men working like a watch, than all their old, bum-lighted, tumbledown churches—"

It was half an hour before Sam got rid of Kynance without antagonizing him, and without signing a contract.

"I'd like," Sam reflected, "to sit under a linden tree for six straight months and not hear one word about Efficiency or Doing Big Things or anything more important than the temperature of the beer—if there is anything more important."

He had fallen into rather a rigid routine. Most days, between office and home, he walked to the Union Club in winter, drove to the golf course in summer. But tonight he was restless. He could not endure the fustiness of the old boys at the club. His chauffeur would be waiting there, but on his way to the club Sam stopped, with a vague notion of tasting foreignness, at a cheap German restaurant.

It was dark, quiet, free of the bouncing grandeur of Kynances. At a greasy oilcloth-covered table he sat sipping coffee and nibbling at sugar-crusted coffee-cake.

"Why should I wear myself out making more money for myself—no, for Kynance! He will like hell take my caravans away from me!"

He dreamed of a very masterwork of caravans: a tiny kitchen with electric stove, electric refrigerator; a tiny toilet with showerbath; a living-room which should become a bedroom by night—a living-room with a radio, a real writing desk; and on one side of the caravan, or at the back, a folding verandah. He could see his caravanners dining on the verandah in a forest fifty miles from any house.

"Kind of a shame to have 'em ruin any more wilderness. Oh, that's just sentimentality," he assured himself. "Let's see. We ought to make that up—" He was figuring on a menu. "We ought to produce those in quantities for seventeen hundred dollars, and our selling-point will be the saving in hotel bills. Like to camp in one myself! I will not let Kynance have my ideas! He'd turn the caravans out, flimsy and uncomfortable, for eleven hundred, and all he'd think about would be how many we could slam on the market. Kynance! Lord, to take his orders, to stand his back-slapping, at fifty! No!"

The German restaurant-keeper said, as one content with all seasons and events, "Pretty bad snow tonight."

"Yes."

And to himself: There's a fellow who isn't worrying about Doing Big Things. And work isn't his religion. His religion is roast goose, which has some sense to it. Yes, let's go, Fran! Then come back and

play with the caravan. . . . Or say, for an elaborate rig, why not two caravans, one with kitchen and toilet and stores, other with living-bedroom, and pitch 'em back to back, with a kind of train-vestibule door, and have a real palace for four people? . . . I would like to see Monte Carlo. Must be like a comic opera.

His desire for Monte Carlo, for palms and sunshine and the estimable fish of the Prince of Monaco, was enhanced by jogging through the snowstorm in his car, by being held up in drifts, and clutching the undercurving seat during a rather breathless slide uphill to Ridge Crest. But when he entered the warmth of the big house, when he sat in the library alone (Fran was not yet back from the Children's Welfare Bridge), with a whisky-soda and a volume of Masereel woodcuts, when he considered his deep chair and the hearth-log and the roses, Sam felt the security of his own cave and the assurance to be found in familiar work, in his office-staff, in his clubs, his habits and, most of all, his friends and Fran and the children.

He regarded the library contentedly: the many books, some of them read—volumes of history, philosophy, travels, detective stories; the oak-framed fireplace with a Mary Cassatt portrait of children above it; the blue davenport; the Biedermeyer rug from Fran's kin in Germany; the particularly elaborate tantalus.

"Pretty nice. Hotels—awful! Oh yes, I'll probably go over to the U.A.C. But maybe take six weeks or a couple of months in Europe, then move to Detroit. But not sell this house! Been mighty happy here. Like to come back here and spend our old days. When I really make my pile, I'll do something to help turn Zenith into another Detroit. Get a million people here. Only, plan the city right. Make it the most beautiful city in the world. Not just sit around on my chair in Europe and look at famous cities, but *make one!*"

Once a month, Sam's closest friends, Tub Pearson, his humorous classmate who was now the gray and oracular president of the Centaur State Bank, Dr. Henry Hazzard, the heart specialist, Judge Turpin, and Wheeler, the packing-house magnate, came in for dinner and an evening of poker, with Fran as hostess at dinner but conveniently disappearing after it.

Fran whisked in from her charity bridge as he was going up to dress. In her sleek coat of gray squirrel she was like a snow-sprinkled cat pouncing on flying leaves. She tossed her coat and hat to the wait-

ing maid, and kissed Sam abruptly. She was virginal as the winter wind, this girl who was the mother of Emily about to be married.

"Terrible bore, the bridge. I won seventeen dollars. I'm a good little bridge-player, I am. We must hustle it's almost dinnertime oh what a bore Lucile McKelvey is with her perpetual gabble about Italy I bet I'll learn more Italian in three weeks than she has in three trips come on my beloved we are *late!*"

"We are going then?"

"Going where?"

"To Europe."

"Oh, I don't know. Think how nice it would be for you to 'pitch a wicked horseshoe,' as dear Tub would say, in Florida."

"Oh, quit it!"

As they tramped up-stairs he tucked his arm about her, but she released herself, she smiled at him too brightly—smile glittering and flat as white enamel paint—urbane smile that these twenty years had made him ashamed of his longing for her—and she said, "We must hurry, lamb." And too brightly she added, "Don't drink too much tonight. It's all right with people like Tub Pearson, but Judge Turpin is so conservative—I know he doesn't like it."

She had a high art of deflating him, of enfeebling him, with one quick, innocent-sounding phrase. By the most careless comment on his bulky new overcoat she could make him feel like a lout in it; by crisply suggesting that he "try for once to talk about *something* besides motors and stocks," while they rode to a formidable dinner for an elocutionary senator, she could make him feel so unintelligent that he would be silent all evening. The easy self-confidence which weeks of industrial triumphs had built up in him she could flatten in five seconds. She was, in fact, a genius at planting in him an assurance of his inferiority. Thus she did tonight, in her nicest and friendliest way, and instantly the lumbering Ajax began to look doubtfully toward the poker he had always enjoyed, to fear the opinion of Judge Turpin—an eye-glassed sparrow of a man who seemed to admire Sam, and who showed his reverence for the law by taking illicit drink for drink with him.

Sam felt unworthy and apologetic till he had dressed and been cheered by a glimpse of his daughter, Emily.

Emily, as a child, had been his companion; he had always understood her, seemed nearer to her than to Fran. She had been a tomboy, sturdy of shoulder, jolly as an old family dog out on a walk.

He used to come to the nursery door, lamenting:

"Milord, the Duke of Buckin'um lies wouounded at the gate!"

Emily and Brent would wail joyously, "Not seriowsly, I trust," and he answer, "Mortually, I fear."

They had paid him the compliment of being willing to play with him, Emily more than the earnest young Brent.

But Emily had been drawn, these last five years, into the tempestuous life of young Zenith; dances, movie parties, swimming in summer, astonishingly unrestricted companionship with any number of boys; a life which bewildered Sam. Now, at twenty, she was to be married to Harry McKee, assistant general manager of the Vandering Bolt and Nut Company (considered in Zenith a most genteel establishment), ex-tennis-champion, captain during the Great War, a man of thirty-four who wore his clothes and his slang dashingly. The parties had redoubled, and Sam realized wistfully that Emily and he had no more of their old, easy, chuckling talks.

As he marched down to supervise the cocktails for dinner, Emily flew in, blown on the storm, crying at him, "Oh, Samivel, you old beautiful! You look like a grand duke in your dinner jacket! You sweet thing! Damn it, I've got to be at Mary Edge's in twenty minutes!"

She galloped up-stairs, and he stood looking after her and sighed.

"I'd better begin to dig in against the lonely sixties," he brooded.

He shivered as he went out to tell the butler-for-the-evening how to prepare the cocktails, after which, he knew, the butler would prepare them to suit himself, and probably drink most of them.

Sam remembered that this same matter of a butler for parties only had been the subject of rather a lot of pourparlers between Fran and himself. She wanted a proper butler in the house, always. And certainly they could afford one. But every human being has certain extravagances which he dare not assume, lest he offend the affectionate and jeering friends of his youth—the man who has ventured on spats dares not take to a monocle—the statesman who has ventured on humor dares not be so presumptuous as to venture on honesty also. Somehow, Sam believed that he could not face Tub Pearson if he had anything so effete as a regular butler in the house, and Fran had not won . . . not yet.

Tub Pearson—the Hon. Thos. J. Pearson, former state-senator, honorary LL.D. of Winnemac University, president of the Centaur State Bank, director in twelve companies, trustee of the Loring Grammar School and of the Zenith Art Institute, chairman of the Mayor's City Planning Commission—Tub Pearson was still as much the jester as he had been at Yale. He and his lively wife Matilde, known as "Matey," had three children, but neither viceregal honors nor domesticity had overlaid Tub's view of himself as a natural comedian.

All through the poker-game, at the large table in Sam's library, where they sat with rolled-up sleeves and loosened collars, gurgling their whisky-sodas with gratified sighs, Tub jabbed at Judge Turpin for sentencing bootleggers while he himself enjoyed his whisky as thoroughly as any one in Zenith. When they rested—that is to say, re-filled their glasses—at eleven, and Sam suggested, "May not have any more poker with you lads for a while, because Fran and I may trot over to Europe for six months or so," then Tub had an opportunity suitable to his powers:

"Six months! That's elegant, Sambo. You'll come back with an English accent: 'Hy sye, hold chappie, cawn't I 'ave the honor of raising the bloomin' pot a couple o' berries, dear old dream?'"

"Ever hear an Englishman talk like that?"

"No, but you will! Six months! Oh, don't be a damn' fool! Go for two months, and then you'll be able to appreciate getting back to a country where you can get ice and a bath-tub."

"I know it's a heresy," Sam drawled, "but I wonder if there aren't a few bath-tubs in Europe? Think I'll go over and see. My deal."

He did not show it; he played steadily, a rectangular-faced, large man, a cigar gripped in his mouth, cards dwarfed in his wide hand; but he was raging within:

"I've been doing what people expected me to, all my life. Football in college, when I'd as soon've stuck in the physics laboratory. Make money and play golf and be a good Republican ever since. Human cash-register! I'm finished! I'm going!"

But they heard from him only "Whoop you two more. Cards?"

17

STYLE OF LIFE*

PIERRE MARTINEAU

In our contemporary life we are far more self-manipulated than manipulated from outside. If one tries to get an objective picture of our life, how does it appear? Some patterns of life have been carefully analyzed by Pierre Martineau, Director of Research in Marketing for the Chicago Tribune and one of the pioneers in that exploration of what makes people buy. Mr. Martineau would not deny that all advertising has elements of persuasion. However, the only things "hidden" about advertising are those things hidden in our own emotional make-up. When we attack advertising too aggressively with such high dudgeon that there is little reason left, we are, alas, attacking ourselves. That's an old American occupation, and we seem to thrive on it.

One sees throughout this book the kind of attack upon our society carried on by brilliant observers all deeply engrossed and infatuated with our society, even if critical. Business has seldom been attacked in the British press or in the German or French press with the constant clarion call to reform that is done here in the United States. The reasons are simple enough: only in America do you find business life of such importance that the very best minds feel called upon to analyze it.

* From: *Motivation in Advertising* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company) 1957.

It is bewildering to railroad officials that Americans today are scarcely interested in the proud traditions of the railroads, their vital linkage with the history and development of their sections. Tradition bores us now. Instead of being an asset, it is virtually a liability to a people looking for the newest—the newest!—always the newest! Trademarks, packages, and advertising styles which are supposed to convey the dependability of tradition instead become cues that here is something old-fashioned, out of date, stodgy, and dull. Psychological obsolescence is the kiss of death.

Social observers are upsetting as they point to changes in our very life goals. Instead of accepting the middle-class ideals instilled in our society for centuries—hard work, thrift, self-reliance—now, as a nation, we lean on technological advancement and on somebody's pension plan for our individual futures.

In refashioning the editorial formula for our Sunday magazine, it was clearly apparent that the pattern of Sunday living has been radically transformed. Whereas it was formerly a day of austerity, worship, and serious thought, now, in metropolitan areas at least, it is a chaotic, lazy, planless period for relaxation, visiting relatives, working around the house, golf, and fishing.

These are merely a few of the multitudinous changes in our style of life. Every advertiser has to adjust to these shifts in emphasis, because unless his product is seen as fitting these new currents, unless the image can acquire some aspects of these changing directions in our tastes and beliefs, it can lose its desirabilities. Most of all the advertiser would like to present his product as capturing some expression of these new values, so that he can ride the crest of sales popularity. The automobile permits the individual to express the motives and tastes which have become paramount in our present style of life.

This concept means considerably more than a passing fad. It refers rather to the underlying social and psychological currents of our society, in so far as they become translated into a way of living for the individual. Our motive forces are not something that never changes. Social pressures on all of us bend us different ways, which can mean a constant rearrangement of our motives. In many alien

societies, change is very slow. In contrast, our society has always been characterized by rapid change. And in the past decade, the tempo of change has become explosive, producing, in the opinion of some social scientists, greater transformation in our system of values since 1940 than in the previous 2,000 years of Western history.

Without trying to be completely definitive, it is important to highlight some of the most significant of these currents because our advertising has to operate within their limits. Pepsi-Cola was extremely successful in surrounding itself with an aura of gay, smart, airy sophistication by using a series of girls who epitomized the ideal woman of today, as well as a tone of copy which literally breathed lightness as opposed to high-calorie anything.

By contrast to the dismal deficits of railroad passenger operations, every airport is bulging with travelers, who see present air transportation and service as what they want in their style of living: excitement, adventure, super-up-to-dateness, efficient service from attractive, younger personnel, the company of other fashionable travelers like themselves, glamour, ultraspeed, a much smarter atmosphere around the terminals than is typical of railroad stations.

It is easy to document such obvious manifestations of change as the movement to the suburbs, bigger families, and the spread of color to many hitherto drab categories of merchandise. Now even conservative men wear sports shirts and beach clothes in gay colors and flowery patterns. We exhibit different preferences in foods, cars, furniture, and vacation spots. These are surface evidences of broad, sweeping shifts in the master motives of the society. With awareness that this social and psychological climate is not measurable, that its only documentation is its material evidence all around us, nevertheless here are some aspects of our changing style of life which are extremely relevant for advertising and merchandising.

1. *The Worship of Youthfulness.* In contrast to many societies wherein the elders and their way of life determine taste, ever since World War I Americans have held up youth as the ideal. Where previously women had cultivated the body figures and the styles of maturity, now the teen-age-girl figure is the ideal—slight-breasted, long-legged, slim, and with a minimum of body curvature. The woman of forty or fifty dyes her hair, adopts a young-girl hair style, religiously avoids sugar and starches to retain her slimness, and in general tries to look like her teen-age daughter.

Many facets of male behavior bear the same stamp—the crew cut, going bareheaded, a certain amount of dieting—plus a great deal of youthful bravado and daring, such as penchants for sports cars and convertibles, trench coats, and so on. A very important part of Ford's image is its appeal for youngsters; so therefore older people want it. Worlds and worlds of older people in our society want to look young, to be considered young beyond the reality of their years. But few young people want to be considered old.

2. *The Trend to Casual, Informal Living as Opposed to Formality.* One observer believes that this is a consequence of the blue-collar worker's present affluence. Now that he has more money and is changing many patterns of living, he still doesn't buy a tuxedo. Informal clothes—sports shirts and slacks—are his present equivalent of his former habits of relaxing in his undershirt with no shoes on.

Regardless of origin, the trend to suburban living, the disappearance of servants, and many other drifts, such as the pressure for more leisure, have spread this casual informality all over our society. Its evidence is seen in many directions—station wagons, outdoor barbecue pits, buffet-style entertaining, home construction allowing space for game rooms by shrinking the dining room area. A study of psychological differences between downtown and neighborhood shopping showed that one of the dislikes for downtown shopping is that it is a formal situation. The woman can't go downtown in slacks or shorts as she can at a shopping center.

Extremely formal entertaining, the full-dress-suit situation, has practically disappeared from the American scene. Formal wear now includes comfortable shirts and shoes, with colorful jackets and Bermuda shorts in summer. The point is that throughout modern urban America, all living has had to adjust to this desire for casual informality.

3. *The Wish for Individuation—Wanting to Be Different.* Throughout history, long periods of prosperity have generally permitted a flowering of self-indulgent motives. Today, as people no longer are worrying about bare-subsistence living, they look around for means to be individuals. No longer are there many distinctions in our society between the "haves" and "have-nots." As the gap between the top and the bottom extremes of wealth has been narrowed, it is no longer possible to be different merely by exhibiting an automobile,

a college education for one's children, a Florida vacation, or a home in the suburbs. Anyone can have those.

But we can be *different* in our tastes. This is the avenue now for individuation. Broadly we are still conformists; we aren't going to be driving scooters or going barefoot to be different. But within the limits of conformity, we can develop individualistic style in all areas of consumer wants to show our colorful, interesting personalities through our tastes. We look for pastel telephones, new models and new decors in our cars—some different beauty in any product, a certain luxury, a feature which can be talked about. The wish for attention which might be more repressed in hard times, is in full bloom today.

History has no record of hedonism on such a grand scale. Miles and miles of Miami Beach luxury hotels; the Las Vegas strip of desert inns, replete with nightclub-saloon atmosphere and gambling; the \$200,000 private track built at Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, by one enthusiast so that 200 starters can indulge their passion for amateur sports-car racing; the 35,000 hunters in Michigan registered for deer hunting with a bow and arrow—all these are symptomatic of this determination to buy things and go to places which might reflect individuality of taste.

4. *Much Greater Sophistication in Behavior.* Just as there is a physiological aging, so there is a sociological aging. Our society has outgrown the naïveté of the twenties and the thirties. When a South Carolina law prohibited libraries in that state from stocking books by Horatio Alger or about Tom Swift, Frank Merriwell, and the Rover Boys, a newspaper in a survey ascertained that no boy today bothers to read these fiction heroes of yesterday. The libraries didn't stock the books because youngsters snickered at them as incredibly out of date. Overviews of comic-strip readership reveal how many art treatments and thematic approaches which were successful years ago are ridiculed now. The freshly scrubbed girl in the Coca-Cola ads who reeked of hygiene and Victorian virtue has been replaced by exotic, sexy movie stars portrayed in exotic, supersophisticated settings.

There is a gulf in the levels of sophistication between generations. Where the car was treated with awe in the thirties and the radio was viewed as something which would interfere with driving, today some car radios turn on with the ignition key. Where the reader of yesterday could be impressed with advertising claims of miraculous cures,

patched-up marriages, even business success from the use of some toothpaste or fountain-pen ink, now these approaches are scorned or yawned at. Much broader educational opportunities provided by, for example, the GI Bill, and world-wide travel in the wars, and the natural "growing up" in taste, accelerated by better communication facilities—these are factors leading to more sophistication in viewpoint. Even the mass man wants style in his furniture, style in his clothing—not just a pair of shoes, not just any car.

5. *Much Greater Interchangeability in Sex Roles.* Very definitely our notions about the concepts of masculinity have changed. For generations the image of the pioneer man was predominant as the mass American man, exalting masculine strength, fighting ability, hard physical labor, and contempt for all intellectual and esthetic refinements. Today we put far more premium on earning a living with brains than with hands. More and more in industry, technicians are replacing the heavy labor group—a change which will be accentuated with automation.

The young wife today refuses to accept the structure of the patriarchal family, which relegated her to the role of a meek drudge and set up the husband as lord and master. The husband is no longer the head of the family; he's just another member of the family. In the typical younger family, the husband good-naturedly helps with shopping, baby sitting, and the difficult housecleaning. The suburban wife shovels snow, takes care of the family car, picks up lumber and paint, and pays the bills. Chicago's largest sports chain reports that one-third of all sports equipment is now bought by women. Every girl in urban society works until she gets married, and a sizable proportion permanently contribute to the family income. Consequently, there is a definite breaking down of the older masculine-feminine relationship and much more of a togetherness in the task of running a home, a certain dipping into and speaking acquaintance with each other's prerogatives.

The new generation of women borrow slacks and man-tailored shirts; cigarettes and the cocktail habit; various sports activities, like skiing and golf; and certainly more freedom and self-reliance. In our study of women's apparel habits in the suburbs, the house dress and the hausfrau are disappearing. Modern wives do their housework wearing some variety of men's pants. As co-manager of the home with a certain executive role, they act like men rather than delicate females.

With the passing of the pioneer man, men are borrowing color, which formerly was reserved for women, for their own sports clothes, their cars, their office equipment, even their furnaces. King-size cigarettes and fancy drinks are thought of as effeminate in psychological studies, but men never hesitate to use them when they want them. Men are also breaking down many other barriers to give play to various latent desires subdued in the pioneer society, where the words "dude" and "dandy" were common epithets to shame any man who used fancy clothes or toiletries. Males today are buying deodorants, hair tonics, scented shaving lotions, talcum powder. Toothpaste is partly a mouth freshener and breath sweetener.

6. *Leisure Activities as Opportunities for More Self-expression.* Money for money's sake is no longer the only goal for Americans. Time is becoming an important criterion—time for leisure, for off-job pursuits which now permit people greater measures with which to express themselves. We no longer make a god out of work. Union contracts press for longer vacations and holidays, for shorter work weeks as much as for income increases, giving even the mass man time to develop his hobbies and his urges to be creative. Actually, the person with the most time for leisure is the union-card holder, not the executive. One reason for the enormous spread of do-it-yourself activities is the fact that here is an outlet for creativity. When we asked amateurs about the motives in their purchases of lumber, paint, and tile, many of them said, "I like to work with my hands" or "I just like to make things."

Hobbies gratify the desire for individuation, but they also are channels for creativity. There is an overlapping of motive satisfactions, obviously. Because of the increased standardization of job performance, man does turn to hobbies as a means of preserving his individuality. High-fidelity record playing, photography, working with home power tools are ways of being different, of being somebody, of being more than just a face in the crowd. But they also gratify the inner drives to create.

The huge rise in participation sports while the spectator sports are declining is another evidence of this seeking for more self-expression. Such vogues as power boating, skiing, bowling, and pheasant shooting are merely different manifestations of the age-old desire of man to express his own inner surgings—the same impulses that make people draw pictures, sing, write things that will never sell, grow

flowers, make speeches, work arduously for trade associations and luncheon clubs, and cultivate avocations.

7. *Seeking of New Adventure.* In every list of primary, elemental human motives, man's restlessness, his looking for new experiences, his curiosity is always included. The old habits, the routine patterns of living become boring. Listen to a tune three times, and you dislike it. Today, with his new resources and leisure, man goes looking for adventure. Who cares for statistics on the safety of train travel? It's more fun to live dangerously. Buy yourself \$60,000 of life insurance and travel by plane. Go to new places, look for new thrills, buy a faster car. Find adventure. Just don't live like a dull clod.

8. *Being Modern versus Being Old-fashioned.* The word "new" becomes ever more important as an attribute of things and places. I have elaborated this value previously: our passionate desire to have the very, very latest, just off the drawing boards. The newest must be the most exciting; and to a generation steeped in the never-ceasing marvels of technology, the newest somehow must be better. Nostalgia, looking backward, is a subtle mark of approaching retirement—for the people who scan obituaries to keep up with the doings of their friends. We have institutionalized change and innovation as part of our American way of life.

These drifts that I have sketched briefly are just some of the most evident changes in our present-day urban style of life; and in so far as I can see, they have a bearing on advertising. They are intangible, they are difficult to study concretely; but clearly they exert tremendous influence on our behavior, including our buying behavior. As we build associations for the images of our brands, our products, our stores, our organizations, our symbols have to be reconcilable with the currents acting as master motives in American life today.



DRESS*

THORSTEIN VEBLEN

The vocabulary of management man is curiously decked out in sartorial splendor. The blue collar gave way to the white collar, the gray flannel suit, the Brooks Brothers shirt, are all haberdashery to the sociological profiles of management man in this country just as the bowler and the umbrella symbolize the Englishman in the City. The first person to point out the emphasis on dress in American culture was "the bad boy of American economics."

"All wastefulness is offensive to native taste," cried out Veblen. He started to attack the wealth within our affluent society as early as the nineteenth century. It was not the obsolescence of the refrigerator that disturbed him nearly so much as the obsolescence of the human spirit that had deteriorated under the ghastly brassy furbelows of the Gilded Age. A contemporary of the great tycoons, although he himself was born on a farm in Wisconsin of immigrant parents, he challenged the captains of industry of his day. They appeared to him to be wrecking the barque of American society on the shoals of too much getting, too much spending, too much wasting, and—let this be a warning to our own age—too much leisure. No critic of management life was more imaginative or perceptive.

In 1899 Thorstein Veblen published *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. As the old century came to a close, he attacked

* From: *The Theory of the Leisure Class* (New York: The Viking Press, Inc.).

with a vociferous vocabulary, and it was a memorable one, the glitter and the gold of the society that wasted its time in the fashionable watering places at the turn of the century. Veblen watered down none of his vocabulary in his attack on status, social standards, and snobbery. Acutely aware of the small things that so frequently determine the big picture, he was obsessed by the idea of dress. His discussion of the economic factors of the corset in the following selection is one of the most remarkable and colorful pieces of economic thinking ever written.

It will be in place, by way of illustration, to show in some detail how the economic principles so far set forth apply to everyday facts in some one direction of the life process. For this purpose no line of consumption affords a more apt illustration than expenditure on dress. It is especially the rule of the conspicuous waste of goods that finds expression in dress, although the other, related principles of pecuniary repute are also exemplified in the same contrivances. Other methods of putting one's pecuniary standing in evidence serve their end effectually, and other methods are in vogue always and everywhere; but expenditure on dress has this advantage over most other methods, that our apparel is always in evidence and affords an indication of our pecuniary standing to all observers at the first glance. It is also true that admitted expenditure for display is more obviously present, and is, perhaps, more universally practiced in the matter of dress than in any other line of consumption. No one finds difficulty in assenting to the commonplace that the greater part of the expenditure incurred by all classes for apparel is incurred for the sake of a respectable appearance rather than for the protection of the person. And probably at no other point is the sense of shabbiness so keenly felt as it is if we fall short of the standard set by social usage in this matter of dress. It is true of dress in even a higher degree than of most other items of consumption, that people will undergo a very considerable degree of privation in the comforts or the necessities of life in order to afford what is considered a decent amount of wasteful consumption; so that it is by no means an uncommon occurrence, in an inclement climate, for people to go ill clad in order to appear well dressed. And the commercial value of the goods used for clothing in any modern community is made up to a much larger extent of the fashionableness, the reputability of the goods than of the mechanical service which they render in clothing the person of the wearer. The need of dress is eminently a "higher" or spiritual need.

This spiritual need of dress is not wholly, nor even chiefly, a naïve propensity for display of expenditure. The law of conspicuous waste guides consumption in apparel, as in other things, chiefly at the second remove, by shaping the canons of taste and decency. In the common

run of cases the conscious motive of the wearer or purchaser of conspicuously wasteful apparel is the need of conforming to established usage, and of living up to the accredited standard of taste and reputeability. It is not only that one must be guided by the code of proprieties in dress in order to avoid the mortification that comes of unfavorable notice and comment, though that motive in itself counts for a great deal; but besides that, the requirement of expensiveness is so ingrained into our habits of thought in matters of dress that any other than expensive apparel is instinctively odious to us. Without reflection or analysis, we feel that what is inexpensive is unworthy. "A cheap coat makes a cheap man." "Cheap and nasty" is recognized to hold true in dress with even less mitigation than in other lines of consumption. On the ground both of taste and of serviceability, an inexpensive article of apparel is held to be inferior, under the maxim "cheap and nasty." We find things beautiful, as well as serviceable, somewhat in proportion as they are costly. With few and inconsequential exceptions, we all find a costly hand-wrought article of apparel much preferable, in point of beauty and of serviceability, to a less expensive imitation of it, however cleverly the spurious article may imitate the costly original; and what offends our sensibilities in the spurious article is not that it falls short in form or color, or, indeed, in visual effect in any way. The offensive object may be so close an imitation as to defy any but the closest scrutiny; and yet so soon as the counterfeit is detected, its aesthetic value, and its commercial value as well, declines precipitately. Not only that, but it may be asserted with but small risk of contradiction that the aesthetic value of a detected counterfeit in dress declines somewhat in the same proportion as the counterfeit is cheaper than its original. It loses caste aesthetically because it falls to a lower pecuniary grade.

But the function of dress as an evidence of ability to pay does not end with simply showing that the wearer consumes valuable goods in excess of what is required for physical comfort. Simple conspicuous waste of goods is effective and gratifying as far as it goes; it is good *prima facie* evidence of pecuniary success, and consequently *prima facie* evidence of social worth. But dress has subtler and more far-reaching possibilities than this crude, first-hand evidence of wasteful consumption only. If, in addition to showing that the wearer can afford to consume freely and uneconomically, it can also be shown in the same stroke that he or she is not under the necessity of earning

a livelihood, the evidence of social worth is enhanced in a very considerable degree. Our dress, therefore, in order to serve its purpose effectually, should not only be expensive, but it should also make plain to all observers that the wearer is not engaged in any kind of productive labor. In the evolutionary process by which our system of dress has been elaborated into its present admirably perfect adaptation to its purpose, this subsidiary line of evidence has received due attention. A detailed examination of what passes in popular apprehension for elegant apparel will show that it is contrived at every point to convey the impression that the wearer does not habitually put forth any useful effort. It goes without saying that no apparel can be considered elegant, or even decent, if it shows the effect of manual labor on the part of the wearer, in the way of soil or wear. The pleasing effect of neat and spotless garments is chiefly, if not altogether, due to their carrying the suggestion of leisure—exemption from personal contact with industrial processes of any kind. Much of the charm that invests the patent-leather shoe, the stainless linen, the lustrous cylindrical hat, and the walking-stick, which so greatly enhance the native dignity of a gentleman, comes of their pointedly suggesting that the wearer cannot when so attired bear a hand in any employment that is directly and immediately of any human use. Elegant dress serves its purpose of elegance not only in that it is expensive, but also because it is the insignia of leisure. It not only shows that the wearer is able to consume a relatively large value, but it argues at the same time that he consumes without producing.

The dress of women goes even farther than that of men in the way of demonstrating the wearer's abstinence from productive employment. It needs no argument to enforce the generalization that the more elegant styles of feminine bonnets go even farther towards making work impossible than does the man's high hat. The woman's shoe adds the so-called French heel to the evidence of enforced leisure afforded by its polish; because this high heel obviously makes any, even the simplest and most necessary manual work extremely difficult. The like is true even in a higher degree of the skirt and the rest of the drapery which characterizes woman's dress. The substantial reason for our tenacious attachment to the skirt is just this: it is expensive and it hampers the wearer at every turn and incapacitates her for all useful exertion. The like is true of the feminine custom of wearing the hair excessively long.

But the woman's apparel not only goes beyond that of the modern man in the degree in which it argues exemption from labor; it also adds a peculiar and highly characteristic feature which differs in kind from anything habitually practiced by the men. This feature is the class of contrivances of which the corset is the typical example. The corset is, in economic theory, substantially a mutilation, undergone for the purpose of lowering the subject's vitality and rendering her permanently and obviously unfit for work. It is true, the corset impairs the personal attractions of the wearer, but the loss suffered on that score is offset by the gain in reputability which comes of her visibly increased expensiveness and infirmity. It may broadly be set down that the womanliness of woman's apparel resolves itself, in point of substantial fact, into the more effective hindrance to useful exertion offered by the garments peculiar to women. This difference between masculine and feminine apparel is here simply pointed out as a characteristic feature. The ground of its occurrence will be discussed presently.

So far, then, we have, as the great and dominant norm of dress, the broad principle of conspicuous waste. Subsidiary to this principle, and as a corollary under it, we get as a second norm the principle of conspicuous leisure. In dress construction this norm works out in the shape of divers contrivances going to show that the wearer does not and, as far as it may conveniently be shown, can not engage in productive labor. Beyond these two principles there is a third of scarcely less constraining force, which will occur to any one who reflects at all on the subject. Dress must not only be conspicuously expensive and inconvenient, it must at the same time be up to date. No explanation at all satisfactory has hitherto been offered of the phenomenon of changing fashions. The imperative requirement of dressing in the latest accredited manner, as well as the fact that this accredited fashion constantly changes from season to season, is sufficiently familiar to every one, but the theory of this flux and change has not been worked out. We may of course say, with perfect consistency and truthfulness, that this principle of novelty is another corollary under the law of conspicuous waste. Obviously, if each garment is permitted to serve for but a brief term, and if none of last season's apparel is carried over and made further use of during the present season, the wasteful expenditure on dress is greatly increased. This is good as far as it goes, but it is negative only. Pretty much all

that this consideration warrants us in saying is that the norm of conspicuous waste exercises a controlling surveillance in all matters of dress, so that any change in the fashions must conform to the requirement of wastefulness; it leaves unanswered the question as to the motive for making and accepting a change in the prevailing styles, and it also fails to explain why conformity to a given style at a given time is so imperatively necessary as we know it to be.

For a creative principle, capable of serving as motive to invention and innovation in fashions, we shall have to go back to the primitive, non-economic motive with which apparel originated—the motive of adornment. Without going into an extended discussion of how and why this motive asserts itself under the guidance of the law of expensiveness, it may be stated broadly that each successive innovation in the fashions is an effort to reach some form of display which shall be more acceptable to our sense of form and color or of effectiveness, than that which it displaces. The changing styles are the expression of a restless search for something which shall commend itself to our aesthetic sense; but as each innovation is subject to the selective action of the norm of conspicuous waste, the range within which innovation can take place is somewhat restricted. The innovation must not only be more beautiful, or perhaps oftener less offensive, than that which it displaces, but it must also come up to the accepted standard of expensiveness.

It would seem at first sight that the result of such an unremitting struggle to attain the beautiful in dress should be a gradual approach to artistic perfection. We might naturally expect that the fashions should show a well-marked trend in the direction of some one or more types of apparel eminently becoming to the human form; and we might even feel that we have substantial ground for the hope that today, after all the ingenuity and effort which have been spent on dress these many years, the fashions should have achieved a relative perfection and a relative stability, closely approximating to a permanently tenable artistic ideal. But such is not the case. It would be very hazardous indeed to assert that the styles of today are intrinsically more becoming than those of ten years ago, or than those of twenty, or fifty, or one hundred years ago. On the other hand, the assertion freely goes uncontradicted that styles in vogue two thousand years ago are more becoming than the most elaborate and painstaking constructions of today.

The explanation of the fashions just offered, then, does not fully explain, and we shall have to look farther. It is well known that certain relatively stable styles and types of costume have been worked out in various parts of the world; as, for instance, among the Japanese, Chinese, and other Oriental nations; likewise among the Greeks, Romans, and other Eastern peoples of antiquity; so also, in later times, among the peasants of nearly every country of Europe. These national or popular costumes are in most cases adjudged by competent critics to be more becoming, more artistic, than the fluctuating styles of modern civilized apparel. At the same time they are also, at least usually, less obviously wasteful; that is to say, other elements than that of a display of expense are more readily detected in their structure.

These relatively stable costumes are, commonly, pretty strictly and narrowly localized, and they vary by slight and systematic gradations from place to place. They have in every case been worked out by peoples or classes which are poorer than we, and especially they belong in countries and localities and times where the population, or at least the class to which the costume in question belongs, is relatively homogeneous, stable, and immobile. That is to say, stable costumes which will bear the test of time and perspective are worked out under circumstances where the norm of conspicuous waste asserts itself less imperatively than it does in the large modern civilized cities, whose relatively mobile wealthy population today sets the pace in matters of fashion. The countries and classes which have in this way worked out stable and artistic costumes have been so placed that the pecuniary emulation among them has taken the direction of a competition in conspicuous leisure rather than in conspicuous consumption of goods. So that it will hold true in a general way that fashions are least stable and least becoming in those communities where the principle of a conspicuous waste of goods asserts itself most imperatively, as among ourselves. All this points to an antagonism between expensiveness and artistic apparel. In point of practical fact, the norm of conspicuous waste is incompatible with the requirement that dress should be beautiful or becoming. And this antagonism offers an explanation of that restless change in fashion which neither the canon of expensiveness nor that of beauty alone can account for.

The standard of reputability requires that dress should show wasteful expenditure; but all wastefulness is offensive to native taste. The psychological law has already been pointed out that all men—and

women perhaps even in a higher degree—abhor futility, whether of effort or of expenditure—much as Nature was once said to abhor a vacuum. But the principle of conspicuous waste requires an obviously futile expenditure; and the resulting conspicuous expensiveness of dress is therefore intrinsically ugly. Hence we find that in all innovations in dress, each added or altered detail strives to avoid condemnation by showing some ostensible purpose, at the same time that the requirement of conspicuous waste prevents the purposefulness of these innovations from becoming anything more than a somewhat transparent pretense. Even in its freest flights, fashion rarely if ever gets away from a simulation of some ostensible use. The ostensible usefulness of the fashionable details of dress, however, is always so transparent a make-believe, and their substantial futility presently forces itself so baldly upon our attention as to become unbearable, and then we take refuge in a new style. But the new style must conform to the requirement of reputable wastefulness and futility. Its futility presently becomes as odious as that of its predecessor; and the only remedy which the law of waste allows us is to seek relief in some new construction, equally futile and equally untenable. Hence the essential ugliness and the unceasing change of fashionable attire.

Having so explained the phenomenon of shifting fashions, the next thing is to make the explanation tally with everyday facts. Among these everyday facts is the well-known liking which all men have for the styles that are in vogue at any given time. A new style comes into vogue and remains in favor for a season, and, at least so long as it is a novelty, people very generally find the new style attractive. The prevailing fashion is felt to be beautiful. This is due partly to the relief it affords in being different from what went before it, partly to its being reputable. As indicated before, the canon of reputability to some extent shapes our tastes, so that under its guidance anything will be accepted as becoming until its novelty wears off, or until the warrant of reputability is transferred to a new and novel structure serving the same general purpose. That the alleged beauty, or "loveliness," of the styles in vogue at any given time is transient and spurious only is attested by the fact that none of the many shifting fashions will bear the test of time. When seen in the perspective of half-a-dozen years or more, the best of our fashions strike us as grotesque, if not unsightly. Our transient attachment to whatever happens to be the latest rests on other than aesthetic

grounds, and lasts only until our abiding aesthetic sense has had time to assert itself and reject this latest indigestible contrivance.

The process of developing an aesthetic nausea takes more or less time; the length of time required in any given case being inversely as the degree of intrinsic odiousness of the style in question. This time relation between odiousness and instability in fashions affords ground for the inference that the more rapidly the styles succeed and displace one another, the more offensive they are to sound taste. The presumption, therefore, is that the farther the community, especially the wealthy classes of the community, develop in wealth and mobility and in the range of their human contact, the more imperatively will the law of conspicuous waste assert itself in matters of dress, the more will the sense of beauty tend to fall into abeyance or be overborne by the canon of pecuniary reputability, the more rapidly will fashions shift and change, and the more grotesque and intolerable will be the varying styles that successively come into vogue.

There remains at least one point in this theory of dress yet to be discussed. Most of what has been said applies to men's attire as well as to that of women; although in modern times it applies at nearly all points with greater force to that of women. But at one point the dress of women differs substantially from that of men. In woman's dress there is obviously greater insistence on such features as testify to the wearer's exemption from or incapacity for all vulgarly productive employment. This characteristic of woman's apparel is of interest, not only as completing the theory of dress, but also as confirming what has already been said of the economic status of women, both in the past and in the present.

As has been seen in the discussion of woman's status under the heads of Vicarious Leisure and Vicarious Consumption, it has in the course of economic development become the office of the woman to consume vicariously for the head of the household; and her apparel is contrived with this object in view. It has come about that obviously productive labor is in a peculiar degree derogatory to respectable women, and therefore special pains should be taken in the construction of women's dress, to impress upon the beholder the fact (often indeed a fiction) that the wearer does not and can not habitually engage in useful work. Propriety requires respectable women to abstain more consistently from useful effort and to make more of a show of leisure than the men of the same social classes. It grates painfully on

our nerves to contemplate the necessity of any well-bred woman's earning a livelihood by useful work. It is not "woman's sphere." Her sphere is within the household, which she should "beautify," and of which she should be the "chief ornament." The male head of the household is not currently spoken of as its ornament. This feature taken in conjunction with the other fact that propriety requires more unremitting attention to expensive display in the dress and other paraphernalia of women, goes to enforce the view already implied in what has gone before. By virtue of its descent from a patriarchal past, our social system makes it the woman's function in an especial degree to put in evidence her household's ability to pay. According to the modern civilized scheme of life, the good name of the household to which she belongs should be the special care of the woman; and the system of honorific expenditure and conspicuous leisure by which this good name is chiefly sustained is therefore the woman's sphere. In the ideal scheme, as it tends to realize itself in the life of the higher pecuniary classes, this attention to conspicuous waste of substance and effort should normally be the sole economic function of the woman.

At the stage of economic development at which the women were still in the full sense the property of the men, the performance of conspicuous leisure and consumption came to be part of the services required of them. The women being not their own masters, obvious expenditure and leisure on their part would redound to the credit of their master rather than to their own credit; and therefore the more expensive and the more obviously unproductive the women of the household are, the more creditable and more effective for the purpose of reputability of the household or its head will their life be. So much so that the women have been required not only to afford evidence of a life of leisure, but even to disable themselves for useful activity.

It is at this point that the dress of men falls short of that of women, and for sufficient reason. Conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure are reputable because they are evidence of pecuniary strength; pecuniary strength is reputable or honorific because, in the last analysis, it argues success and superior force; therefore the evidence of waste and leisure put forth by any individual in his own behalf cannot consistently take such a form or be carried to such a pitch as to argue incapacity or marked discomfort on his part; as the exhibition would in that case show not superior force, but inferiority, and so defeat its own purpose. So, then, wherever wasteful expenditure and the show

of abstention from effort is normally, or on an average, carried to the extent of showing obvious discomfort or voluntarily induced physical disability, there the immediate inference is that the individual in question does not perform this wasteful expenditure and undergo this disability for her own personal gain in pecuniary repute, but in behalf of some one else to whom she stands in a relation of economic dependence; a relation which in the last analysis must, in economic theory, reduce itself to a relation of servitude.

To apply this generalization to women's dress, and put the matter in concrete terms: the high heel, the skirt, the impracticable bonnet, the corset, and the general disregard of the wearer's comfort which is an obvious feature of all civilized women's apparel, are so many items of evidence to the effect that in the modern civilized scheme of life the woman is still, in theory, the economic dependent of the man—that, perhaps in a highly idealized sense, she still is the man's chattel. The homely reason for all this conspicuous leisure and attire on the part of women lies in the fact that they are servants to whom, in the differentiation of economic functions, has been delegated the office of putting in evidence their master's ability to pay.

There is a marked similarity in these respects between the apparel of women and that of domestic servants, especially liveried servants. In both there is a very elaborate show of unnecessary expensiveness, and in both cases there is also a notable disregard of the physical comfort of the wearer. But the attire of the lady goes farther in its elaborate insistence on the idleness, if not on the physical infirmity of the wearer, than does that of the domestic. And this is as it should be; for in theory, according to the ideal scheme of the pecuniary culture, the lady of the house is the chief menial of the household.

Besides servants, currently recognized as such, there is at least one other class of persons whose garb assimilates them to the class of servants and shows many of the features that go to make up the womanliness of woman's dress. This is the priestly class. Priestly vestments show, in accentuated form, all the features that have been shown to be evidence of a servile status and a vicarious life. Even more strikingly than the everyday habit of the priest, the vestments, properly so called, are ornate, grotesque, inconvenient, and, at least ostensibly, comfortless to the point of distress. The priest is at the same time expected to refrain from useful effort and, when before the public eye, to present an impassively disconsolate countenance, very

much after the manner of a well-trained domestic servant. The shaven face of the priest is a further item to the same effect. This assimilation of the priestly class to the class of body servants, in demeanor and apparel, is due to the similarity of the two classes as regards economic function. In economic theory, the priest is a body servant, constructively in attendance upon the person of the divinity whose livery he wears. His livery is of a very expensive character, as it should be in order to set forth in a befitting manner the dignity of his exalted master; but it is contrived to show that the wearing of it contributes little or nothing to the physical comfort of the wearer, for it is an item of vicarious consumption, and the repute which accrues from its consumption is to be imputed to the absent master, not to the servant.

The line of demarcation between the dress of women, priests, and servants, on the one hand, and of men, on the other hand, is not always consistently observed in practice, but it will scarcely be disputed that it is always present in a more or less definite way in the popular habits of thought. There are of course also free men, and not a few of them, who, in their blind zeal for faultless reputable attire, transgress the theoretical line between man's and woman's dress, to the extent of arraying themselves in apparel that is obviously designed to vex the mortal frame; but everyone recognizes without hesitation that such apparel for men is a departure from the normal. We are in the habit of saying that such dress is "effeminate"; and one sometimes hears the remark that such or such an exquisitely attired gentleman is as well dressed as a footman.

Certain apparent discrepancies under this theory of dress merit a more detailed examination, especially as they mark a more or less evident trend in the later and maturer development of dress. The vogue of the corset offers an apparent exception from the rule of which it has here been cited as an illustration. A closer examination, however, will show that this apparent exception is really a verification of the rule that the vogue of any given element or feature in dress rests on its utility as an evidence of pecuniary standing. It is well known that in the industrially more advanced communities the corset is employed only within certain fairly well defined social strata. The women of the poorer classes, especially of the rural population, do not habitually use it, except as a holiday luxury. Among these classes the women have to work hard, and it avails them little in the way of a pretense of leisure to so crucify the flesh in everyday life. The holi-

day use of the contrivance is due to imitation of a higher-class canon of decency. Upwards from this low level of indigence and manual labor, the corset was until within a generation or two nearly indispensable to a socially blameless standing for all women, including the wealthiest and most reputable. This rule held so long as there still was no large class of people wealthy enough to be above the imputation of any necessity for manual labor and at the same time large enough to form a self-sufficient, isolated social body whose mass would afford a foundation for special rules of conduct within the class, enforced by the current opinion of the class alone. But now there has grown up a large enough leisure class possessed of such wealth that any aspersion on the score of enforced manual employment would be idle and harmless calumny; and the corset has therefore in large measure fallen into disuse within this class.

The exceptions under this rule of exemption from the corset are more apparent than real. They are the wealthy classes of countries with a lower industrial structure—nearer the archaic, quasi-industrial type—together with the later accessions of the wealthy classes in the more advanced industrial communities. The latter have not yet had time to divest themselves of the plebeian canons of taste and of reputability carried over from their former, lower pecuniary grade. Such survival of the corset is not infrequent among the higher social classes of those American cities, for instance, which have recently and rapidly risen into opulence. If the word be used as a technical term, without any odious implication, it may be said that the corset persists in great measure through the period of snobbery—the interval of uncertainty and of transition from a lower to the upper levels of pecuniary culture. That is to say, in all countries which have inherited the corset it continues in use wherever and so long as it serves its purpose as an evidence of honorific leisure by arguing physical disability in the wearer. The same rule of course applies to other mutilations and contrivances for decreasing the visible efficiency of the individual.

Something similar should hold true with respect to divers items of conspicuous consumption, and indeed something of the kind does seem to hold to a slight degree of sundry features of dress, especially if such features involve a marked discomfort or appearance of discomfort to the wearer. During the past one hundred years there is a tendency perceptible, in the development of men's dress especially, to discontinue methods of expenditure and the use of symbols of leisure which must have been irksome, which may have served a good pur-

pose in their time, but the continuation of which among the upper classes today would be a work of supererogation; as, for instance, the use of powdered wigs and of gold lace, and the practice of constantly shaving the face. There has of late years been some slight recrudescence of the shaven face in polite society, but this is probably a transient and unadvised mimicry of the fashion imposed upon body servants, and it may fairly be expected to go the way of the powdered wig of our grandfathers.

These indices, and others which resemble them in point of the boldness with which they point out to all observers the habitual uselessness of those persons who employ them, have been replaced by other, more delicate methods of expressing the same fact; methods which are no less evident to the trained eyes of that smaller, select circle whose good opinion is chiefly sought. The earlier and cruder method of advertisement held its ground so long as the public to which the exhibitor had to appeal comprised large portions of the community who were not trained to detect delicate variations in the evidences of wealth and leisure. The method of advertisement undergoes a refinement when a sufficiently large wealthy class has developed, who have the leisure for acquiring skill in interpreting the subtler signs of expenditure. "Loud" dress becomes offensive to people of taste, as evincing an undue desire to reach and impress the untrained sensibilities of the vulgar. To the individual of high breeding, it is only the more honorific esteem accorded by the cultivated sense of the members of his own high class that is of material consequence. Since the wealthy leisure class has grown so large, or the contact of the leisure-class individual with members of his own class has grown so wide, as to constitute a human environment sufficient for the honorific purpose, there arises a tendency to exclude the baser elements of the population from the scheme even as spectators whose applause or mortification should be sought. The result of all this is a refinement of methods, a resort to subtler contrivances, and a spiritualization of the scheme of symbolism in dress. And as this upper leisure class sets the pace in all matters of decency, the result for the rest of society also is a gradual amelioration of the scheme of dress. As the community advances in wealth and culture, the ability to pay is put in evidence by means which require a progressively nicer discrimination in the beholder. This nicer discrimination between advertising media is in fact a very large element of the higher pecuniary culture.



THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT*

SLOAN WILSON

Commentators upon the American scene are constantly summing up facets of American life with pithy phrases that more frequently pucker the picture rather than portray it accurately. America is the society of "beer cans by the highway," "cracks in the picture window," "split-level traps." If we are to believe these commentators, the world in which management man lives is far more dangerous than the jungle from which his ancestors emerged, far more threatening than the ravages with which nature had affronted man since Eden, and far more self-deluding than the world of the ancient hunter who painted on walls so that he might successfully bag his deer.

In all fairness, management man has made a little progress. After all, he does open the beer can with something except his teeth.

Some of the most perceptive pictures of our time continue to appear not in these imaginative reports but in the stories and novels that try to convey more succinctly and with more sensitivity the pressures, problems and, as The New York Times once said, "the tribal customs of the men in gray flannel suits." As American as the fantasy of Mom's apple pie, The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit has nonetheless

* From: The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit (Simon and Shuster, Inc.) 1955.

been translated and published into nineteen different foreign editions.

In the following selection from Sloan Wilson's The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit, there is more than one echo familiar to every management man, woman, and we dare say, child. In this vignette the morning of management life starts with a bang.

When Tom awoke in the morning, Betsy was already dressed. Her hair was combed and she had put on lipstick.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Six-thirty."

"Good God," he said. "Go away. I've another hour to sleep."

"No you *don't*," she said. "No more rushing for the train."

"What?"

"This is the new regime. We're going to have a leisurely breakfast before you go to work."

"Oh, God!" he said.

The three children came in and stood by the bed staring at him. Their hair was all combed, and they had on freshly ironed clothes. "Momma got us up early," Janey said mournfully. "Are you going to get up too?"

"He certainly is!" Betsy said. "Tom, I've got a lot of important things I want to say to you. Get up this minute!"

There didn't seem to be much chance of getting any more sleep, so Tom climbed out of bed, groped his way to the bathroom, and started to shave. When he went downstairs, he heard a coffeepot percolating. The coffee smelled good. In the kitchen he found the breakfast table fully set and waffles cooking. "What's going on?" he asked Betsy.

"Breakfast," she said. "No more instant coffee. No more grabbing a piece of toast to eat on the way to the station. We're going to start living sanely."

He sat down and poured some maple sirup on a waffle.

"No more hotdogs and hamburgers for dinner," Betsy said. "I'm going to start making stews and casseroles and roasts and things."

"Just watch the grocery bill," he said.

"No more television."

"What?"

"No more television. I'm going to give the damn set away."

"What for?"

"Bad for the kids," she said. "Instead of shooin' them off to the

television set, we're going to sit in a family group and read aloud. And you ought to get your mandolin fixed up. We could have friends in and sing—we've been having too much passive entertainment."

Tom poured himself a fragrant cup of coffee. "I'll need the television for my work," he said.

Betsy ignored him. "No more homogenized milk," she said. "We're going to save two cents a quart and shake the bottle ourselves."

"Fine."

"And we're going to church every Sunday. We're going to stop lying around Sunday mornings, drinking Martinis. We're going to church in a family group."

"All right."

"Peter!" Betsy said.

Pete had just slowly and deliberately poured half the bottle of maple sirup over his waffle. The sirup had overflowed the plate and was now dripping on the floor. "You know you shouldn't do that!"

"Don't be cross," Janey said. "It was an accident."

"It was *not* an accident," Barbara said. "He did it on purpose. I saw him."

"Don't be a tattletale," Betsy said, wiping up the sirup with a damp rag. "You children are going to learn some table manners. No waffles for you, Pete."

Pete immediately began to howl at the top of his lungs. "Give him his waffle," Tom said hastily. "It was an accident."

"No," Betsy said. "We're going to start having some consistent punishment around here."

Pete put his thumb in his mouth and stared at her solemnly.

"It's almost time for me to catch my train," Tom said. "Are you going to drive me to the station, or can I take the car?"

"You're going to walk!" she said. "It's time you started getting some exercise."

"I'm going to take the car," he said. "Unless you want to drive me."

"Can't you walk?"

"I'm tired this morning," he said. "Are you going to drive, or shall I take the car?"

"I'll drive," she said judiciously. "Get in the car, kids!"

The children scrambled into the car. All the way to the station, Betsy sat uncomfortably erect. Hardly any cars were at the station

when they got there, and they saw they had ten minutes to wait for the train. They sat in silence.

"You think I'm being silly, don't you?" Betsy said suddenly.

"I'm just a little startled."

"We ought to start doing the things we believe in," she said. "We've got a lot of hard work ahead of us, and we better start now."

He kissed her and went to buy his paper. On the train it was both cool and quiet. He sank down in a blue plush-covered seat. All up and down the aisle men were sitting, motionless and voiceless, reading their papers. Tom opened his and read a long story about negotiations in Korea. A columnist debated the question of when Russia would have hydrogen bombs to drop on the United States. Tom folded his paper and stared out the window at the suburban stations gliding by. He wondered what it would be like to work for Ogden and Hopkins, and he wondered whether Betsy's schemes could possibly turn out successfully. What would happen if he got fired by Hopkins and Betsy's real-estate deals turned into a fiasco?

"It doesn't really matter." The words came to his mind so clearly that he half thought someone had spoken them in his ear.

"Here goes nothing."

IV. MANAGEMENT

MAN

Some Of His Problems



IF YOU ARE FEELING DOWN, READ THIS*

ROGER PRICE

Management man no longer attacks the elements as did the farmer, the sailor, the hunter: he can, as William H. Whyte advises, attack the organization or better still, if we are to judge by the folklore of organization literature, attack personality tests. In a field where "ethics," "judgment," "integrity," "ability," are so rampant, it is curious that dishonesty is so widely heralded. In *THE ORGANIZATION MAN*, William Whyte suggested that there was but one way to combat the personality test: cheat. Darrell Huff, author of *HOW TO LIE WITH STATISTICS* suggests "an effective method of defeating a personality test is simply to adopt another ready-made personality." Mr. Huff once took a personality test himself by simply imagining that he himself was Willis Wayde, whom we have met on pages 171. In that disguise, Mr. Huff was "friendly, tactful, sympathetic, able to express the feelings appropriate to the moment." He was "sensitive to praise and criticism and eager to conform." He was persevering, conscientious, orderly in all matters, adaptable, idealistic, loyal, and happy working with other people.

The truth is, of course, that personality tests have emerged as a tool to help us in this ever complex world. Very few people who have undertaken such tests have the objectivity

* From: *In One Head and Out the Other* (New York: Simon and Schuster, Inc.) 1951.

that makes it possible for them to understand the theory behind them. It is helpful to know whether we are squares in round holes, or, if we may paraphrase the greatest humorous sociologist in this field, Roger Price, whether we are just squares.

The following is a personality test you may safely take without loss of prestige, job, status, or even morale. If you are feeling high, you will rate very well; and if you are feeling down, the results will amaze you.

Think how superior you are to a cherrystone clam. Think how much more superior you are to the clam than the most important man who ever lived is superior to you.

Let us look at the difference between man and the clam. In order to arrive at a scientific estimate of the contrast, I recently compared my brother Clarence and an exceptionally fine specimen of Long Island clam. I conducted an exhaustive series of tests, and I append here a table showing the results, which even exceeded my hopeful expectations.

Subject	Clarence	Clam
MOTOR ABILITY	+12	+18
SENSE OF HUMOR	+40	+40
I.Q.	97	121
PHYSICAL ATTRACTIVENESS	+3	+2
ABILITY TO REMAIN UNDER WATER	-53	+705
NEATNESS	-16	+83
TASTE WITH HORSERADISH	+60	+60
ABILITY TO KEEP MOUTH SHUT	+227	-55
HONESTY	-91	+100
PING-PONG	+300	-300
SEX ACTIVITY	-4	+1
POLITICAL INFLUENCE	-15	-705

TOTALS—Clarence: Plus (+) 560

Clam: Minus (-) 30

These tests proved Clarence's superiority over the clam beyond question.*

It is clear now that any man is infinitely more superior to a clam than any other man is superior to him! Think this over for a while.

* One uninvited observer, a Dr. Carl Gassoway, claimed that the differential in Clarence's favor was due entirely to the inclusion of "ping-pong" in the test, which he said was unfair. This is destructive thinking. I think this man should be put away somewhere.



CONFORMITY*

MELVILLE DALTON

Conformity, communication, and certainty are a triple threat to corporation man. Most large companies go out of their way to stress that in their company conformity has been overcome; far from it. Modern Office Procedures recently queried fifty-three companies. They found out that two types of conformity were found almost everywhere in greater or lesser degrees:

There are two types of conformity, we found out. One is petty and annoying. The other is far more damaging. The first is a surface conformity that irritates good men but doesn't curb initiative. It dictates how men dress, the part of town they live in, the size of their office and how they're furnished, the kind of car they drive. 'This company forbids sports cars in management parking lots,' a department head said. But another company man reported, 'if you want to advance here, you'd better drive a sports car.' In other companies men linger for a half hour or so after quitting time because, as one executive told us, 'we're expected to.' Practically every company has its own pet idiosyncracies. They gnaw at good men, but don't siphon off talent or initiative. None of the men we talked to said they'd left a company because of them.

But the attitude changed completely when our talks veered to the second type of conformity—the enforcing adherence to a company's customary, tradition-bound ways of viewing new ideas and ways. Good men rankle at the restrictions imposed on

* From: *Men Who Manage* (New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc.) 1959.

them. They're the people companies can't afford to lose, but in their ranks there's bitterness, discouragement, and discontent.

It is unlikely that this problem of corporate life will ever be satisfactorily resolved. But Melville Dalton of the Institute of Industrial Relations at the University of California probes deeper than most in his famous book, *Men Who Manage*. In the following selection, he gives an unusually interesting evaluation of conformity today.

The individual is a product of groups. In his development from infancy, he conforms to major demands of his group, or seems to when he cannot. If he fails he is punished. Over the years he is shaped by conformity to ever mounting expectations. As a responsible adult he continues to be punished for nonconformity. In the role of say, production worker, he observes output standards, or is excluded as a "rate-buster," an ostracism few can tolerate. As a staff functionary, he must either curb his "free-wheeling" impulses or reduce his career hopes. G. H. Mead makes the point that much human behavior is built up internally and covertly before it reaches overt expression, which it often does not. This is exploratory conformity which, when the individual learns that his fermenting actions will be unacceptable, enables him obligingly to seem to conform. Obviously weariness with the battle, a limitation of every nervous system and habit structure, also forces a measure of conformity.

Thus we need not be confirmed cynics to admit that much conformity is purposeful—though some of it may be an end in itself. We profess to be individualists but find it wise to observe proprieties for the sake of reward. This is an ancient practice. To preserve order and ease of control in the sphere of government, for example, individualistic monarchs from Antiochus IV through Augustus and Lorenzo the Magnificent have clothed their force by seeming conformity to democratic processes. Maturing societies increasingly demand more conformity and control of feelings as a mark of "good-breeding." Other pressures for another kind of conformity are tritely obvious when such societies are also, as with ours, assuming a larger and more dangerous role in world affairs.

The spread of bureaucratic structures requires increasing conformity. This pressure reaches its highest form where corps of specialists are developed to uncover deviations and maintain records of merit and demerit. Here executives with festering egos demand superficial obeisance, if not a clear "yes." As all covertly battle for the enlarged package of honors and rewards that come at each higher level, seeming conformity is saintly and overt individualism is madness.

CONDITIONS PROMOTING CONFORMITY

In the larger society conformity has become a medium of exchange. Life demands that we be aware of neighbors with whom we are unlikely ever to be intimate because of the rapid events and superficial experiences in which we are all caught up. We know our mobile neighbors are different, but the distractions of our "ersatz diversion and synthetic excitement" keep us from knowing how different. In our touch-and-go life we necessarily base many of our actions on flimsy impressions. Denied full knowledge, our inconstant relations only spur us to wear a better disguise before those who are stranger than strangers. For even where relations have a pseudo-permanence, we find that many of those with whom we must live are intentionally elusive. Bound to them by an interest, and having to take positions toward things we cannot keep up with, we cooperate to support the front we share. We have no choice but to don a protective coloration as we dip and sample here and there.

In earlier days, before transportation and communication devices shrank our physical world and enlarged our social universe, our organizations were different and our individualism more exposed. Today there are no means of pinning the personality down to one organization. Shifting and tangential society and organizations are increasingly based on front and prefigured defenses. The social facade covers name-changing, religion-changing and the hiding of one's past, which gears, as Stein noted, with the necessity in large organizations that status-givers reward in part on the basis of surmises about candidates.* Capability is measured more by fugitive impressions than by testing, because the essential survival abilities are often overlooked as aspirants prepare relevant impressions to fit the irrelevant criteria they must meet.

To deal with the world, the organization must present an inviting exterior and a promise of superior execution. Swamped in doubts, the leader must have assurance of internal loyalty when he acts. Conformity is one assurance he rewards. As T. H. Huxley noted in a famous letter to Herbert Spencer on the question of whether the re-

* To my suggestion that he refine his personnel forms for recruitment of staff people, a West Coast executive declared that he had "no time to check on people, and besides they don't put down the facts. I don't mind people lying about their past—we all lie (looking at me challengingly). I just want them to be able to do what they say they can."

mains of unconventional George Eliot should rest in Westminster Abbey, "Those who elect to be free in thought and deed must not hanker after the rewards . . . which the world offers to those who put up with its fetters."

In today's vast systems of rationality the individual conforms as he evades their schemes of detection. Some members find room for personal choice and ingenuity as they strain and thrill in meeting appearances. Others conform to avoid conflict and to maintain the demanded tranquillity and uniformity which de Tocqueville saw as the passion of people and government alike in all democratic countries. Such conformity is especially characteristic of American middle class groups today. But many individual managers and workers do "fight the organization" and there are "individual dynamics" as we saw in the anonymous communications, deliberate misinterpretation of rules for personal, protective, and constructive reasons; the unofficial use of materials and services to reward differential contributions, to cement essential relations; the adaptation of labor contracts; and the "agreements between gentlemen," which allow each "to assume that the other is acting honorably even if he is morally certain that he is not."

The typical firm is thus a shifting set of contained disruptions, powered and guided by differentially skilled and committed persons. Its unofficial aspects bulk large but are shrouded in a bureaucratic cloak. To satisfy our eternal urge toward consistency we may call this conformity hypocritical, but we must not hypocritically refuse to recognize its protective function for what it is and denounce as hypocrites those executives who do. Conformity in this sense has a function similar to the built-in but unconscious false appearances among other animals, which biologists call "protective mimicry." The individual in the large organization or mobile society, like the uncalculating animals, is also a defenseless creature who calculatingly practices deception for safety's sake against the invisible threats around him.* Since only isolated fanatics spurn such protective coloration, most of those who attack the practice do so to camouflage their own interests.

* These threats are too widely known and believed to be entirely fanciful, and they have long had a function in systems of authority and responsibility. Over four centuries ago a diplomat-historian confidentially advised a practice that is more possible now than then: "When one in authority desires to chastise or revenge himself on an inferior, let him not act hastily, but await time and occasion. For if only he go warily, an opportunity will surely come when, without displaying rancour or passion, he may satisfy his desire either wholly or in part." Francesco Guicciardini, *Ricordi*, S. F. Vanni, New York, 1949.

*JUST ONE OF THE BOYS**

HARVEY SWADOS

In the management world, Harvey Swados' voice has not been well heard despite the ringing clarity and beauty of his writing. Author of the novel *On The Line*, a teacher at Sarah Lawrence College, Mr. Swados has some highly original comments to make upon our society. "I am," says Mr. Swados, "by profession a writer who has had occasion to work in factories in various times during the '30's, '40's and '50's." On the basis of his own observations, Mr. Swados has attempted to explode the theory that "we are almost all middle class as to income and expectation. Almost without exception," continues Mr. Swados, "the men with whom I worked on the assembly line felt like trapped animals. Depending upon their age and circumstances, they were either resigned to their fate, furiously angry at themselves for what they were doing, or desperately hunting other work that would pay as well and in addition offer some variety, some prospect of change and betterment. They were sick of being pushed around by harried foremen (themselves more pitied than hated), sick of working like blinkered donkeys, sick of being dependent for their livelihood on a maniacal production merchandising set-up, sick of working in a place where there is no spot to relax in the twelve-minute rest period. (Some day—let us hope—we will marvel at production so worshiped in the '50's, that new factories could be built with every splendid facility for the storage and movement of

* From: *On The Line* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) 1957.

essential parts, but there was no place for a resting worker to sit down for a moment but on a fire plug, the edge of a packing case, or the sputum, oil-stained stairway of a toilet.)”

Mr. Swados argues that the blue collar worker has not been raised to the level of the middle class, as sociologists would have it, but rather that Organization Man himself is perhaps being proletarianized. “Perhaps it is not taking place quite in the way that Marx envisaged it, but the alienation of the white collar man (like that of the laborer) from both his tools and whatever he produces, the slavery that chains the ex-urbanite to the commuter timetable (as the worker is still chained to the time-clock), the anxiety that sends the white-collar man home with his briefcase for an evening’s work (as it degrades the workingman into pleading for long hours of overtime), the displacement of the white-collar slum from the wrong side of the tracks to the suburbs (just as the working-class slum is moved from old-law tenements to skyscraper barracks)—all these mean to me that the white-collar man is entering (though his arms may be loaded with commodities) the grey world of the working man.”

That grey world of the working man is none the less dramatized by Mr. Swados in dramatic black and white in the following story “Just One of the Boys.” Not only is Mr. Swados articulately aware of some of the major problems facing the business world today, he is also keenly aware of those minute problems waged in the heart of a man to dictate how and why he does, or does not, accomplish a good job on the job. The conflict of a worker who has been moved out of the line to become a foreman is portrayed more vividly in “Just One of the Boys” than any other more “scientific” study of this world.

Looking back on twenty-five years of factory life, Buster felt reasonably proud that he had always supported his wife and daughter decently, and had worked up to becoming a foreman without acquiring the reputation of being either a climber or a schemer. He emphasized the soberness of his North German face in one way with a cigar, in another with the heavy-lensed eyeglasses that his increasing nearsightedness forced on him. When he thought how his once powerful father, crippled in an industrial accident, had wasted away uselessly in a wheel chair, a burden instead of a provider to his wife and children, Buster was inclined not so much to complain about having had to go to work at fourteen, as to be pleased with what he had achieved as an uneducated man.

Buster had stuck it out on the auto assembly line as a spot welder for sixteen years, through the depression and most of the war; and when he put away his staff sergeant's uniform and came home from Louisiana, he claimed his seniority, no longer with any great expectations but feeling that it was only prudent, especially with rising expenses and a daughter starting school. Within a year he became a foreman; from time to time he was shifted from one line to another, but always it was made clear that his good qualities were appreciated, and there were even hints of better things to come.

Buster liked being a boss. "Never mind that I wear clean clothes now," he said to his wife one day. He held out his heavy hands to her across the kitchen table. "I worked for a long time and I'm willing to work again if I have to. What feels good is that I'm handling sixteen men because the company knows I know how to handle men. Not because I'm harder than the next man, or because I was against the union in the old days, or sucked around the bosses. The company knows where I stand and the men know where I stand." He could not keep from adding, "There's not many foremen can say that."

"I know, Carl," his wife replied. Her mind was on the hem of her daughter's dress that she was taking up. Lines were encircling Agnes's throat like necklaces and embedding themselves forever, and the truth was that she did not want him to be too satisfied. Before it was too late, she wanted him to move up again.

Buster was willing to make the effort, just as he was willing to recognize that the little things that went with being a boss gave him as much pleasure as his improved status gave his wife. After nine years of it, he still liked coming to work in a dirty place with clean clothes on and knowing that he was not going to get them dirty. And everything that went with clean clothes. Not having to punch a time clock, but dropping in early instead to the body shop office to sign in and sit around on a desk edge talking over production problems. Not having to eat out of a lunch box on the floor, or in the huge, prisonlike cafeteria with its long tables sprayed with spat-out grape pits, tipped-over sugar bowls, wet bread crusts expanding in pools of coffee, and cigarette butts put out in Jello, but at one of the quiet, clean tables in the supervisors' wing of the cafeteria. Not having to change into overalls in the vaulted locker rooms smelling of tired men and tired feet, but hanging his hat and sport jacket in the foremen's private locker room.

And of course the money. Just as it was better to be the man who handed out the sixteen pay checks than to be one of the sixteen who received them, it was better to know that the check given you privately was a salary, plus overtime that added up to a decent living.

Naturally you paid a penalty. You were constantly nagged by every boss who stood above you; there was no recourse if they chose to knife you, and if you wanted the job bad enough you held still and let them stick it into you. But to Buster this was the way life was; and if you were any good at handling sixteen workers, you ought to be pretty fair at handling sixteen bosses. After all these years the top brass knew him as well as they knew anyone at his level, and they didn't often chew him out as long as he pulled production on his line.

But then the company built an enormous new plant out in the sticks, and after the big move Buster found that his problems were not only multiplied but infinitely more complicated than he had ever thought possible. In the old factory they had been building cars for over a quarter of a century. Everyone knew where everything was; everybody knew everybody else—almost, anyway.

Here, however, there was a solid year of trial and error, of sweating and cursing and hiring and firing, of breakdown and repair, and even then production was not what it should have been; even then the big wheels rolled in from Michigan and struck terror into the heart of every boss in the building.

The basic trouble, as Buster was not alone in seeing, was that

there was no longer a solid core of men who were used to building cars, knew what was involved in sweat and labor, and wanted the jobs bad enough to turn up in fair weather or foul, on time and ready to work a full day plus as much overtime as would be needed to hit the production quota. Absenteeism was fantastic—you were sure of having enough men to keep the line rolling only on payday—and the turnover was something unbelievable unless you stood there and watched the faces come and go, come and go, in such numbers that you had to give up trying to learn their names because most of them wouldn't stay long enough to make it worth while bothering.

"As soon as you try to get them to see just beyond their noses," he complained to his wife, "they take the attitude you're a company man. I pick up pieces of lead six and eight inches long that my solder flowers have thrown away because they can't be bothered flowing with a short stick, and I tell them the price of a hundred pounds of lead . . . and they laugh at me. I keep the sandpaper locked up according to instructions, and hand the boys out one piece at a time. They ask me why I'm so stingy, they ask me if I'm paying for it, and when I tell them that every single abrasive disc—the ones they toss around like kids with flying saucers—costs fifty cents, you know what they say?" He took a gulp of coffee. "They say, So what. You can't even get them to see that their jobs depend on keeping costs down. Even if you could, I don't think they'd care.

"Believe me, what the company did when they moved was to saddle us foremen with more headaches than we ever had. We're supposed to pull more production than at the old plant with a bunch of guys that walk in not knowing one end of a screwdriver from the other, and are just as apt to walk out at the end of the day and never show up again."

Agnes raised her eyes briefly from the stocking whose toe she was mending. She said mechanically, "It's a shame."

"It's asking too much. You can't make a quality product with just a mob. That's all you've got is a mob, different faces every day." Buster put down his coffee cup with a clatter and took off his glasses to wipe off the steam that had arisen from it. "Damn it, sometimes I wish they'd never built the new plant. We were all better off before."

Agnes smiled tolerantly. "Carl, you know that's silly. If it hadn't been for moving out to the country, we'd never have bought this nice house in a nice community, with Jeanie having a chance to meet re-

fined boys and get away from the riffraff." She added hastily, "And with you not having to go far to work. It's worth putting up with some inconveniences when you think of the progress we've made just in this year alone. That's a sweet boy Jeanie's out with tonight, you know? A college boy."

"Inconveniences. What a word for the headaches I've got." Buster stood up and opened his belt. "Going to bed, Aggie. Sorry I can't wait up with you, but I'm beat."

For the first time, Agnes was stirred. She put down the stocking and raised her face for his kiss. "I feel bad for you, Carl. But it can't get worse, it has to get better. And if I was you I wouldn't let the company forget what I've been doing for them."

Buster smiled grimly to himself on the way to work the next morning as he recalled his wife's naïve bedtime comment. After all these years, she still didn't know the facts of life; it was lucky, he thought, that he'd taken her out of the beauty shop and insisted on her being a housewife.

When his men started coming in, he gave them each a hello as they ambled up from the time clock, opened their toolboxes and put on their aprons. It was always his policy to say hello and good-by to his men no matter how grumpy he or they felt. He wanted them to like him and respect him, not to fear or mistrust him. There were a few who understood, he was sure—men like Harold, the drunken artist, and old Pop, the inspector who had been around for a thousand years, and probably Orrin, his one good metal finisher, who was doubtless going to be made a boss one of these days; but they were a tiny minority. For the rest you had to keep the line going with men who—even if they grudgingly admired you—assumed that you were really there to make them sweat.

"Here," he would say to a new man standing around with his file dangling from his hand, trying to look interested, "let me show you how to use that. Guide it with your left hand. Keep your thumb and forefinger spread across the back of the file, and then just let it glide back and forth, like this. Don't rub, don't grip too hard. You know why?" he would smile at the awkward, nervous man. "Because this file can wear you down quicker than it can wear down the metal. Take it slow, easy and steady, remember to guide it, not force it, and you'll do fine."

The responses were varied, but Buster held to the patient ap-

proach, treating the newcomers, he explained, as he would have wanted to be treated himself. There were times when he lost his temper, mostly when the pressure was on and Hawks the body shop supervisor and some of the engineering wheels were standing around. Then he would yell and chew a man out for the work he'd left undone or the job he'd botched. Usually, however, he tried to stick to persuasion.

"Now look at that," he would say sadly, pointing to a low spot on a job one of his men had walked away from. "Would you buy that car?"

Or, when Hawks put the heat on him to have the men identify their work, he would pass among them with a box of chalk. "Don't make me tell you again," he would complain in as low a voice as possible. "They want to know which jobs are which. If you don't put your initials on every job you do, you'll wind up with a reprimand."

It seemed to him that the men on the line, even those who came and went like ghosts, must know that he was doing his best both to pull production and to cover for them, even when he screamed at them at the top of his lungs.

"Buster is the best boss in the shop." He had heard it with his own ears; he knew the word got around, and he knew that it was true.

He had constantly to be teaching these new men how to metal-finish, and as soon as one was well broken in, he would quit. That made no difference to the production men, who expected you to turn out forty units an hour if you had to do it singlehanded. And to top it off the job-study engineers began to make tests on his line. They tried having his metal finishers do every fourth job instead of every third, but do the entire side instead of only the rear quarterpanel. This freed the metal finishers who had been specializing in front doors for other work, but it left Buster holding a bagful of complaints from men who didn't like to work in the first place and now felt that they had been tricked and overburdened. All he could say was that experiments were being made to expedite the work, and that nobody was going to be asked to do more than he was capable of doing. But since most of the men were new and probationary employees, they could not bitch to the union.

Buster did what he could. "I guess you don't believe it," he would say to a boy like Walter, who filed his heart out but still did miserable work, "but I used to work myself. Put in sixteen years be-

fore they made me a boss, so I know how the workingman feels. Here, let me show you that, if I can." And as Walter wiped his sweaty forehead on his sleeve, Buster took up the file, buried his arm in the trunk, and reached far forward to tap at the difficult dent, cheering the boy along as he showed him how to do it. "I know exactly how it feels to have the damn things keep coming one after the other. Sometimes you wish the line would break down, right? What a wonderful feeling when you look back and see a great big gap in the line between the one you're finishing and the next one!" And he laughed to see the boy flush guiltily.

But then the engineers decided to shake up yet another operation. Two men put the cast-iron hooks and chains on the cars on Buster's line: one hooked up the front ends, the other the back, so that each car could be swung into the air at the end of the line and floated into the bonderizing booth to be rust-proofed. These two men also fitted on the lighter hooks on which the doors were hung for both station wagons and panel trucks. Since their work was heavy (the hooks and chains weighed about twenty pounds apiece) but so unskilled that it would be learned in two minutes by anyone with two hands and a strong back, there was a tremendous turnover on the job. Already Buster had had a crazy Negro who sang at the top of his lungs, an Irishman just in from the old country, several big, sad, stupid men, and a number of crafty kids who didn't want to do heavy work, or any work at all if they could help it. The ones who quit, quit; from among the others Buster picked out those who seemed to have some sense and set them to work learning metal-finishing, which paid fifteen cents an hour more than the crude work they were doing. Always he knew, though, that the hook men were the easiest to replace.

Now, however, the experts decided that the smaller hooks could be installed at the very beginning of the line by the man who gunned the door plates and had been clocked as having time to spare. This left only the big chains and hooks to be attached. It was the engineers' opinion that this could be done by one man instead of two if he would pick up one hook with each hand and mount the line between two jobs, doing first the back of one car, then the front of the car directly behind it on the line.

They explained it to Buster before the day's siren blew, hitching up their belts beneath their white shirts and surrounding him aggressively, as if to shut off his complaints.

He said formally, "Those hooks get heavy."

"We've weighed them. They're well within the—"

"The point is that they get heavier as the day goes along. Especially if you ask a man to climb up and down with one in each hand. They're used to resting them against the stomach. You can't do that if you have to pick up two at a time."

"Let's try it," the little time-and-motion man said with finality. He raised his voice as the starting siren went off. "Where's your hook man?"

"I haven't got any yet. They took them both off to work in the duck pond yesterday. Horton is going to bring me a couple replacements from the employment office in a little while. Any minute."

They glanced at their stop watches. "We'll be back."

Then Horton, the production man, five years younger than Buster but five notches higher because he had an engineering degree and also, Buster was convinced, because he was a Mason like all the big wheels, came hustling up on his wiry bowlegs, towing along two new men, one old, one young. They stood at one side, new toolboxes in their hands, trying to look unconcerned as Horton spoke to Buster.

"Here's your men. You're only supposed to have one on the hooks."

"I know."

"Use the young kid for it. He's stronger."

Buster suppressed his anger. What kind of moron did Horton take him for?

"Besides," Horton finished, "the old boy's experienced. You won't hardly have to break him in." He lifted his hand abruptly in farewell and took off, humming as he bummed a ride on a passing engineer's bike.

Buster wheeled to examine the two men and discovered that the old boy, puffy and paunchy in his turned-up new dungarees, was staring at him with his head cocked to one side. He looked familiar.

"Say," Buster said tentatively, "don't I—"

"It's Frank, Buster. Frank's the name. I used to metal-finish when you were spot-welding, remember? It's been twenty years."

"Well, I'll be damned."

They shook hands. Claspings the older man's soft, tired hand, Buster found himself wondering why a man his age had to come back

to work here after all these years. A little embarrassed, he said, "Welcome back."

"Thanks. I see a lot of faces—"

"Excuse me. The line's starting up, and I've got to get this other fellow going on the hooks. Start filing on the doors with that guy in the railroad cap, will you?" Buster turned to the glum youngster, who looked as though his mother had sent him off to work against his will. "Okay, put your gloves on, fellow, and I'll show you what I want of you."

He was a tall, doughy-faced Italian, with glittering black hair that he wore very long, completely covering the tops of his ears and meeting in back in what Buster had heard described as a duck's-ass haircut. His complexion was very white and bloodless, and the back of his neck above his shirt collar was pitted with deep, black-centered acne scars. Buster was a good Catholic and believed devoutly in not judging his fellow man by background or nationality, but he could not help thinking that this one looked like those neighborhood gang-warriors that you read about in the magazines; it wouldn't be surprising if he carried a six-inch switch-blade knife.

The boy observed Buster coldly, saying nothing, only muttering and nodding his head when Buster asked if he understood the work. After a few minutes the boy seemed to have caught on and Buster left him. He returned to Frank for a moment, faced with the problem of explaining that it would be impossible to stand around reminiscing about the old days. It was not easy to do this without playing the big shot or needlessly wounding an older man, and Buster found that he was starting to sweat. He told Frank to keep at it, to help him show the youngsters how you could work steady without killing yourself, and he moved on.

The next time he had a chance to look over the line and see how things were going—it must have been an hour later—he saw the Italian boy all the way up the line near the platform, twenty feet past where he should have been working. He was running sweat, and his oiled hair was falling over his ears. As Buster approached, he jerked his head angrily.

"How's it going?" Buster asked.

"I ain't Superman, Mac," the boy snarled, as he flung an iron chain into the rear of a station wagon with a crash.

"You can call me Buster. I'll help you get caught up." Buster

half-trotted back to the head-high stack of hooks and chains that sat on a dolly at the middle of the line. Grabbing two, he hastened back to where he had been and hopped up onto the line. Crisscrossing each other, he and the boy had soon worked their way back to the center of the line.

"There you go," Buster said. He glanced down at the figured cotton sport shirt that Agnes had given him for his birthday—it was scored with red primer and dotted at the chest with droplets of sweat that had soaked through his undershirt. "Let's try to keep caught up, okay?"

"Christ," the boy said, and unloosed a torrent of obscene abuse on the factory and the entire auto industry. "I come in here to make a living, not to kill myself."

If the boy had looked and talked a bit differently, Buster would not only have sympathized with him, but would have tried to do something to lighten his load. As it was, he felt that the boy was swearing at him but didn't have the courage to do it directly. In the circumstances it was impossible to explain to the boy that he was being used as a guinea pig.

"Do the best you can," he said coldly. "You're entitled to twelve minutes' rest period before lunch. I'll check with the relief man to make sure you get your break."

"If I live that long," the boy replied.

Buster turned his back on him and sought out the relief man, who was doing Orrin's work.

"When Orrin comes back," he said, "get the new kid that's on the hooks. I don't want him griping that he didn't get his relief."

"When! When! How do I know when?" cried the relief man angrily. "Orrin cut his hand, he went to the hospital. He may be gone an hour. You want me to walk off his job here to make that kid happy?"

"Don't talk foolish. Stick with it, I'll see what I can do."

"You better not worry about the kid," the relief man warned as he bent to his work. "Better worry about all the guys that'll be on your neck for their relief if Orrin doesn't get back soon."

What the line needed, of course, was a utility man in addition to a relief man for just such situations, a good all-around man who could be slipped into any vacant slot in case of emergency. But the wheels wouldn't authorize the extra name on the payroll; they insisted that it

was part of Buster's job to train up his men to cut down on accidents and minimize emergency situations.

Buster would just as soon have pitched in and given his men their relief himself, but it was against the union contract for a boss to touch a tool. He was uneasily aware that somebody with a grudge might be small enough to turn him in for working, even though he was getting a relief that he would not otherwise have had. Or maybe Lou the union committeeman would come by and cite him for the violation. Lou was looking for an excuse to demand the hiring of a utility man and make himself a big shot for the next election.

Buster decided to circulate among his men. "We're in a jam," he said. "Orrin's stuck in the hospital and I don't think you're going to get any relief this morning."

"No relief!" one shouted. "With them running forty-five jobs an hour at us! What the hell's going on here? If nobody's going to get his relief, shut the line down for twelve minutes and we'll all take it together."

"Let's be reasonable. You know I can't do anything like that. I'll see that you make it up. Maybe after lunch."

His men were not only working at a hard, steady pace themselves, but whenever they had a chance they lent a hand to the new man, handing him hooks and chains from the pile, sometimes doing a job themselves.

One of them complained bitterly, "That new kid can't keep up doing a two-man job, not with the line going this fast. Not even with our help."

It was true. The boy was sweating furiously, trotting, lifting, cursing steadily. One of the tails of his gaudy shirt had worked up in back and hung free over his trousers, which were, Buster now noticed, an old pair of dress pants cut in zoot style, billowing at the thigh and so tight at the cuff that his ankles seemed bound with bicycle clips. For some reason these draggy pants, which would have been at home in a candy store or a cheap saloon, not here where men were busy working hard, infuriated Buster. Still, he knew that he was being unfair, and he stepped back out into the aisle to see if he could spot the two engineers. Once they saw that they had miscalculated, he would be able to ask for another man.

But they were nowhere in sight. Naturally. He swore to himself

and hurried back to the boy, who raised his head and yelled. "This isn't work, it's slavery!"

Two of the men on the line looked up and laughed. There was no question about whose side they were on, and it made Buster feel as though in some subtle, indefinable way they were betraying him by siding with such a punk.

Nevertheless, he grasped one of the elephant-tusk hooks and was preparing to help the boy to catch up once again when he heard his name being called. He looked up and saw Hawks standing fifty feet ahead, one hand hooked in the fancy woven belt which he claimed a lady friend had given him, the other hand waving imperiously for Buster to hurry. Above his brilliant tie of stars, planets, and asteroids whirling dizzily against the white universe of his shirt, his mournful, hangdog face was set for unpleasantness.

Another one of those Masons, Buster thought angrily as he stomped toward him. With no preamble the supervisor swung out his ringed hand and rapped it sharply against the taillight hole of a car swaying in the air between him and Buster.

"Let's tighten up a little, what do you say," he said. "See if you can get your boys to understand that we've got to meet competition. Jobs like this one here can't go through."

It was true. There was an unchalked dent down low, below the taillight; but since it had slipped by Pop the inspector it was understandable that it should have been missed. Buster looked at the front of the job: it bore Orrin's initials. He put two fingers to his mouth and whistled up the relief man who was doing Orrin's work.

With deliberate slowness the relief man straightened up from his job and slouched forward to meet him. "Listen, Buster," he said flatly, ignoring the supervisor, who did not move but simply turned his back on them, "they're coming fast, and I got a lot of work. Can't your pick-up men take care of the little things we miss?"

"This isn't little." Buster pointed to the dent with his cigar. "You ought to know better than to let a job like this go by. You're getting a dime an hour extra for being a relief man. You want to keep on getting that dime, you better do the work right. Come on, clean it up and get back to your place."

The relief man flashed him a look of pure hatred. But he said nothing, instead dropped to one knee, inserted his arm with the file inside the taillight hole, and began to rap rhythmically at the dent.

Buster stood watching him for a moment. He could think of nothing to say that would take the sting out of what he had just said, and so at last he turned to Hawks.

"I'm shorthanded today," he said to the supervisor, "and they're trying to make the hooks a one-man job, and—"

"Shorthanded? Didn't they give you two new men? I saw the schedule sheet myself."

"Yes, but one is going to metal-finish. He's too old for the hooks anyway, and the other one is breaking his hump. He just can't keep up."

"I know you like to stick up for your men." Hawks pulled a pendulous earlobe and stared at him sadly. "That's fine. Now try sticking up for me a little. I've got to turn out three hundred and fifty units before the night shift comes on. Think about that. Next time you see Horton, give him your complaint."

Thus dismissed, Buster returned to the line, grabbed a hook, and hopped up to give the new boy a hand.

The boy was a mess. He had not put on an apron, and his front was splotted with red primer dust. His face was blotched with red, and with hatred and self-pity, and he muttered to himself unceasingly as he strove. My God, Buster thought, a crazy colored singer, a crazy Irish schoolteacher, a dozen assorted morons, and now a teen-age bum.

"Tell you something," he said to the boy as they stood back to back on the moving line, working together. "I know what it is to work. Don't think I don't sympathize with you. I used to work. I worked for sixteen years before they made me a boss. And I had plenty of rough days like you're having now. It's all part of the game."

"Sixteen years," the boy sneered incredulously. "You must have been some quick thinker."

Buster clamped his jaws shut tight. He jumped off the line and lifted up another hook. Panting a little now, he said, "Jobs weren't as easy to come by in those days as they are now. If you made a living you were grateful, and you hung on."

"Times have changed."

"They sure have," Buster said. "But I haven't. I started working when I was fourteen, and I worked too long and too hard to forget what it's like. That's why I feel I'm still just one of the boys in spite of the fact that I've been a boss for nine years."

"Who did you get to know after those sixteen years?" the boy asked insolently. "Or did you just wait for somebody to die off?"

Buster bit hard on his cigar. "You want to get anyplace in this world," he said coldly, "you better learn to smarten up."

The boy laughed as he flung back his long black hair. "I was born smarter," he replied, "than some of the characters around this dump."

Shortly after that, the man gunning the door plates ran out of screws; then an air hose broke and whirled lethally through the air, hissing and twirling madly like a crazed snake; one thing followed another, and Buster had no more chance to help the new boy. Once he glanced up and saw that although the boy was again so far behind that he was running from one end of the fast-moving line to the other, staggering under the weight of the hooks he carried, the other men, furious at being cheated out of their relief and at the way the boy was being treated, were giving him a hand whenever they could spare a few seconds. Finally Orrin came back from the hospital, and the relief man was freed to give some rest to at least a few of the men.

When the siren blew for lunch, Buster had no appetite. He bought a bowl of stew and a cup of coffee and sat down at his customary place with the foreman from the grinding booth and Halstein, boss inspector.

The grinding booth foreman looked at him sympathetically. "Tough day today, Buster?" he demanded between gulps of soup.

Buster opened his mouth to tell them and then thought better of it. He crumbled a cracker into the stew and shrugged. "The usual."

Then Halstein, who Buster suspected stood in well with the Masonic clique, started to talk about a three-dimensional kite his boy had built, and Buster hardly listened. His eyes were searching for the little time-study man, who slipped in and out of the cafeteria like a ghost. At last Buster spotted him, two minutes before they had to return. He hastened over to him.

"You fellows changed that operation into a one-man deal on my line," he said quickly, "but you never came around to check on it."

"Tied up," the little engineer said tersely.

"Now look, it's just too much for one man. I'm short-handed as it is. I told you before—"

"We'll get to you this afternoon. Keep your shirt on."

How could Agnes or anyone on the outside know how it was to

be caught in the middle between zoot-suiters and college hot shots? Sometimes, he thought, the advantages didn't outweigh the headaches, not at all; and he could understand the men who had turned down chances to be made foremen, or who had given up foremen's jobs and returned to production, where they were covered by the union and had no such worries, or had transferred into plant protection, where all they had to do was wear uniforms and look important. At his desk he lit a fresh cigar and, as the line started to roll once again, busied himself with the attendance sheets that had to be cleaned up. He had been at it for perhaps ten minutes and was just about finished when something, some instinctive feeling that all was not right, made him swivel about and stare.

For a moment everything looked normal. The line was going at a fairly fast clip and his men, their stomachs full, were working hard and steady. Then he realized what was wrong. None of the cars, not one of them, had any hooks on it—and the new boy was nowhere in sight.

His heart hammering, Buster leaped forward and took the nearest man by the arm.

"Where's that hook man? The new one?"

The metal finisher had an odd glint in his eye. "I haven't seen him since lunch."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Then seeing the man's face stiffen, "Never mind. Run down there and tell the relief man to come up here."

Without waiting, Buster grabbed two hooks and hurled them onto the station wagons before which he had been standing. If he did not get caught up within a very few minutes, the cars reaching the head of the line without hooks would not be able to swing off; they would pile up, and the entire line would have to be stopped. And it was on his neck.

Blindly, cursing the missing boy, Buster flung himself at the hooks and fastened them to the cars, bending over double in his haste. The blood rushed to his head and the vein in his left temple began to pound. He finished two jobs and ran headlong back to the stack of hooks for two more, his key ring falling from his pocket as he ran.

"What's on your mind, Buster?" the relief man asked him coolly.

Without pausing, Buster said over his shoulder, "Take over for me, will you, until I can find that son of a—"

"I'm not going to hang hooks all afternoon. I'm not paid for that. I'm not even supposed to relieve the hook man and you know it."

"It's not for all day. Just till that guy turns up."

"I doubt that he will. Somebody heard him say he was pulling out."

"What!"

"Sorry, Buster." The relief man's small eyes glittered maliciously. "Most of your men got no relief this morning. I can't gyp them out of it this afternoon too just because this kid took off." He sauntered away.

Buster did not dare to stop to hunt for help. As he passed another of his men kneeling with his file, he cried out, "Where's the new guy?"

And this man, too, grinned. "I hear he didn't even punch out. Just hit the road."

Trying to keep from growing panicky, Buster clambered stiffly onto the line with the two hooks and tried to consider how he could get word to supervision that he needed help quickly. A glance up and down showed no one in sight. His own men looked as though they could hardly keep their faces straight.

"I wouldn't mind," he said to the man kneeling below him, "if he'd only told me." He tried to keep his voice casual. "It's a free country. Nobody can make you work if you don't want to. But to sneak out without letting anybody know . . ."

"It just shows you," the crouching man yelled up at him. "Even a crummy job like that, a job nobody wants and any dope can do, you got to treat a man right to do it right or you can't build cars."

"You're not telling me anything I don't know," Buster cried angrily, as he straightened his back and scrambled off the line. "All I ask is my men play square with me like I try to play square with—"

At that instant a booming crash rang out over all the other noises of the body shop. Everyone looked up at once, bewildered. The crash was followed by a horrible sound of rending metal. Then Buster knew what had happened. He was petrified inside with the positive knowledge that more was to follow; his tongue was frozen into silence; but his body continued to move automatically. Yes, it came again, another crash like the first, followed by more rhythmic thuds, until everyone on the line realized what was happening.

The Italian boy had taken his vengeance before running away.

He had attached the hooks and chains of his last few jobs lopsidedly, in some cases only fastening one side, so that now, an hour after he had escaped, the cars tilted as they entered the narrow bonderizing booth, and, hanging off balance, crashed back and forth, back and forth, against the sides of the booth, metal smashing against metal as the cars were systematically pounded out of shape.

When the third car had begun to rocket back and forth in the booth, Buster, the sweat streaming down his cheeks, saw Hawks and Horton and two other white-shirted executives from quality control running down the aisle and clambering up the catwalk to the little metal door in the center of the bonderizing booth. Then a battery-powered scooter rolled up and the assistant plant superintendent hopped off, followed by three overalled maintenance men. Now it was too late, the reinforcements had arrived.

Up and down the line his men, looking like strangers, were openly grinning. With every booming thud, every tearing sound, their grins grew wider. They didn't care that hundreds of dollars in time and labor were going down the drain; it amused them. They didn't care that the smashed hulks would have to be hauled out of the booth and dragged to a corner; they were already calculating the overtime they would earn repairing these wrecks. They didn't care that he was still hanging hooks, with the weight of them starting to stab in his groin, unable to summon help from the bosses, who now had something more important to keep them occupied. They thought he had it coming, and Buster, his heart wrenched in his chest, stared at their grinning faces and wondered how it could be that people who worked together could have so little human feeling. Don't they know I couldn't help it? he asked himself.

"Hey, Buster!" one of them called out. "Some symphony, eh?"

"Laugh," he replied grimly. "We may all get laid off for this."

"Say, Buster—how does it feel to work like a dog? Does it take you back to the old days? The good old days?"

Tossing a heavy hook contemptuously into the rear of a station wagon, he faced them out and said coolly, around his cigar, "I've worked harder, in my time. I never asked one man, never in my life, to do a job I wouldn't do."

The cigar tasted rancid in his gummy mouth, but it was a visible proof that he had not capitulated, that he was simply handling a passing crisis; so he refused to throw it away, or even to take it out of

his mouth while he worked. But he could not prevent the sweat from pouring down his body, from forming huge, dark, telltale moons under the armpits of his sport shirt, from plastering the front of the shirt to his chest, from soaking through his slacks at the base of his spine, from dripping down his forehead onto the rims of his glasses, smudging and steaming the lenses.

He hated to do it, but, half-blinded by his own sweat, he had to take off the glasses and stuff them into his shirt pocket. In a way it was worse than giving up the cigar would have been. Without the glasses he felt naked and exposed, and he knew that his face took on a stupid, blinking expression when his nearsighted eyes tried to adjust themselves to an uncorrected world.

On one of the passing panel trucks someone had scrawled in huge letters, no doubt with the chalk that he himself had handed out, **TOO MANY CHIEFS, NOT ENOUGH INDIANS!**

"I bet you'll sleep good tonight, eh, Buster?" somebody asked as he hurried off the line to lift up a hook.

"A little hard work never killed anybody," he muttered around his dead cigar. But his groin was tight as a drumhead, and every step counted off every month of his forty-five years.

"Wait'll we get the union after you, Buster!" someone called out.

He whirled about but could not see who had said it; they all had their heads down. There wasn't one of them would complain to their committeeman, not because they feared reprisals, but because this show was too good to put an end to.

Oh, they'd have something to talk about all the way home, and even after they got home—how the boss had been humiliated and made to work like a dog.

I'm through, he said to himself; I'll turn in my time and ask for a transfer; I can make my living without having to take this. Glancing down at the red primer dust which covered him, he could already hear his wife's voice added to all the rest.

"Kind of rough, hey, Buster?" It was Orrin, the only man on the line with a perfect attendance record; the only one who really liked hard work and hard pressure. "They won't hold you responsible. It wasn't your fault that young jerk ducked out."

Buster mumbled a reply. He was unsure whether these first words of sympathy he'd had all day were sincere or whether Orrin, having gotten wind of his possible promotion, was starting to suck around.

Old Frank, who had been doing a great job of making himself inconspicuous, now sidled up to him, encouraged maybe by what Orrin had just said. He cleared his throat and spat into the lead filings.

"Say listen, Buster," he said gruffly, "can I spell you on that job? I'm not doing too much metal-finishing."

"That's all right, Frank. Just stick at what you're doing, I want you to get the feel of it again."

"But I'll tell you frankly, I didn't think I'd get back in here at my age, and I'd like to show my appreciation, so if you'd let me—"

"No, no, that's all right, thanks. You get days like this, and you just have to learn to live with them."

Fortunately at that moment Horton and the quality-control man came over from the bonderizing booth, and Frank had to do a fade-out. They seemed to think the scene was pretty funny, too, and they stood there, grinning, watching him sweat.

"You certainly must have browbeat that kid to make him walk out after four hours," Horton said. "Man, what a slave driver."

"I understand Accounting is going to bill you for the prorated extra labor cost on those four banged-up jobs," the quality-control man said.

"Very funny," Buster snarled. "Are you going to get me a man for this job or not?"

The quality-control man turned to Horton. "Didn't you hear them say Buster was going to have to work it off until he'd made up for his sins?"

"All right, all right," Horton said, smiling at his Masonic buddy, then turning to Buster. "Come on down off that line, they're getting you a replacement. You look like hell if I may say so, like Before in the Before and After ads."

It was true. Buster stared at himself in the washroom mirror when he had gone in to clean up for a minute, after they'd provided him with another man to finish out the day. He looked like Before, but he felt like After, long After. And what would you do if you threw it over? Who could you tell to go to hell? Yourself? That nameless herd who came and went like stockyard cattle? That clique of Masons who boosted each other and each other's relatives into all the key jobs, and would maybe one day make him an assistant supervisor, or a foreman

over the body shop foremen, just to satisfy the Michigan crowd that they were bringing up men from the ranks?

When the day was over at last, he sat down for a while in the body shop office and went over with Hawks and several others the series of events that had been so costly to him and to production, but wouldn't even rate a footnote in the history of the corporation. They gave him to understand that it was a closed issue, dead and forgotten, if he would see to it in the future that such things wouldn't happen again.

Weary and pensive, he got in his car and crawled home to the new development where his house stood on an artificially winding black-top road, in the middle of what had been a potato field two years before. As he coasted up the driveway he caught sight of his wife outside the kitchen door, hanging the laundry on the aluminum and nylon-cord dryer that he'd mounted in concrete for her, a temporary expedient which would have to be replaced one day soon by an automatic dryer.

She looked pretty, her arms raised against the twilight, her shy lips puckered with clothespins, her skirt whipping free—younger and slimmer than she really was. She waved at him, and he waved back, but he was too tired to talk or to kiss her, and he went directly into the house and drew himself a tub.

Flat on his back with the water still bubbling at his ankles, he found himself thinking of old Frank. That was probably the most important thing that had happened during the day—Frank's showing up after twenty years, ready and willing to take up a job that wasn't good enough for that teen-age gangster. But when Agnes asked him—as she would—what had happened at the shop, he wasn't going to be able to tell her about Frank. She would say that it was a shame, a man of fifty-six having to start in all over, and of course that was true; she would wonder what had happened after all these years to make him come back to the shop, and that was something to wonder about, it was true; but she would also end by gloating a little and by pointing out the contrast and the fact that Buster might still move up yet another notch or two if his luck held. And that he wasn't ready to say at all.

Because no one could know; there were things you couldn't say and things you shouldn't say; and maybe at that moment when Frank had offered to help out he was in a stronger position than Buster

himself . . . even though it was also true that the very sight of him with his old belly and his new work pants was enough to drive out of Buster's mind any serious thought of giving up his foreman's job.

He sighed, and heard his wife's voice outside the door, above the running water: "Everything all right, Carl?"

"Yes."

"Have a hard day?"

"I had a lousy day."

"What? What did you say?"

He turned up the water and splashed a bit so as not to have to answer, and his wife went on. "We've got to talk about that summer bungalow before Jeanie gets home, because I've got to mail in the deposit tonight. I've been thinking—can you hear me, Carl?—it might be worth while to invest in one in a better location where there's a better class of boys. I know you've got your heart set on that boat, but maybe if we took the *boat* money and put it toward the *bungalow*, it would pay off as far as Jeanie's concerned, and maybe next summer if you get a promotion we can think about that boat again . . ."

He closed his eyes, took his nose by thumb and forefinger, and eased himself under the circling water. When he came up his wife had stopped talking, and he stepped from the tub, cleaner at least, to prepare himself for dinner and the evening.

THE SEARCH FOR CERTAINTY IN INDUSTRY*

GERALDINE PEDERSON-KRAG, M.D.

Management man weaned on the initials of the depression of the thirties still maintains an abiding love for big capital letters. They seem to present to him symbols of authority that words themselves sometimes lack. Time magazine recently squandered its capital in one Glorious Sentence: "The Organization Man in the Lonely Crowd that makes up the Affluent Society is also known, among some religious writers, under another capital-lettered phrase: he is Post-Christian Man."

Management life has now come up with a set of initials that are meant to shake up not the economics of management life, but the very psyche of management man himself. The initials are STG, and they stand for the Sensitivity Training Group—a workshop method in which it is hoped that the executive can further understand himself by an unusually inept effort at amateur group psychotherapy.

Sensitivity Training was started ten years ago in the National Training Laboratory and Group Development in Bethel, Maine. There they became known as "Bethel Baths," an appropriate enough name for the desire to soap a neurosis in public. The name has changed as different companies have undertaken experimental groups. T-Group Training, Labo-

* From: *Personality Factors in Work and Employment*, originally published by Funks and Wagnalls, 1955.

ratory Training, and Diagnostic Skill Training, and such workshops have been undertaken, by such diverse companies as Western Electric, Standard Oil of New Jersey, and International Business Machine.

The search for certainty in management life is all pervasive. It takes the form, as we have discovered, of a uniform of dress, a type of car, even what one reads, and what one does not read. Unfortunately, we cannot be nearly so definite about what we feel. We cannot catalogue, ignore, or deny our feelings without causing pain to ourselves, our families, our organization, and our society. The answer is, of course, not to deny our feelings but to understand them. There are no easy initials that we can use as traffic guides for our emotions.

Management man has always had an enormous respect for professionalism, but when it comes to understanding emotions, they are far more likely to resort to amateur workmanship. For a society that can handle the most complex computer with pride and achievement, we handle the crowded highway of human emotions with slipshod control. Elton Mayo and Mary Parker Follet gave early insight into the emotional make-up of industrial life but few professional psychoanalysts have recently mapped that crowded highway of management life. Geraldine Pederson-Krag, M.D., in her pioneer book, *Personality Factors in Work and Employment*, has explored all facets of management man on the job. For over two decades she has worked in industry with such diverse companies as General Electric, American Brake Shoe, and New York State's Department of Labor; she has also had experience with industrial toxicology, as well as a wide-ranging interest in how psychoanalysis can benefit industry, by benefiting the men and women who make up an industrial complex.

In "The Search for Certainty in Industry" that follows, Dr. Pederson-Krag reveals the feelings and emotions that monitor executive decision.

Suppose we do face our own shortcomings and asocial impulses, will we then find certainty in our uncertain business lives?

"I think we'll work more efficiently," answers Dr. Pederson-Krag, "we will have less labor difficulty and fewer projects that come to nothing because they are not the response to realistic needs as much as they are the expression of unrecognized wishes in influential individuals. But Heaven forbid we find certainty. It is by taking risks we make profits and grow. And it's risk taking, the constant adjustment of our actions and our outlook to unpredictable variations in the environment, that keeps us fit.

"Actually the field of uncertainty in business has narrowed during the centuries. We no longer have the enormous differences in the product that occurred when it was hand made, and the hazards of bringing our goods across oceans. No more long dangerous trips to China—the last adventure is in excursions into the hidden thoughts and wishes of the man who works besides us."



This is the original plant lay-out that we had to modify," said the production manager. Before him stood a model of the extension of his factory where precision instruments were made in mass. In exquisite detail it showed the structure of the building, windows, power lines, conveyor belt, presses, and the plating department where the product was given its high glossy finish.

"I can't see a thing wrong with this," said the vice president for manufacturing. "Looks fine to me. Ventilation is good, lighting is good. You couldn't have used your space better. And you've put all the buffing, the dusty part of the job, in one place so you can use one set of ducts and exhausts to clear the air. That saves you money. I wouldn't redesign this—I'd congratulate the man who worked it out. He must be pretty good."

"Pretty good! He's tops," said the production manager. "One of the best in his engineering school and the first man in a postgraduate course in factory planning. One reason why he's good is because he doesn't think himself too smart to take the advice of a man with another kind of training. It was a foreman who showed us where the weak place was."

"He did? What did the foreman object to?"

"This." The production manager's finger was on the part of the model that represented the buffing section. "And I'll tell you why. Before chrome plating, as you know, about half our parts are buffed on a big automatic machine. The other half are done by hand on smaller and less efficient buffing lathes. And our planning engineer put the automatic buffing machine operators and the hand buffers in the same room."

"Sounds logical."

"It was logical. I tell you, he's a good man. Look at this sketch of the way he planned the shop. Here are the hand-buffing lathes. The kind we are using now has a cloth wheel each side of the motor that spins them. Two fellows can work on one at once, holding the parts to be buffed against their wheels. It doesn't call for much experience. That's where our new men start.

"And here's one of the new automatic buffing machines. I don't

believe you've seen it, have you? There is this table, about ten feet in diameter, that turns round under a dozen large buffing wheels. Over here to the left is where the operator places the parts near the edge of the table so that by the time they have been carried around under the wheels and back to him to unload, they are all completely buffed."

"I suppose the hand buffers resent the fact that the automatic-machine operators make so much more money, because they produce more."

"Not exactly. Certainly the piece rates are set so that the automatic-machine operators make considerably more than the hand buffers do, but this is because so much more experience is necessary. A man who adjusts and tends the big machine has one of the dirtiest and one of the noisiest and yet one of the highest-paying jobs in the plant. It takes skill and the other men respect him for it."

"Well, what is the trouble then?" the vice president asked.

"Well, actually it is the dirt. We provide showers just for the polishing and buffing crews, and the hand buffers are given fifteen minutes of company time to clean up their work places and to change their clothes and wash themselves. But the automatic machine is so much bigger and so much dirtier that we have to allow the operator to stop it not fifteen but thirty-five minutes before the end of the shift. When he did this, in the old buffing room, there was a sudden drop in the racket, almost quietness by comparison. The operator who was most looked up to was no longer on the job. Do you think the other fellows on the little machines could go on? It felt like quitting time to them too. They all found reasons to change their wheels or adjust their machines and to mess about instead of keeping on until it was time for them to clean up also."

"What did you do?" the vice president asked. "Have the foreman speak to them about it?"

"We did, but it almost caused a strike. So the foreman talked to our planning engineer and he put all the hand buffers together, over here to the right in this model, and he put up partitions between them and the automatic machines."

"And that worked?"

"That worked. Now the hand buffers go right on till fifteen minutes before the whistle blows as they are supposed to. Then they stop and clean and shower. So the new plan has given us twenty

minutes more work per man per shift," said the production manager.

The vice president gazed thoughtfully at the model.

"It's ironic, isn't it," he said, "all the mathematics and the physics and the engineering and the experience and the ingenuity and the perseverance—all those things that your brilliant planning engineer put into this design—and yet the lay-out was not really efficient until he took into consideration the simple human fact that men tend to follow a leader especially if the leader seems to be getting a better break than they are."

"I don't think human facts are so simple," the production manager replied. "The hand buffers are grown up; they can think independently. Why should they copy someone else like a lot of sheep? They're doing piecework. Why don't they want to go on earning money as long as they can? Why can't we have some certainty about the way people will behave?"

"We're not the only ones who have been misled by the assumption that the workers are only interested or motivated by what they can earn," the vice president said. "It can happen on a much larger and more expensive scale. I'm talking about making extremely large pieces of apparatus in another company. At one time, they tell me, the machining of some of the parts was done on a job-shop basis, where a large group of machinists had a relatively independent workplace, fenced off from the rest of the building. The parts came to them in batches, and this group took considerable pride in turning out the finish-machined lots. These were their own product.

"Well, this management felt it would be worthwhile to spend several millions to put up a new building where all the operations could be done under one roof. They arranged for a continuous flow of higher production types of parts. This decreased in-process inventory and lowered handling costs and reduced machine set-up charges. So most of the equipment and men from the separate shop were placed on the big floor with conveyors bringing their work to them and carrying it away. Very efficient. These men were put on piecework or incentive pay and so they got considerably more take-home money than before. Only a few machinists were to be left in a little caged-in shop to do the special orders or the odd designs which didn't lend themselves to the higher production equipment and handling. But these men were working on 'day rate' or straight hourly pay rather than incentive and their earnings were less.

"When the scheme was put into effect, management found that almost every last machinist wanted to be placed in the lower-paying job-shop in the caged-in area. They all felt that their team would be broken up and that they would completely lose their identity when they left their special-purpose shop to work on the open floor with men of other trades. I can't altogether blame them, seeing how enormous the new shop is."

"We can see what's affecting the workers in the buffing shops and in this large machine plant," said the production manager, "because of the structural changes. But how many other times can we recognize when an operation is inefficient because of some human element?"

"Why should we be expected to recognize anything so unpredictable?" the vice president replied. "We were brought up to deal only with certainties. In engineering and business schools, we were taught to put a premium on exact knowledge. Now as engineers we must know to a remote decimal point the amount of strain a material will tolerate if it is to provide an ample safety factor in the device for which we will use it. Now as businessmen we must be able to balance costs of raw materials, of overhead, of labor, of distribution, against changing demands and fluctuating currencies. These things all vary from time to time, but they can always be measured and defined. But you can't say the same in any way about human feelings and behavior. If you have an electric current of known amperage, it will give you a predictable performance in a motor of given design, but who can say what will happen to a person who is impelled by a comparable force, say the force of hatred? He can devastate a continent. He can be killed by his own high blood pressure. He can bite his nails. He can kick the cat. You can see the strength of hatred but you cannot assess it in ergs."

"Now some executives," said the production manager, "try to keep their peace of mind by ignoring the human variables in their operation, and running it on what they consider a common-sense logical basis. It is as though they thought they were feeding an automatic machine with uniform stock, whereas they were actually putting in a random collection of diamonds, beer mugs, old shoes, and asphalt."

"There are some people like us," said the vice president, "who feel more comfortable dealing with things than with people, who try

to get along in business by keeping a close watch on their own reactions and behavior. We read books on the way an executive ought to be and how he ought to act. I have read a lot of them myself and some are extremely wise. If you want to see a fair sample of the kind of help they give, you can look at these rules because they were drawn up by an eminent and respected engineer. They are from 'The Unwritten Laws of Engineering' by Professor W. J. King of the University of California." [From *Mechanical Engineering*; May, June, July, 1944]

The production manager read the paper handed him:

"1. Cultivate the tendency to appreciate the good qualities rather than the shortcomings of each individual.

"2. Do not give vent to impatience and annoyance on slight provocation.

"3. Do not harbor grudges after disagreements involving honest differences of opinion.

"4. Form the habit of considering the feelings and interests of others.

"5. Do not become unduly preoccupied with your own selfish interests.

"6. Make it a rule to help the other fellow whenever an opportunity arises.

"7. Be particularly careful to be fair on all occasions.

"8. Do not take yourself or your work too seriously.

"9. Put yourself out a little to be genuinely cordial in greeting people.

"10. Give the other fellow the benefit of the doubt if you are inclined to suspect his motives, especially when you can afford to do so."

"What do you think of them?" the vice president asked.

"I admire the humanitarian spirit they were written in," said the production manager, "and I agree with their social purpose, but it would seem that they are designed to impair the clear thinking of the engineer who conscientiously tries to follow them. Two of these laws demand that he deliberately warp his judgments. 'Cultivate the tendency to appreciate the good qualities rather than the shortcomings of each individual.' If he does this, how can he obtain an accurate picture of anyone, a concept that can be used objectively? Isn't this like describing a metallic alloy by exaggerating its good qualities,

lightness and ductility, and minimizing its brittleness and high cost? How useful would such a distortion be to you if you wished to manufacture with the material? 'Give the other fellow the benefit of the doubt if you are inclined to suspect his motives, especially when you can afford to do so.' How does this jibe with the scientific attitude that wherever there is a doubt in an observation, it should not be slurred over but checked and rechecked until no more doubt exists?"

He paused a moment and continued:

"There are four other precepts that deny the obedient engineer any self-expression or self-interest. The first two, 'Do not give vent to impatience and annoyance on slight provocation' and 'Do not harbor grudges after disagreements involving honest differences of opinion,' exhort him to take his attention away from the other person with whom he is impatient or annoyed or has had a disagreement, and concentrate on his own behavior. All that seems to matter here is that he present a smooth front to his antagonist even though it is insincere. Yet this man, by definition, is very angry.

"What happens when he turns the other cheek? Emotions are like old soldiers, and they never die. When they fade away it is to reappear in a new guise. This engineer who has suppressed his anger may develop a smoldering antipathy to the person who provoked it which he may not recognize. He won't obviously threaten his enemy but at the same time he no longer dares to understand him or himself. And he will understand even less if he obeys the next two prohibitions. Listen to these:

"'Do not become unduly preoccupied with your own selfish interests,' and 'Do not take yourself and your work too seriously.' Without his work and his selfish interests, what has this law-abiding engineer to contribute to his firm? He then has no individual viewpoint, no special knowledge. And if his work is of the creative or enterprising kind, how can it succeed unless he devotes himself to it with the greatest seriousness? No one else will carry out his project for him.

"Three of those laws tell the conforming engineer how he should improve himself. They say 'Form the habit of considering the feelings and interests of others.' 'Make it a rule to help the other fellow whenever an opportunity arises.' 'Be particularly careful to be fair on all occasions.' These rules do not tell him how to be helpful or considerate or fair. Their wording implies that they should be exercised,

not spontaneously because he wants to, but from a sense of duty. 'Form the habit,' 'make it a rule,' 'on all occasions.' You might guess that conforming as much as this makes the engineer appear withdrawn and sulky. Otherwise why should he need admonition number 9, 'Put yourself out a little to be genuinely cordial in greeting people.' "

"Yes," said the vice president in agreement, "if these laws were conscientiously obeyed, they would produce a worker admirably suited to a humble job that demanded little initiative, slight originality and a good deal of deference to impatient people. This man's principal concern would be the impression he made on others, rather than the impression other people made on him."

However, the vice president can hardly evaluate usefully the impression that another person makes on him if he only thinks of this individual's behavior as a reaction to present circumstances. To be realistic, he should consider every piece of conduct as the sum and product of all previous experiences. The happenings of the day before yesterday, forgotten though they may be, are often as influential as those of today. To regard life otherwise is as erroneous as interpreting the diagram of an apparatus as though the machine itself lay flat on the paper instead of having depth as well as length and breadth.

But this three-dimensional view of a human being, this awareness of the vitality of the past which is here recommended, was hardly recognized before the beginning of the twentieth century. It is contemporary with another discovery—that it is practical for men to move up through the air as well as over the earth's surface. It is easy for the vice president to use this second scientific advance and to fly when he wishes to travel efficiently. But it is very difficult for him to use the first.

The reason for this is that it is often unpleasant for him, as it is for everyone else, to contemplate his own yesterdays. Here and there the memory of a triumph or transitory happiness lingers with him, revived perhaps when he meets an acquaintance with whom he can talk of the good old times, carefully avoiding mention of the good old times' less attractive aspects. Though a successful and fortunate individual, he remembers innumerable occasions when he felt inadequate, ashamed, guilty, or sad. And the further he goes back to childhood, the more often he sees himself in these moods, which were by-products of his upbringing. The occurrences that gave rise to them, a rebuke, a failure, a mishap, or a loss, may not of themselves have been

momentous, but the fact that now he can do nothing to remedy them makes it irksome to recall the mood that they engendered. When he does so, he is like a patriot fretting because of battles his country lost in the seventeenth century.

Even the best of his ancient memories of himself may appear undignified if not ridiculous if he identifies with them as an adult. True, the picture of the finely built athlete, captain of his college team, is gratifying, but what of the older portrait, of the overdressed little boy who squirmed and sulked in the photographer's studio?

The vice president, instinctively avoiding all of his personal recollections except those that flatter him, also refrains from looking into another person's past. The experiences he might see there could remind him too vividly of his own. And at the same time, he is averse to spying into memories where he feels he has no business.

The discomfort which every person feels on honestly contemplating the way he was, if not the way he is now, is one of the reasons why Freud's discoveries of the role of the hidden past were greeted with ridicule and hostility. However, despite this reaction, the knowledge of inner stresses, of unseen motivations and of emotional defenses gained by psychoanalysis has helped an ever increasing number of people to lead happier and more useful lives, and more than is generally known, psychoanalytic theory is influencing and enriching other fields. In the law courts, the judge berates the offender on legal or moral grounds, but the probation officer recalls lectures on the psychodynamics of delinquency that will help him handle the culprit outside the court. In the literary world, the reviewer penning his column for a great daily considers the novel before him less in the light of his own reactions than to the extent to which it portrays accurately the oedipal situation. And in medicine, many a patient with a gastric ulcer, who once would have climbed onto an operating table without delay, now dives for an analyst's couch instead.

"Fine," says the vice president. "But we're not judges or literary critics or doctors. We just manufacture metal and plastic products, particularly precision instruments. How can psychoanalytic theory help us in getting along with each other and our subordinates, and in giving us more certainty about our operations?"

In reply, the executive is invited to look, by the light of psychoanalytic theory, at the jobs in his company, in the factory, in the office, or carried out by specialists, seeing them not as work done with

the muscles or mind, but as expressions of the most important forces of the worker's being, of activities vital to his existence. When he regards a job as an integral part of the worker's life, not merely as the gainful pastime of his productive hours, the executive can better understand the worker's reactions to it. He will see that sometimes an operation calls for primitive urges, sometimes for a denial of these urges, or again for facing the same frustrations and fears that have haunted the worker since infancy. This view of a job will explain how one worker may find health and well-being at his desk or bench, another tension and inability to concentrate, and a third intolerable anger and weariness. A recognition of the part played by the past will reveal why some ambitious people shrink from promotion, and why a woman's place may be in the plant as well as in the home.

An awareness of emotions in the worker which their possessor may not himself recognize will give the executive more sureness in dealing with obstacles to production, with lessened output, with absences, with accidents and grievances.

A psychoanalytic approach will reveal the actual forces which may operate in disagreements between the executive and his colleagues, and the hidden entanglements that can prevent him from finishing tasks which he longs to complete. It will also indicate the other factors besides hourly rates and living costs that play a role in labor-management disputes.

The executive may protest, "It is fifty years since Sigmund Freud made his discoveries of the hidden forces of the mind. He was studying dreams, phantoms of the night, barely glimpsed and dimly recollected by the dreamer, incapable of verification; listening to hearsay; watching apparently pointless actions; witnessing illogical and groundless elations, sorrows, aches and pains; he was concerned with yesterdays and tomorrows that somehow got entangled."

To which the answer is, "The same uncertainties, intangibles, and imponderables Freud revealed work just as subtly and powerfully in the well-organized new extension to the factory where precision instruments are made in mass, as they did in old Vienna."



AN ULCER, GENTLEMEN, IS AN UNWRITTEN POEM*

JOHN CIARDI

Take an oyster, irritate it and get a pearl, take a management man, irritate him enough and you get an ulcer or, as John Ciardi would prefer to have it, a poem.

A poem would certainly be an excellent antidote not only to the ulcer, but to the daily ulcerations of language that go on every day in the average business office. "Businessese," that *esparanto* of double-talk, passing the buck, hedging, and office indigestion that is so painfully recorded on paper, must go. Clarity, precision, yes, even beauty need not distract us from the business of earning a living.

There has always been a great dichotomy in our civilization between the man of letters and arts and the man of science and business. This separation has been greatly applauded since the earliest days of our country. Thomas Jefferson, a great man whom the poets and writers so often like to quote, was very much against the arts as such. He was afraid of them because they required a certain kind of leisure that our country at that time could not afford. When there are trees to be cut, houses to be built, land to be cleared, industries to be started, when there are laws to be laid down, a government to be set up, the arts are only in the way. What was good enough for Jefferson was good enough for the men that

* Originally published by the National College English Association under the title "Poetry and the Practical Man."

came after. There is something a little pathetic that poetry only reached the inauguration platform of American life on such a gusty winter day that the words of the poem were lost in the sentiment that America had discovered A POET.

Mr. Ciardi, a poet and a perceptive observer of his society, demonstrates that a poem is better than an ulcer. We share the belief that man's more intimate self-expression is more important than the chart on the wall. This does not necessarily mean that the two are mutually exclusive. Our age must learn there is not the sharp differentiation between the businessman and the bard that once existed. There is not that break between science and the arts on which our civilization for a short while was founded. All our drives and anxieties and ambitions are closely related. We simply choose different ways to express ourselves. Sometime we urge you to explore other forms of self-expression. Try writing a poem or try a painting that is not outlined and directed by that most miserable aspect of our management life, the numbered fill-in painting. For one thing it gives one an insight into creativity that is invaluable.

James Joyce, one of the greatest imaginative artists of all times, said there was poetry in boat building. There is poetry in the building of anything, including an organization, and the imagination and creativity necessary for those roles are very frequently underestimated. This does not mean that the man at the top should always be creative; very frequently he is there only to explore and understand the creative ideas of others. But even that takes an enormous amount of intuitive understanding. Henry Ford, for example, evolved from his own intuitive processes a concept which more than anything else accounted for his spectacular early success. To look at it, the Model "T" perhaps does not look like the work of an incredible genius, but the conception of it was. A car for the masses, built in quantity, sold at ever lower prices as consumption grew, this was, without doubt, one of the most extraordinary, imaginative concepts of the twentieth century—it was a kind of public poem or sculpture of our time—just as Madison Avenue, as you will see on Page 319 is creating

a folklore public poetry of our time. A poem, of course, in its strictest sense, is for the private man. The greatest refuge from the lonely crowd, from the affluent society, from the over-adjusted, unadjusted, maladjusted cacophony of words about our society, is still a poem. If you can't write one, read one.



The poet in our times is a figure of estrangement and he knows it. He not only knows it, he has grown used to the fact and does not much mind it. The truth seems to be, for that matter, that the poet—outside those golden ages of folk poetry now long gone—never did reach more than a few special people in any culture.

In the past, however, poets have managed to persuade themselves that they were some sort of social force. Elizabethan poets liked to claim that their sonnets conferred immortality on the ladies they wrote about. The seventeenth-century satirists were especially fond of the idea that by “holding folly up to ridicule” they purified the intellect of their ages. More recently Shelley found it possible to assert that “Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.” And even within the last twenty-five years, the social poets of the thirties may be cited as having seriously believed that their poems of social protest had a measurable effect on the government of nations.

Stephen Spender, looking back on the mood of poetry in the thirties from the vantage point of 1950, summarized the poet’s then-sense of himself as very much a warrior of the practical world:

It was still possible then to think of a poem as a palpable, overt, and effective anti-fascist action. Every poetic assertion of the dignity of the individual seemed to be a bullet fired in the war against human repression.

I know of no sane poet today who persuades himself that the action of his art and imagination has any significant consequence in the practical reality of Dow-Jones averages, election returns and state of the nation. Wherever the practical world may be, Auden has defined the position of poetry in our time:

For poetry makes nothing happen: it survives
In the valley of its saying where executives
Would never want to tamper; it flows south
From ranches of isolation and the busy griefs,
Raw towns that we believe and die in; it survives,
A way of happening, a mouth.

But no—perhaps to prove that poets are no prophets—the executives have wanted to tamper. Under the auspices of the College English Association a group of leading business executives have been meeting regularly with writers and teachers of the liberal arts, and from their problems in the practical world of business management, they seem to be asking seriously what meeting there can be between the arts and the practicalities of industry.

The answer to these questions may well be that the poets and the practical men would be mutually happier in leaving one another strictly alone, the poets on their ranches of isolation practicing a way of happening, and the practical men in their cities of numbered and lettered glass doors busily pushing the buttons of the world.

For the gap that divides the poet from the practical man is real. Nor will it be measurably closed by pointing out that some men have functioned with distinction in both the poetical and the practical imagination. There was a director of public works named Chaucer, there was a bricklayer named Ben Jonson, there was a good soldier named Richard Lovelace—one could compile endlessly. But all that such a list would prove is that some men are ambidextrous; it would not eliminate the distinction between the right hand and the left.

A poem is a kind of human behavior. Plowing a field, running a chemical experiment and analyzing the character of a job applicant are also kinds of human behavior. The poem may, of course, be about any one of these human actions; but when the poem deals with them, it does so in nonpractical ways. The poet who writes about plowing a field may find significance in the *idea* of plowing, or he may describe plowing so richly that the riches of the description become a self-pleasing idea in themselves. He does not, however, turn physical soil, plant an actual crop and take it to the literal human diet by way of a negotiable cash market. In the same way, the poet may create a powerfully penetrating picture of the character of the man the business executive is interviewing for a job. But when the poet has finished his analysis, he has no need to make a pay-roll decision and to assign the man to a specific job in a specific department.

Poetry and practicality are in fact two different worlds with two different workers of experience and of imagination. The poet enters his world as an *as if*: he writes as if he were analyzing a real man seated before him. He is free with a stroke of the pen to change the lineaments of the world he has imagined. The work sheets of a poem by

Karl Shapiro contain a monumental example of this freedom to as if at will.

Setting out to describe the [as if] dome of darkness that settles over a city at night, he writes in his first draft: "Under the fatherly dome of the universe and the town." Now "fatherly dome" cannot fail to imply a theoretical universe in the mind of God the Father. For reasons that need not be examined here, Shapiro, in his second draft, rephrased the idea "under the dome of zero." Simply by changing one central word, Shapiro swung the universe itself from the theological concept of "father" to the scientific concept of "zero." And the poem continued to follow itself as if the process of reversing thirty centuries of human attitudes in a single word amounted to nothing whatever.

The practical man has no such large freedom. He enters a world called *is*. When he is at work, he is plowing a field, he is assembling chemical apparatus, he is interviewing an actual man whose name appears on the census listings and who is offering his services in return for real and taxable wages.

It is only natural, moreover, that men who give their attention to either of these two worlds should not be especially well disposed to the other. Poets tend to think very little of stockbrokers, and stockbrokers tend to think even less—if at all—of poets. And the fact is that some of the best poetry of our times has been written on what may be called an inverted sense of reality, an order of imagination that asserts openly or by implication that what the practical men do is meaningless and that only the *as if* of the vicarious imagination has a place in the final mind of man. So Wallace Stevens, in a poem significantly titled "Holiday in Reality," listed a series of things seen and said of them: "These are real only if I make them so," and concluded: "Intangible arrows quiver and stick in the skin/ And I taste at the root of the tongue the unreal/ Of what is real."

It may be very much to the point that Wallace Stevens, in another part of his imagination, was a vice-president of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company and a specialist in claims on surety bonds. Obviously, however, Wallace Stevens could not look into his surety-bond claims and send in a report that "These are real only if I make them so." That difference between the world of practical solutions and the world of the vicarious imagination must not be blinked away.

What must be borne in mind, rather, is the fact that no sane human being is exclusively a practical man. The plant manager may be the most mechanically efficient of calculators during his waking hours; and still his dreams or his nightmares will be human and impractical. What is his order of reality and of business efficiency when he first holds his newborn child? Or when, as some men must in time, he stands by his child's grave? What is his order of reality when he steps out of a late conference and finds a hurricane shaking the earth? Or his wife is ill and the telephone rings: In one ear he hears his assistant howling that the subcontractor sent the wrong parts and that a rush order is delayed, while with the other he hears the doctor close the bedroom door and start down the stairs to tell him his wife will or will not recover. Which of these realities is more real than the other to live to?

The poem does not care and cannot care what happens to that rush order. The poem is of the humanity of the man. And despite the tendency . . . [to admire] only those men who "do things" and to scorn "dreamers," the fact is that no man can be wholly practical or wholly impractical, and that the humanity of any man's life requires some, at least, of both orders of the imagination.

There is no poetry for the practical man. There is poetry only for the mankind of the man who spends a certain amount of his life turning the mechanical wheel. But let him spend too much of his life at the mechanics of practicality and either he must become something less than a man, or his very mechanical efficiency will become impaired by the frustrations stored up in his irrational human personality. An ulcer, gentlemen, is an unkind imagination taking its revenge for having been jilted. It is an unwritten poem, a neglected music, an unpainted water color, an undanced dance. It is a declaration from the mankind of the man that a clear spring of joy has not been tapped, and that it must break through, muddily, on its own.

Poetry is one of the forms of joy, the most articulate, the most expanding, and, therefore, the most fulfilling form. It is no separation from the world; it is the mankind of the world, the most human language of man's uncertain romance with the universe.

SEMANTICS AND TODAY'S "POETRY"*

ROBERT ALDEN

The ordinary businessman constantly complains of his inability to write his reports easily and to express himself adequately. Engineering and scientific management men, because they are dealing so frequently with abstract concepts rather than with the communication necessary between individuals, find it particularly difficult to express themselves succinctly and with clarity. The language of business is fraught with pedantry, dangling phrases, and convolutions of speech that all but strangle vocabulary itself. However, as much as these members of management life may be attacked for their shortcomings in language, others are attacked more vehemently for another reason.

It is not the management man who uses words loosely or badly that is condemned nearly as much as the management man who uses them cleverly, powerfully, and easily. It is the management man in the mass media—in magazines, books, television, and advertising—who is constantly under attack as perverting the American way of life, destroying the American dream, and, God forbid, misusing the American language.

Twentieth century management life has shown an interesting transition in its choice of sacrificial lambs. In both instances the sacrificial lambs have been, of course, as their detractors maintain, wolves in sheep's clothing. The first of

* From: *The New York Times*, December 11, 1960.

course was the banker, the financier, the man of Wall Street who constantly threatened American ideals. Wall Street was a term of approbation in the intellectual life of the United States until our world of abundance caught up with the small stockholder. When Wall Street opened what amounted to suburban offices throughout the United States, our super-market conscience decided we always get a bargain on our own Main Street, and the very concept of that distant den of iniquity disappeared as the soft grass around regional stockbrokers' offices.

Wall Street disbursed, but Madison Avenue did not (although it soon will). America loves to fight geography with great self-righteousness; it has been attacking Madison Avenue ever since the spectre of Wall Street faded. The businessman is attacked because he cannot communicate, and the communications management man is attacked because he can. This fascinating phenomenon gives our culture a split-level vocabulary, and some interesting folklore turns of speech, like a cigarette should.

Robert Alden in *The New York Times* is a brilliant spokesman for the trials of the management man who is also an ad man. He has often asked why single out Madison Avenue? In the following attempt at clarity, Mr. Alden gives us a refreshing picture of advertising today.

In The Times of London during January, 1954, the following letter was printed in that newspaper's Letters to the Editor column:

Sir:

In your issue of Dec. 31, you quote Mr. B. S. Morris as saying that many people are disturbed because about half the children in the country are below average in reading ability.

This is only one of many similarly disturbing facts. About half the church steeples in the country are below average height, about half our coal scuttles below average capacity and about half our babies below average weight.

The only remedy would seem to be to repeal the law of averages.
Yours faithfully, * * *.

Mr. Morris had been caught off base in public print and the letter writer has rather cruelly made him pay for his error.

Unfortunately Mr. Morris' mistake is not an uncommon one. Language appears to be a step-child of the modern era. It is often carelessly handled and the results are at times horrendous.

But since language is the chief tool of the advertising business, the matter of semantics—the science of word meanings—should be a matter of importance to advertising people.

Words are often used to deceive, not only by advertising people, but by all people. People may accuse advertisers of misusing language to induce them to make purchases, that they do not need. Perhaps so.

But these same people are guilty of misusing language from adolescence to the grave to hide their own true feelings and to gain their own ends. Children, the Bible says, are immune from this matter of language twisting.

This is true of the man who writes a derogatory book about advertising—not principally to enlighten the public, as he may say, but in reality to win fame and gain money for himself. It is just as true of the man who sends out a press release that says "Mr. X is opening a brick factory in this town because there is a lot of construction in the community and therefore, there is a crying need for bricks."

If people are to be held to the exactitudes of language and bare

honesty, the release should read: "Mr. X is opening a brick factory in this town because he desires to make money and he sees a good opportunity with all the construction work in town."

Mr. X, just as the man who reads the release, knows that there is probably more of a crying need for a librarian or a teacher or a worker in the charity ward of the local hospital than there is for bricks.

Therefore, why single out advertising as being guilty of a crime in the misuse of words, when all are guilty? To be utterly honest, in society as it exists now, is to be totally destructive. Anyone who has seen and understood the recent production of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh" on television knows that.

It is, therefore, refreshing to listen to some of the opinions of Prof. S. I. Hayakawa, an expert in semantics.

Professor Hayakawa described the advertisers as the poets of the time:

"It is the poet's role to give the data of everyday experience a meaning beyond itself. The advertiser, usurping, the poetic function, does the same. Canadian Club whisky becomes a symbol of adventure. Cigarettes, blankets, Coca-Cola, toothpaste, are surrounded with all kinds of symbols: happiness, gaiety, romance—nothing but poetizing."

Professor Hayakawa, in answer to a reporter's question in a recent issue of *Sales Management* magazine, does not find the advertisers particularly good poets, but he is more fascinated by the fact that they do not see themselves as poets.

"For 99.1 per cent of our people," Professor Hayakawa says, "advertising is their poetry, the only poetry they ever come in contact with. And what this poetry says, in effect, is that there is no human ill that cannot be somehow taken care of by buying the sellers' products."

"The important fact to consider in all this is that the picture presented by advertising has only one side: the sunny aspect. There are areas of emotion it dares not touch: sacrifice, responsibility, hard work, other-worldliness. The reader, at all costs, must be kept in a mood to buy."

"If advertising entered into the taboo areas of emotion, it would have to argue: Let's not buy a new car this year; let's give the money to CARE. Or here is a grief you can't cure by buying our product. The only time this area is touched upon is during wars, when advertising assumes a somewhat altered role as handmaiden of the profit

system; then we are reminded or urged to sacrifice for the war effort.

"We might ask: Has not consumer advertising gone too far in the promotion of delusional daydreams to accompany every cereal and every package of soap? Every perfume, candy, whisky, food specialty? Is the alleged materialism and superficiality of our whole culture attributable in large part to the fact that advertising has become a moral force shaping the direction of our goal seeking?

"Is business undermining its own future capacity to sell people their products and the system under which these are produced? *** Mightn't it be worth asking whether the kids will be so disillusioned by the time they reach 8 or 9 that by the time they reach 25 and have been forced to experience the real world in contrast to the fantasy world of television, their reactions will be such that it will be impossible to sell them anything?"

Having let Professor Hayakawa have his say at length, many readers and, in particular, many advertisers, will have their own reactions to his words.

Advertisers, for example, know full well that advertising, and very effective advertising, has been prepared to induce people to contribute to CARE. Perhaps advertising does not give as much emphasis as it might to sacrifice, responsibility, hard work, other-worldliness.

But, along with all the dreams it has sold, it has devoted some time to these matters. It may in the future surprise a great many of its critics and bend a good deal of its effort more in this direction.

It is probably true, as Professor Hayakawa implies, that advertising has been guilty of becoming a moral force shaping the direction of goal-seeking toward materialism and superficiality.

But, if the belief grows, and it is growing, that the safety and future well-being of this country depend on a tightening of the belt, a reorientation away from false values in life to more lasting values, advertising is a tool, and it may be the key tool, that is employed to reorient the American people.

If this is done, it will not be done because of any high moral purpose. Advertising is, after all, a product of its own time—no better, no worse, than the world that surrounds it. This reorientation will be done out of a sense of self-preservation for advertising and the rest of society, which advertising needs in order to thrive.

As for Professor Hayakawa's thought that children exposed to the dreams of television from the age of 8 or 9 will be so disillusioned

by the realities of the world by the time they are 25 they will refuse to buy anything, it is preferred to refer this matter to a true poet of our times, Eugene O'Neill. In man, dreams die hard, if they ever die. When they do die, death, itself, also arrives.

So it appears safe enough for the advertisers, the poor poets of the time, to continue to sell their fantasy. It would be more to the point to ask them to become better poets, more amusing poets and thus better sellers and better builders of a better fantasy.

HOW TO BECOME AN EXECUTIVE*

PERRIN STRYKER

The typical top executive of a major company was born in the Middle West or in the East and his father was a businessman. His four years of college concentrated on business and science. When he went to work after graduation, he stayed with that company until some time in his twenties when he was hired by the company in which he now serves as a top executive. He has been with that company for thirty years. He is between fifty and sixty years old, and his compensation is approximately \$70,000 to \$100,000 a year.

That is the picture of the top executive. If you are starting your career, the problems of management man are not perhaps the ones we have so carefully designated of conformity, communications, and certainty, but the simple yet how complex problem of how does one become an executive.

There have been many shockingly long and dull guides developed to help you up that ladder but the authors of such elaborate instruction manuals make it a very perilous journey. That astute Fortune writer, Perrin Stryker, author of *The Men From the Boys* seems to us to separate the men from the boys in his following suggestions. He is not giving out Boy Scout instructions on how to build an executive fire and tell success stories around that fire, but he gives some con-

* From *The Executive Life* (New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc.) 1955.

crete advice that starts out with the wonderfully frank first line: "Don't fall for that bunk about experience and know how" and ends up with the rule of thumb that we all can take to heart: *Forget yourself, get down to work and enjoy yourself.*

Don't fall for that bunk about experience and know-how. In trying to figure out the best way up the promotion ladder, an aspiring young man is bound to hear a lot of talk about the solid virtues of technical training and "experience." Most likely, it will be expressed in terms of "generalized" versus "specialized" management careers. The virtues of specialization have long been publicized and such blurbs as "Learn Electronics—Earn Big Money" have lured many eager young men into technical careers that paid handsomely. And many college seniors have undoubtedly been told by ivory hunters on their campuses that even greater rewards await them if they learn all sides of a company's business and become a general manager. Most big companies say they are looking for the "well-rounded" man, and many of them have taken to rotating young managers from specialized staff jobs to "generalized" line positions in order to widen their experience.

The would-be executive should be aware, though, of the difference between being a manager with broad experience—period—and being a manager whose broad experience has developed his judgment. It's the broad judgment that top management is after, and not simply a man with a load of varied technical or professional knowledge. This is a big point that's been obscured in all talk of specialization vs. generalization. A man may, of course, get to be controller of a company by being a whiz at figures and acquiring a smattering of knowledge about production and selling. But if he hasn't shown improvement in judgment as he rises from job to job, his position in the upper ranks is likely to be shaky. And at some point he'll be passed by a smarter man who knows that it's judgment, not knowledge, that puts a man on top.

For would-be executives, a degree in, say, law or engineering is valuable primarily because it may develop their judgment and thus make them eligible for top jobs. Take the case of one steel-company executive who rose to a position only three levels below the top-ranking finance post in his company by the time he was thirty-nine. This man started out in a simple accounting job in a subsidiary, was shifted two years later to statistical work at headquarters, and there

noted that the men in the upper ranks who had law degrees got into policy matters and had "the key" to questions that stumped executives without legal training. Telling himself "I'd like some of that," he put in five years at night school getting a law degree. Then he made a smart decision: he refused a bid to enter the company's legal department, figuring that his chances for promotion were better in his old department where there were many more managers' jobs available. It wasn't long before his reputation as a lawyer spread informally to executives who would ask him for help on labor negotiations and other legal matters. Because of his training he was also soon drawn into policy discussions where he attracted the attention of high-ranking executives, and eventually was tapped to fill his present job.

This smart young fellow knows that his knowledge of law was not the main reason for his swift rise. He credits his law schooling chiefly with teaching him how to analyze situations clearly, thereby improving his judgment, and with bringing him to the attention of top managers. In addition, he attributes his success to his own attitude toward working for superiors: "I'm always willing to do what the boss wants done. I think that's the most important thing—analyzing what the objectives of the corporation are and seeing what you can do to help them along. Anyone who tries to be helpful this way gets ahead."

You can be bright—or very stupid—to switch jobs. There is great danger in deliberately switching from one company to another in order to pick up experience and hike your pay. Some college professors have been recommending this practice for the first few years as the fastest way to get ahead. The advice naturally is disturbing to personnel men in large corporations seeking to hire men who will make one company their career. But the men who take the switch-freely advice are the ones who run the risk of being most disturbed by it, eventually. Shifting jobs simply for experience and more money doesn't necessarily improve their chances for important promotions; it is often a strong indication that the switchers don't know what they like to do, and don't understand that promotions come from working hard at what they like, rather than from accumulating a miscellany of business information.

Nevertheless, some young men are trying the shifting technique as a route up the promotion ladder. Personnel men report that young men are now generally much more salary-conscious than their fathers

were and are harder to keep satisfied. As one big company's personnel department has found, dissatisfied young managers often are under pressure from their wives to move; one man shifted three times because "his wife didn't think he was being promoted fast enough." Now this is not to say that needling by a wife will inhibit his career, since an ambitious wife can drive a man a long way up the success ladder. But if the pressure from her is insistent, he may have to decide whether he or his wife is managing his business life; and if he lets her do it, then he's taken his eye off the promotion ball by failing to keep on doing the work that he likes to do.

Some interesting evidence on shifting jobs has been collected by recruiter Jack Handy of Handy Associates in New York. His records show a young man is wise to change jobs for the first few years, but only until he finds what he really wants to do and is naturally good at. Thereafter, he's just asking for trouble if he tries to shift to a different kind of work, especially when he's older. A man who has made a success of staff work up to the age of thirty-eight and then changes to a line job, Handy finds, runs a hundred-to-one risk of failing. The few who succeed have previously demonstrated that they possess some degree of the line man's inherent capacity for order giving.

Staff men who switch to line, and fail, do so because they can't change their spots. Handy once plucked from a management-consulting firm a man who had just finished a year revamping the accounting system of a \$150-million company. The company thought he had done a first-class job, and Handy got him a position with one of his own clients as the controller of a large division. This client thought the man was a whiz for eight months but then told Handy they were letting him go. Why? "We couldn't get him to delegate. He dives in and does a beautiful job on a spot, meantime his other departments can't find him for decisions. Another thing, he gets his group together and starts *selling* them his ideas instead of *telling* them to carry out his plans."

The reverse twist on this business of misplacing a manager—that is, putting a line man in a staff man's job—is just as apt to end unsuccessfully. For example, a very good production man, with experience in plastics, rubber, and textiles, was placed by Handy in a big corporation, as liaison between top management and the heads of subsidiaries. He lasted six months. The president complained, "He cannot realize that he is not going out to give orders. He's got me in hot

water several times." The man is back in line work, successfully running a division of still another company.

Don't be fooled by your college training. Whether a man picks line or staff work, he shouldn't assume that his formal education in business methods or in technical fields such as engineering will decide the route he eventually follows. Many young men recently have taken up engineering with the idea that this is where the real money and fast promotions are sure to be had. But the current rush of corporations to entice young engineers onto their payrolls is no guarantee that ten years from now, when they are seriously climbing the ladder, there will be a need for engineers at the top. Similarly, the recent doctrine found in books, articles, and college placement bureaus to the effect that a sales career is the one most likely to get you an important executive berth is largely based on the hindsight of success stories. Sure selling is an important, promising avenue to the top ranks, but who can say that in 1965 it will be more important and promising than, say, industrial relations, or even, heaven forbid, industrial sociology?

In other words, a man shouldn't take his college training too seriously as an index of what he's headed for. To be sure, those who have picked up a B.A. degree may find it harder to get a good job than those who have an engineering or a business-administration degree, and executive recruiters like Minot Dole of Ward Howell Associates in New York are often exasperated at the myopia that corporation personnel departments exhibit on this score. But, as Dole says, "the man with the B.A. degree very often ends up being the president." What's more, the man who bones up on a specialty like accounting or law in evening courses is not automatically going to rise in his company simply because he has stored up some extra knowledge. Ward Howell, for instance, recalls a bank teller who got himself a C.P.A. and a law degree by night work, and yet remained firmly assigned to his money-changing cage. He simply didn't have enough personality to qualify him for a higher job where he'd have to supervise people.

There's no magic in sticking close to the throne. Young management trainees often try to wise up their successors about the best kind of job to get. The favored spot, according to many, is a staff job in

headquarters where a man will be noticed by the big boss and others who might put in a good word for him. Is it a fact? The advantages of getting a berth at a company's headquarters are not to be dismissed entirely, of course. If a man does his job well it is possible that word of it will reach top management's ears faster than if his reputation had to filter up through lower levels of management between his job in the field and the home office. But judging from what the majority of top executives say, the men who are picked for the very top jobs usually are heavily loaded with line experience, and the president's job in the future, as in the past, will undoubtedly go nearly always to the line-oriented man. There will, however, be plenty of high-ranking, well-paid staff jobs on the second and third echelons, and one of these may be what an ambitious manager is basically fitted for.

He should also be wary of another angle being tried these days by a lot of business-school graduates eager to get themselves a job working for the president in the big-city headquarters of a company. They figure on picking up business know-how fast, right from the boss. Harvard Business School's sons appear to be especially fond of asking for an "assistant-to-the-president" job. As one personnel manager puts it, "They know nothing about our industry, but they've gone to Harvard Business School, and that's it." Their assumption seems to be that all one needs to become president is a knowledge of administrative techniques and a "broad grasp" of a company's operations.

Nothing, of course, could be sillier. Presidents aren't just "administrators" in the sense that Harvard and other business schools have been preaching. Presidents are primarily men who get things done, fast and with results, whether or not the doing offends those who carry out the orders. A good administrator is primarily a man who knows how to schedule and direct operations so that there is a minimum of friction in the process. The administrator's preoccupation with eliminating friction in an organization may be the very thing that disqualifies him to be a president.

Learn to supervise, beware the ruts. One industrial-relations director points up the critical importance of supervision in these words: "The biggest jump a person makes in his career is the jump from doing a good individual job to the supervision of people." And he says there are several hundred men in his company's New York office,

many college-trained, who have chosen to stay on routine jobs there so long—twenty years or so—that they are now stuck fast. Every big company has its crop of potential managers who have withered in a rut. So, in picking the job he likes, a man should be sure he doesn't pick the one that just makes things easiest for personal life. That nice suburban home isn't going to get any bigger or better if he just keeps working to hold the job he's got.

Don't rely on that old oil, "human relations." The business "of getting along with people" has been vested with such importance in corporations today that it's accepted as the first law in executive-development programs. Almost all managers, young and old, say it's essential, and much of the time it may be good practice, but it all depends on what is meant (and understood) by the term. How many young men really know what it means to "get along with people"? It isn't, by a long shot, the same thing as being a yes-man. A man has got to know how to play his cooperation. Sometimes he should show deference, and at other times the act of standing up to his boss may be just the thing that gets him favorable attention.

There's the case of A.T. & T.'s retired board chairman, Walter S. Gifford. In 1904 Gifford, fresh out of Harvard with a B.A. degree, got a job as a payroll clerk with Western Electric Co. in Chicago and started to learn all he could about the company. Coming in early and staying late to explore the plant, he often forgot to punch the time clock, and when the office manager first bawled him out for this infraction, Gifford meekly said he'd try to do better. But he soon forgot again, and the next time he was called on the carpet he spoke up sharply. "Is my work satisfactory?" he asked the manager and, told that it was, he added, "All right then, I resign," and started to leave. Whereupon the manager relented, and told him to go on with his job. Gifford did so, and kept coming up with so many bright ideas for cutting costs that before the end of his second year he was made assistant secretary and treasurer of the company. In this job he continued to be completely unawed by his superiors. When one official he called upon chided him for slouching in his chair, Gifford told him, "Seems to me I was hired to do a certain job, not to sit in a certain way." When the official apologized, Gifford realized he had firmly established himself as a promising young manager.

Of course, stories like this are going to be passed off as corny by

suspicious young men who've learned from books or urbane professors how much politics and apple polishing in one form or another go on in management. The job of getting along with people in business is not simple, however, for relations with superiors, peers, and subordinates are not identical, by any means. And there is a sharp distinction between the kinds of relations developed by line and staff executives.

Recruiter Handy, for example, has found that the faculty of getting along with subordinates is basically different in these two major kinds of managers. According to Handy, the line man, who gives the orders on matters like production and sales, is interested in treating people so they will do what he wants them to, not so they'll necessarily like him; he is willing to ride roughshod over a man's feelings if he thinks that this will get the job done. The staff man, who advises and suggests, but doesn't give orders outside his department, usually considers it wise to treat people pleasantly so as to avoid friction, for he's apt to be a sensitive, analytical fellow. Budding young managers should mull over this distinction when they sit down to decide by what route they will try to reach the top ranks.

This suggests some thoughts on the whole human-relations business that has so pervaded the thinking of the business schools and their young hopefuls. It can't be denied that pleasant human relations in a company keep the machinery oiled—but that's their only business purpose, and it's not the main purpose of the company. So a manager who measures his success by the smoothness of his department's personal operations hasn't got his eye on the ball. And if he starts judging his success in business in terms of his relations with others in the company, he's also taking his eye off the ball. Just remember that good relations are a sign of good management, not the cause nor the goal. If a man learns how to do his job well, and if he enjoys it, he'll find that the human relations will take care of themselves. If he has to step on someone's toes to get the work done, he should go ahead and step, for he can be pretty sure that his boss isn't going to penalize him for getting the work out. If the boss scolds him for annoying a colleague, then maybe he'll learn how to be more adroit when he has to jiggle someone in order to get his work done.

Perhaps the best advice on how to "get along with people" is Handy's succinct commandment: "Be gracious without being ingratiating, and be pleasant without being pleasing."

If a man blames the breaks, he hasn't got what it takes. No matter how shrewdly—or how openly—an aspiring manager plays his career, he can't control it all the time. There is such a thing as "the breaks" that can move him ahead much faster than his own work justifies—and the breaks can stymie him for years, too. Take the break that one general sales manager got a few years ago when he was assigned to the company's Boston office as assistant district sales manager. Before he could move to Boston, the incumbent sales manager died, and he thus walked into the top job probably five years ahead of time. Conversely, a man slated to take on a sales manager's post recently was suddenly tapped for military duty—a rough break for him, but a good one, of course, for the man who was unexpectedly given the job.

The best thing about bad breaks is that they never seem to stop those who really have the power to manage. When an executive seems to be sidetracked without much chance of rising further because of "a bad break," it is a pretty safe bet that even without such a break he would not have gone much further—or certainly shouldn't be permitted to. The breaks may be more frequent in big companies, but don't swallow that tale that a young man is liable to get lost in a big company, and needs a "good break" to get promoted. What so many forget is that the man who is going to be a real executive is the man who will make his own breaks. Even if some of his efforts misfire, the evidence of his own drive to get ahead is not going to escape attention long. What's more, in most big companies today the periodic appraisal of management trainees is added insurance against the burial of their talents.

Don't wear a hair shirt. So where does all the talk about staff and line work wind up? Isn't much of it, after all, simply irrelevant? If a man wants to be promoted, his clear course is to look at himself and decide what he wants to do, what kind of work really attracts him, and then give it everything he's got. Once he knows that it's staff work that draws him, that he wants to study and plan and develop new things, he should stay with it. But if he keeps wondering whether this or that staff job is getting him anywhere, and thinks his chances would be better in a line job, his energies will be divided, and the push to perform will be cut down. On the other hand, if it's line work he's drawn to, if he wants to see things accomplished and isn't fascinated by

ideas and analytical details, his best move is to stick to a manufacturing or selling job where the results show up clear and quick in costs and profits. Some staff experience will help him, of course, in a technical way, but he shouldn't fool himself that technical know-how is necessary before he can become a top manager.

As recruiter Handy says, the Puritan idea that a man should do what he doesn't like to do "because it's good for him" is a pretty sure way for him to fall on his face. An ambitious young fellow ought to discover the kind of work that comes naturally to him and that he likes to do. This, of course, directly contradicts the advice of some executives to the effect that what a young man needs to develop him is a tough job that will serve as a hair shirt. The old idea that a man needs self-discipline on the job to get ahead is a favorite with those successful managers who have forgotten that it wasn't self-discipline but their enjoyment of doing any job—satisfying or routine—that took them to the top. Don't forget that the company is paying you to work for it and it's the job that counts and not you. A man's attitude toward a job can fog his whole thinking. If he starts working with the thought that it's going to be tough but, by George, it will be good for him, he's not likely to do it very well.

An equally dangerous pitfall is to start worrying about whether the job will get you ahead fast, instead of working and forgetting your own attitude. Do the job—don't let it do you. Some jobs are going to be pleasanter than others, but the degree of your success will be inversely proportional to your own self-centered broodings about it. So forget yourself and get down to work—and enjoy yourself.



V. MANAGEMENT

MAN

Where He Is Found



THE RED EXECUTIVE: THE MANAGERIAL GAME*

DAVID GRANICK

Nearly fifty years after its birth, the Soviet Union has finally emerged with a manager, specifically trained for industry. He is generally an engineer and he is usually an important cog in the machine that is the Soviet State.

Nearly 98 per cent of all top managers are members of the Communist Party; on the other hand, the workers are less well represented as members of the party—perhaps as little as 14 to 19 per cent. In the United States it has long since been discovered that the son of a professional man or manager is himself much more likely to become a manager than is the son of a worker. That is equally true in the Soviet Union. But the heart of the business operation in U.S. industry and in Soviet Russia industry is sharply different. In Russia there could be no play on "The Death of a Salesman" for the salesman simply does not exist. The Soviet manager is haunted by a sellers market. There is no such thing as obsolescence; there is no such thing as advertising to move the products. What there is is one overwhelming need—production. The manager in Russia must fill his monthly production quota, painfully, exactly, with a specific quantity and value demanded by the government. Repairs are neglected, risks are taken, violations are rampant, but the man-

* From: *The Red Executive* (New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc.) 1960.

ager must make his quota. Materials are always scarce, so the good manager must substitute one material for another at a moment's notice. The manager has a longer production run of one item and a far less limited range of products.

David Granick has been studying Soviet factory management since the 1930's. In the following selection from his book *The Red Executive* he takes up all aspects of the managerial game from ulcers to bonuses, from job security to upward mobility. He creates the picture of the Russian manager—a man with power but without independence of thought in terms of major decisions; a man who must produce, but who is always told what and how much he must produce, but in these difficult times, a man who in part may determine even our future—yours and mine.

As Mr. Granick concludes "Neither the Red Executive nor his Party official colleague is any longer the revolutionary of the 1920's to whom ideology was everything. Both are men well established in the second most powerful country in the world with enormous personal stakes in the world stability and in peace. When Marx in the Communist manifesto appealed for world revolutions, he addressed himself to the worker who had 'nothing to lose but his chains.' The Red Executive and the Party administrator have a great deal more to lose—and they know it well. Their attitude toward world revolution and other threats to peace must inevitably bear the imprint of this knowledge."

Are there any important differences between the American and Russian traditions of the management game? Let us turn to one area of similarity, and to three where varying patterns and expectations have emerged.

ULCERS

In both countries, management is a high-pressure game. Delegation of authority is an ideal on which all can agree, but the forty-hour week for managers still awaits an organizational revolution. In a 1957 survey of 355 company presidents, the American Management Association found that their average workweek ran between fifty-five and eighty-five hours a week. One American business school found that its graduates worked more hours a week the longer they were out of school.

The Russian manager is certainly not far behind the American in all this. Stalin's death, however, liberated Russian executives from one particularly aggravating source of ulcers. Stalin himself was a night owl who believed in having the first long coffee break at midnight. The Kremlin staff, of course, had to establish its work habits around those of the boss. This meant that telephone calls from the Kremlin to ministers and branch chiefs would normally be made long before cockcrow. As this administrative system worked itself down the hierarchy, even plant directors became accustomed to receiving complaints and orders from Moscow at 2 A.M.

One of the reforms after Stalin's death was to put the administrative system back on the day shift. A decree was issued officially ending the night routine. The manager's day was to be somewhat regularized.

While there are occasional American top executives who get their best ideas in the middle of the night, and feel called upon to communicate them immediately, it is a measure of the Russian system that the whole economy should have worked on this plan for a quarter of a century.

BONUSES

The first of the areas of difference between the national management-game patterns is that of incentives for management. Both in Russia and in the United States, managerial incentives are very strong. Since top-management posts are not restricted to candidates qualifying through family or friendship connections, junior executives have opportunities for major advancement. Income differences are sharp, and promotion up the managerial ladder can lead to sharp rises in income. In both countries, there are also strong non-monetary rewards for such advancement: greater power, prestige in the organization, pride in doing a good job.

But while these underlying incentives are similar in the two economies, there is a sharp difference in the bonus system. In the United States, by and large, executives are compensated by means of their salaries. Performance is rewarded primarily through promotion rather than through bonuses. True, American companies do try to give their executives a stake in the firm's future. Stock purchases and stock options play this role. The size of end-of-the-year bonuses depends on the corporation's profit picture during the year. But these bonuses generally are not of major monetary significance, and they are usually only loosely connected with the work of the individual executive. One 1957 study of fifty companies showed that only half of them had executive-bonus plans at all, and even in these firms the bonuses averaged barely 10 to 20 per cent. Thus bonuses normally play a peripheral role in the manager's actual income, although they may seem much more important in anticipation.

Managerial compensation in the Soviet Union is patterned within quite a different framework. Administrators apply quite literally the official slogan for "socialist" distribution of income: "to each according to his work." (It is an interesting commentary on the ability of people to take themselves seriously that the same principle can simultaneously be put forth in different countries as a unique property of both capitalist and socialist ideology.)

The Soviets have adopted the concept that earnings should be tied closely and immediately to production. For workers, the piece-rate system of payment reigns supreme. For managers, monthly bonuses make up a major part of income and are tied to the operations *during*

that very same month of the production unit for which the executive is responsible. Thus, the method used for payment of executives is as close to a piece-rate system as the Soviets can get it.

In one of the largest machine-building plants in the country, the director today receives a 50 per cent bonus each month in which the plant produces its target output. (However, if other aspects of the plant's accounts for the month are bad, this bonus will be reduced or completely eliminated.) For each 1 per cent by which the target output is exceeded, the director receives a further bonus of 6 per cent of his base salary. In a minor plant, the corresponding figures are 22 and 2 per cent.

Top-management personnel in plants under the Moscow City Council, I was told, *normally* earn monthly bonuses of 25 to 50 per cent of their base salaries. In addition, quarterly bonuses are distributed to the three best plants in each industry within the city. The limit to the regular monthly bonus is 100 per cent of the monthly base salary. Management above the plant level is rewarded by similar bonuses.

A Leningrad wine plant which I visited was especially interesting in this regard. Unlike the situation in most Soviet plants, there was no desire to increase output. Thus, although three quarters of all Soviet industrial workers are paid by piece rates, the workers in this particular plant were on straight time wages.

Management, however, was on incentive pay even in this factory. The director's monthly bonus averaged 50 per cent of his base salary; shop superintendents averaged 30 per cent; and even foremen averaged 40 per cent bonuses. These bonuses, of course, were linked to aspects of their work other than volume of output.

The Soviet system of incentive pay for executives would seem to have two major consequences for managerial behavior. The first of these consequences is to put managers under high pressure. The month's take-home pay is riding on performance during that very month; a bare miss of the production target may cut a man's monthly pay by 30 to 50 per cent. Moreover, missing of the target—at least on an annual basis—is common. Data for all industry in the entire Soviet Union shows that, during the years 1951 through 1954, between 31 and 40 per cent of all firms failed in each year to meet their annual targets.

In comparison, American management seems a low-pressure op-

eration. Bonuses are much less important a part of executive earnings, and even these are generally awarded for a year's operations rather than monthly. Failure in one month can be made up during the next without affecting earnings.

From the Soviet manager's point of view, this atmosphere of continuous strain is further worsened by the types of decisions which he may be forced to take in order to meet his monthly targets. With short-range goals at the forefront of his attention, the manager may well put off activities which do not have an immediate payoff. Maintenance may be postponed; engineers can be taken out of design and put into production functions; the toolroom may be temporarily filled with production work. But the longer-run implications of these decisions are likely to be serious; the manager can only hope that next month he will be able to catch up. The channel between Scylla and Charybdis is a narrow one.

In drawing these comparisons between American and Soviet management behavior, there is some slight danger that we are taking the word for the deed. It is possible that, in practice, Soviet executives are given much the same bonuses each month regardless of performance. The likelihood of this seems remote, since figures are available which show a wide variation between plants as to the average bonus of technical personnel; in one plant, the 1955 bonus averaged no more than 2 per cent of the basic salary. Nevertheless, if full bonuses are normally paid, and if it is in fact highly exceptional for them to be withheld, then bonuses should in reality be treated simply as part of straight salary.

In 1934, a study of a wide range of Russian industries showed that only 24 per cent of shop superintendents and 21 per cent of foremen earned bonuses within a specified month. However, for those who did receive bonuses, these averaged 32 per cent of total earnings for shop superintendents and 27 per cent for foremen. Thus bonuses were granted rather sparingly, but were substantial for those who did get them.

In October 1934, bonuses made up roughly 4 per cent of total earnings of management in the plants studied. By 1940, this share had almost tripled. An explicit postwar policy of raising the portion of bonuses in managerial income had, by 1947, increased the ratio to an amount ranging from 21 per cent in the food industry to 51 per

cent in the iron and steel industry. These 1947 figures seem reasonably representative of the current situation.

Clearly, what seems to have occurred is not so much an increase in the amount of bonuses received by individual managers, as a sharp jump in the proportion of managers who receive bonuses at all in any given month. I do not know how far this expansion has gone, but some Polish experience illustrates an extreme form of regular bonus payments.

In one of the major Polish industries, bonuses are paid quarterly and make up 80 per cent of the basic salary of management. During the summer of 1958, I was told that only one or two plant directors—out of the seventy in this industry—fail to receive premiums in any given quarter. In addition, several more receive premiums which are less than the maximum permissible. But over 90 per cent of the directors receive maximum bonuses each quarter. Given these figures, the bonus would seem to be a normal portion of the director's salary, a share which can be withheld only as punishment for major failures. If there are Russian industries or geographic areas where behavior is parallel to this Polish experience, then our earlier implications would not hold for them.

JOB SECURITY

Our second area of difference in management patterns is the degree of job security felt by executives.

Soviet management personnel in the 1930's—even before the period of the great purges—generally stayed at the same post for only a few years. During 1934 and 1936, Soviet agencies conducted broad studies of industrial management at various levels, running from shop superintendents to heads of entire industries. Treating each job category and each of the two years separately, the full range for management personnel who had held their posts more than five years was only 1 to 15 per cent. Forty to 65 per cent had been in the given post for a mere one to three years, and one sixth to one third of the total for less than one year. These rates of mobility clearly speeded up during the 1937–38 purge period, and then seem to have returned to the 1934–36 level during the remaining prewar years.

Here, by American standards, was a fabulous executive turnover. One can imagine its negative impact on the feeling of job security among managerial personnel, as well as on their mental balancing of the long-run good of their organization versus short-run goals. True, a study of newspaper accounts of "next jobs" of replaced plant directors showed that only 40 per cent were dismissed or given positions which clearly represented demotion. The others were transferred to posts which may have been only lateral moves or even promotions. But even the 40-per-cent figure, a minimum estimate, represented a fantastically high probability of job failure for Soviet directors. While we have no similar data for other Soviet executives, there is no reason to believe that removal due to failure occurred any less frequently in their case.

It is difficult to know whether the situation has changed in the postwar period. Soviet writers have always been critical of this high executive mobility. Managers and academic people with whom I spoke in the Soviet Union called it a thing of the past; while this may be true, it is also possible that their statements were distorted by the desire to paint a favorable picture. One professor, who has great authority in Soviet academic and management circles, stated as his impression that conditions are still much the same as they were prewar.

The only recent statistics available are for the coal industry. In 1955, Bulganin complained that the annual turnover rate for directors and chief engineers of pits in the U.S.S.R. as a whole was running 40 to 50 per cent. In the year 1956 there was replacement of 25 per cent of all directors of coal pits in the major Ukrainian center of the Donbass. Here are statistics quite comparable to the prewar figures. Is it true, as I was told, that the coal industry is exceptional in this regard? I do not know.

Whether or not Soviet executive turnover has slowed down compared to the 1930's, it seems reasonable to assume that it is still higher than American turnover. But if it has indeed been reduced, whatever its absolute rate may now be, the result is to make the work environment of the Soviet manager more secure and friendly than that of two decades ago. This period of change is within the experience of many present managers.

Much more important, the penalties for failure as a manager are today much less severe than they once were. At all times, with the possible exception of the worst purge days, most unsuccessful man-

agers were simply demoted or fired. But always the question was there: Did industrial failure occur on purpose? Was the manager a conscious saboteur of the Soviet drive for industrialization or, if not this, was he in any case lax with underlings who themselves were saboteurs? The manager whose production failed to rise at close to the expected rate had to live with the fear of political accusations.

This particular insecurity seems to have lost its *raison d'être* with the last war, and has certainly ceased to be a factor since the death of Stalin. Removal of this danger goes a long way toward eliminating the trauma previously embedded in Soviet executive positions.

Although American managers have never faced these risks of prison and execution, their degree of security has probably also increased in recent years. As companies have become larger and the proportion of managers who are executives in large corporations has grown, the buffeting of managers by the winds of the business cycle has diminished. More and more of them are employed by corporations which do not risk going to the wall or having to sharply slash their managerial staffs. The mild breezes of the 1940's and 1950's have made for a job security unknown in the tempestuous atmosphere of the 1930's. Increasingly, the business corporation has been able to take care of its own, finding a niche even for executives thought incompetent to handle responsibility. In this respect, American managers are like their Soviet counterparts in finding the world kinder than it was in the past. But the dimensions of the change in the two countries are far from the same.

UPWARD MOBILITY

The third area of difference between American and Russian managers is the speed of upward mobility within management. Here the traditions are sharply distinguished.

In the middle 1930's in Soviet industry, only 3 to 12 per cent of Soviet top management were over fifty years old. In 1928 in the United States, 57 per cent of top business executives were over fifty according to the authoritative Taussig and Joslyn study. In the Soviet Union, one third to one half were under forty; a bare 15 per cent were under forty in the United States.

The reason for the youth of Soviet industrial management was clear enough. Industry was expanding at a fantastic rate at the same time that the managers inherited from the Tsarist regime were being replaced. Opportunities were unlimited for the able young Soviet engineer with an unblemished Communist Party record. The management game was a game for the youth of the nation.

But Soviet industry of today presents an entirely different picture. True, it continues to grow rapidly—even more rapidly than American industry. But the sharp jump from scratch of the early 1930's cannot again be duplicated. Much more important, a trained managerial group already exists. There is no longer the need for promoting unseasoned executives to top positions. The significance of these facts is that the ambitious Russian manager of today, comparing his situation with that of the executive twenty years ago, sees his march up the managerial ladder slowed to a crawl. For his standard of comparison is the lightning movement of the thirties. His present prospects are entirely out of line with the management traditions of his country.

American business advancement has also slowed down. In comparison to the 57 per cent of American top managers who were over fifty years old in 1928, Warner and Abegglen found 67 per cent in 1952. Those under forty had fallen from 15 per cent to 5 per cent. But this decline in the promotion rate is of quite a different magnitude from that seen in the Soviet Union.

Thus, even if the average age of Soviet top managers should still be less than that of American management, Soviet junior and middle managers are probably more dissatisfied with promotion possibilities than are their American counterparts. They are quite ready to label a superior as an "old fogey," who is keeping them from their rightful place in the sun, when this official is still a good deal younger than the age which would win this appellation in the United States. Expectations are a product of traditions!

*THE INTERVIEW**

R. PRAWER JHABVALA

The age of management has spread to all parts of the world through the efforts of such international management specialists as Wallace Clark of the United States, Col. Lyndall F. Urwick of Great Britain, and Rolfe Nordling of France. Managers are found everywhere but unfortunately there just are not enough of them. Highly industrialized nations are always searching for managers who can handle the complex businesses that are emerging. Where nations have only recently industrialized, an even more resourceful manager is needed to guide its budding industry. In France and Germany traditional management methods stand challenged by the opportunity and competition of the European Common Market. In Chile the ten-year development plan for industrial expansion must have managers. In India many of the companies were once simply subsidiaries of foreign concerns. Now India must plan its own program in management training. Behind any such program, of course, are the human beings. In the story that follows we get a behind-the-scene glimpse into an unfamiliar world, because, if the Soviet Union is a good example of the managerial state in today's world, India is not.

Caught in the uncomfortable embrace of the technological revolution, the Indian is in a painful state of conflict with what he feels is a different world; the material world of the West in contrast to his own spiritual world where contem-

* From: *The New Yorker*, July 27, 1957.

plation, old customs and ways of life are constantly posing conflicts that are erupting painfully in the twentieth century. There have never been enough jobs for the college student in India. Once educated, the Indian is embarrassed and uncomfortable to work with his hands. Yet the management world stretches out to him. It invites him as it does the character in this story, to be interviewed. This brilliant story by R. Praver Jhabvala, one of India's most important writers, shows all of the anguish, confusion, and bewilderment of a man's initiation into a world in which he cannot find himself. It is an off-beat glance into a management age that seeks out all the peoples of the world in our time.

I am always very careful of my appearance, so you could not say that I spent much more time than usual over myself that morning. I trimmed and oiled my mustache, but then I often do that; I always like it to look very neat, like Raj Kapoor's, the film star's. My sister-in-law and my wife were watching me, my sister-in-law smiling and resting one hand on her hip, and my wife only looking anxious. I knew why she was anxious. All night she had been whispering to me, saying, "Get this job and take me away to live somewhere alone—only you and I and the children." I had answered "Yes," because I wanted to go to sleep. I don't know where and why she has taken this notion that we should go and live alone.

When I had finished combing my hair, I sat on the floor, and my sister-in-law brought me my food on a tray. It may sound strange that my sister-in-law, and not my wife, should serve me, but it is so in our house. It used to be my mother who brought me my food, even after I was married; she would never allow my wife to do this for me, though my wife wanted to very much. Then, when my mother got so old, my sister-in-law began to serve me. I know that my wife feels deeply hurt by this, but she doesn't dare say anything. My mother really doesn't notice things any more; otherwise, she certainly would not allow my sister-in-law to serve me. She always used to be very jealous of this privilege, though she never cared who served my brother. Now she has become so old that she can hardly see anything, and most of the time she sits in the corner by the family trunks, and folds and strokes her pieces of cloth. For years now she has been collecting pieces of cloth. Some of them are very old and dirty, but she doesn't care. Nobody else is allowed to touch them, and once, I remember, there was a great quarrel because my wife had taken one of them to make a dress for our child. My mother shouted at her—it was terrible to hear her, but then she has never liked my wife—and my wife was very much afraid, and cried, and tried to excuse herself. I hit her across the face, not very hard and not because I wanted to, but only to satisfy my mother. It seemed to quiet the old woman, and she went back to folding and stroking her pieces of cloth.

All the time I was eating, I could feel my sister-in-law looking at

me and smiling. It made me uncomfortable. I thought she might be smiling because she knew I wouldn't get the job for which I had to go and be interviewed that day. I also knew I wouldn't get it, but I didn't like her smiling like that, as if she were saying, "You see, you will always have to be dependent on us." It is clearly my brother's duty to keep me and my family until I can get work and contribute my own earnings to the household, so there is no need for smiling. But it is true that I am more dependent on her now than on anyone else. Lately, my sister-in-law has become more and more the most important person in the house, and now she even keeps the keys and the household stores. At first, I didn't like this. As long as my mother was managing the household, I was sure of getting many extra tidbits. But now I find that my sister-in-law is also very kind to me—much more kind than she is to her husband. It is not for him that she saves the tidbits, or for her children. She never says anything when she gives them to me, but she smiles, and then I feel confused and rather embarrassed. My wife has noticed what she does for me.

I have found that women are usually kind to me. I think they realize that I am a rather sensitive person, and that therefore I must be treated gently. My mother has always treated me very gently. I am her youngest child, and I am fifteen years younger than my brother, who is next to me. (She did have several children in between us, but they all died.) Right from the time when I was a tiny baby, she understood that I needed greater care and tenderness than other children. She always made me sleep close beside her in the night, and in the day I usually sat with her and my grandmother and my widowed aunt, who were also very fond of me. When I got bigger, my father sometimes wanted to take me to help in his stall (he had a little grocer's stall, where he sold lentils and rice and cheap cigarettes and colored drinks in bottles), but my mother and grandmother and aunt never liked to let me go. Once, I remember, he did take me with him, and he made me pour some lentils out of paper bags into a tin. I rather liked pouring the lentils—they made such a nice noise as they landed in the tin—but suddenly my mother came and was very angry with my father for making me do this work. She took me home at once, and when she told my grandmother and aunt what had happened, they stroked me and kissed me, and then they gave me a beautiful hot fritter to eat. The fact is, right from childhood I have been a person who needs a lot of peace and rest, and my food, too,

has to be rather more delicate than that of other people. I have often tried to explain this to my wife, but as she is not very intelligent, she doesn't seem to understand.

Now my wife was watching me while I ate. She was squatting on the floor, washing our youngest baby; the child's head was in her lap, and all one could see of it was the back of its naked legs. My wife did not watch me as openly as my sister-in-law did, but from time to time she raised her eyes to me, looking very worried and troubled. She, too, was thinking about the job for which I was going to be interviewed, but she was anxious that I should get it. I cannot imagine why she wanted us to go and live alone, when she knew that it was not possible and never would be.

And even if it were possible, I would not like it. I cannot leave my mother, and I do not think I would like to live away from my sister-in-law. I often look at her, and it makes me happy. Even though she is not young any more, she is still beautiful. She is tall, with big hips and eyes that flash. She often gets angry, and then she is the most beautiful of all. Her eyes look like fire and she shows all her teeth, which are very strong and white, and her head is proud, with the black hair flying loose. My wife is not beautiful at all. I was very disappointed in her when they first married me to her. Now I have grown used to her, and I even like her, because she is so good and quiet and never troubles me at all. But I don't think anybody else in our house likes her. My sister-in-law always calls her "that beauty," and she makes her do all the most difficult household tasks. She shouts at her and abuses her, which is not right, because my wife has never done anything to her and has always treated her with respect. But I cannot interfere in their quarrels.

I finished my meal and then I was ready to go, though I did not want to. My mother blessed me, and my sister-in-law looked at me over her shoulder, and her great eyes flashed with laughter. I did not look at my wife, who still sat squatting on the floor, but I knew she was pleading with me to get the job. Even as I walked down the stairs, I knew what would happen at the interview. I had been to so many during the past few months, and the same thing always happened. Of course, I know I have to work. My last position was in an insurance office, and all day they made me sit at a desk and write figures. What pleasure could there be for me in that? I am a very thoughtful person, and I always like to sit and think my own thoughts. But in that office

my thinking sometimes caused me to make mistakes over the figures, and then they were very angry with me. I was always afraid of their anger, and I begged their forgiveness and admitted that I was much at fault. But the last time they would not forgive me again, although I begged many times and cried what a faulty, bad man I was and what good men they were, and how they were my mother and my father, and how I looked only to them for my life and the lives of my children. But when they still said I must go, I saw that the work there was really finished, so I stopped crying. I went into the cloakroom and combed my hair and folded my soap in my towel, and then I took my money from the accountant without a word and left the office with my eyes lowered. But I was no longer afraid, because what is finished is finished, and my brother still had work and probably one day I would get another job.

Ever since then, my brother has been trying to get me into government service. He himself is a clerk in government service, and enjoys many advantages. Every five years, he gets an increase of ten rupees in his salary. He has ten days' sick leave in the year, and when he retires he will get a pension. It would be good for me to have such a job, but it is difficult to get, because first there is an interview, at which important people sit at a desk and ask many questions. Because I am afraid of them, I cannot understand properly what they are saying, but I answer what I think they want me to answer. But it seems that my answers are somehow not the right ones, because they have not given me a job.

When I arrived at the place where the interview was, I had to walk down many corridors and ask directions from many peons before I could find the right room. The peons were all rude to me, because they knew what I had come for. They lounged back on benches outside the offices, and when I asked them, they looked me up and down before answering, and sometimes made jokes about me to one another. But I was very polite to them, for even though they were only peons, they had uniforms and jobs and belonged here, whereas I did not. At last I came to the room where I had to wait. Many others were already sitting there, on chairs drawn up against the wall all around the room. No one was talking. I found a chair, and after a while an official came in with a list and asked if anyone else had come. I got up and he asked my name, and then he looked down the list

and made a tick with a pencil. "Why are you late?" he asked me very sternly. I begged pardon and told him the bus in which I had come had had an accident. He said, "When you are called for an interview, you have to be here exactly on time, or your name is crossed off the list." I begged pardon again and asked him very humbly please not to cross me off this time. I knew that all the others were listening, even though none of them looked at us. He said some more things to me very scornfully, but in the end he said, "Wait here. When your name is called, you must go in at once."

I didn't count the number of people waiting in the room, but there were a great many. Perhaps there was one job free, perhaps two or three. As I sat there, I began to feel the others all hoping anxiously that they might get the job, so I became worried and anxious, too. I stared around and tried to put my mind on something else. The walls of the room were painted green halfway up and white above that, and were quite bare. There was a fan turning from the ceiling, but it didn't give much breeze. An interview was going on behind the big door. One by one, we would all be called in there and have the door closed behind us.

I began to worry desperately. It always happens like this. When I come to an interview, I never want the job at all, but when I see all the others waiting and worrying, I want it terribly. Yet at the same time I know, deep down, that I don't want it. I know it would only be the same thing over again: writing figures and making mistakes and then being afraid when they found out. And there would be a superior officer in my office to whom I would have to be very deferential, and every time I saw him or heard his voice I would begin to be afraid that he had found out something against me. For weeks and months I would sit and write figures, getting wearier of it and wearier, and thinking my own thoughts more and more. Then the mistakes would come, and my superior officer would be angry.

My brother never makes mistakes. For years he has been sitting in the same office, writing figures, being deferential to his superior officer, and concentrating very hard on his work. But, nevertheless, he is afraid of the same thing—a mistake that will make them angry with him and cost him his job. I think it is right for him to be afraid, for what would become of us all if he also lost his job? It is not the same with me. I believe I am afraid to lose my job only because that is a thing of which one is expected to be afraid. When I have actually lost

it, I am really relieved. But this is not surprising, because I am very different from my brother; even in appearance I am different. As I have said, he is fifteen years older than I, but even when he was my age, he never looked as I do. My appearance has always attracted others, and right up to the time I was married my mother used to stroke my hair and my face and say many tender things to me. Once, when I was walking on my way to school through the bazaar, a man called to me very softly, and when I came he gave me a ripe mango, and said, "You are beautiful, beautiful." He looked at me in an odd, kind way, and wanted me to go with him to his house, in another part of the city. I love wearing fine clothes—especially very thin white muslin kurtas that have been freshly washed and starched, and are embroidered at the shoulders. Sometimes I also use scent—a fine khas smell—and my hair oil also smells of khas. Several years ago, just after I was married, there was a handsome teen-age girl who lived in the tailor's shop opposite our house and who used to wait for me and follow me whenever I went out. But it is my brother, not I, who is married to a beautiful wife, and this has always seemed most unfair.

The big closed door opened and the man who had been in there for an interview came out. We all looked at him, but he walked out in a great hurry, with a preoccupied expression on his face. I could feel the anxiety in the other men getting stronger, and mine, too. The official with the list came, and we all looked up at him. He read off another name, and the man whose name was called jumped up from his chair. He started forward, but then he was brought up short by his dhoti, which had got caught on a nail in the chair. As soon as he realized what had happened, he became very agitated, and when he tried to disentangle himself, his fingers shook so much that he could not get the dhoti off the nail. The official watched him coldly and said, "Hurry, now! Do you think the gentlemen will wait for as long as you please?" In his confusion, the man dropped his umbrella, and then he tried to disentangle the dhoti and pick up the umbrella at the same time. When he could not get the dhoti loose, he became so desperate that he pulled at the cloth and ripped it free. It was a pity to see the dhoti torn, because it was a new one, which he was probably wearing for the first time and had put on specially for the interview. He clasped his umbrella to his chest and scurried into the interviewing room with his dhoti hanging about his legs and his face swollen with embarrassment and confusion.

We all sat and waited. The fan, which seemed to be a very old one, made a creaking noise. One man kept cracking his finger joints—*tik*, we heard, *tik*. All the rest of us kept very still. From time to time, the official with the list came in and walked around the room very slowly, tapping his list, and then we all looked down at our feet, and the man even stopped cracking his fingers. A faint and muffled sound of voices came from behind the closed door. Sometimes a voice was raised, but even then I could not make out what was being said, though I strained hard.

My previous interview was very unpleasant for me. One of the people who were interviewing took a dislike to me and shouted at me very loudly. He was a large, fat man who wore an English suit. His teeth were quite yellow, and when he became angry and shouted he showed them all, and even though I was very upset, I couldn't help looking at them and wondering how they had become so yellow. I don't know why he was angry. He shouted, "Good God, man! Can't you understand what's said to you?" It was true I could not understand, but I had been trying hard to answer well. What else did he expect of me? Probably there was something in my appearance he did not like. It happens that way sometimes—they take a dislike to you, and then, of course, there is nothing you can do.

Now the thought of the man with the yellow teeth made me more anxious than ever. I need great calm in my life. Whenever anything worries me too much, I have to cast the thought of it off immediately; otherwise, there is a danger that I may become ill. I felt now as if I were about to become very ill. All my limbs were itching, so that it was difficult for me to sit still, and I could feel blood rushing into my brain. I knew it was this room that was doing me so much harm—the waiting, silent men, the noise from the fan, the official with the list walking up and down, tapping his list or striking it against his thigh, and the big closed door behind which the interview was going on. I felt a great need to get up and go away. I *didn't* want the job. I wasn't even thinking about it any more—only about how to avoid having to sit here and wait.

Now the door opened again and the man with the torn dhoti came out. He was biting his lip and scratching the back of his neck, and he, too, walked straight out without looking at us at all. The big door of the interviewing room was left slightly open for a moment, and I could see a man's arm in a white shirt-sleeve, and part of the

back of his head. His shirt was very white and of good material, and his ears stood away from his head, so that one could see how his spectacles fitted over the backs of his ears. I suddenly realized that this man would be my enemy, and that he would make things very difficult for me, and perhaps even shout at me. Then I knew it was no use for me to stay there. The official with the list came back, and a panic seized me that he would read out my name. I rose quickly, murmuring, "Please excuse me—bathroom," and went out. I heard the official with the list call after me "Hey, Mister, where are you going?" so I lowered my head and walked faster. I would have started to run, but that might have caused some kind of suspicion, so I just walked as fast as I could down the stairs and right out of the building. There, at last, I was able to stop and take a deep breath, and I felt much better.

I stood still only for a minute, and then I started off again, though not in any particular direction. There were a great many clerks and peons moving past me in the street, hurrying from one office building to another, with files and papers under their arms. Everyone seemed to have something to do. In the next block, I found a little park, and I was glad to see people like myself, who had nothing to do, sitting under the trees or in any other patch of shade they could find. But I couldn't sit there; it was too close to the office blocks, and any moment someone might come up and say to me, "Why did you go away?" So I walked farther. I was feeling quite lighthearted with relief over having escaped the interview.

At last I came to a row of eating stalls, and I sat down on a wooden bench outside one of them, which was called the Paris Hotel, and asked for tea. I felt badly in need of tea, and since I intended to walk part of the way home, I was in a position to pay for it. There were two Sikhs sitting at the end of my bench, who were eating with great appetite, dipping their hands very rapidly into brass bowls. Between mouthfuls, they exchanged remarks with the proprietor of the Paris Hotel, who sat high up inside his stall, stirring a big brass pot in which he was cooking the day's food. He was chewing a betel leaf, and from time to time he very skillfully spat the red betel juice far over the cooking pot and onto the ground between the wooden benches and tables.

I sat quietly at my end of the bench and drank my tea. The food

smelled good, and it made me realize that I was hungry. I made a calculation, and decided that if I walked all the way home, I could afford a little cake. (I am very fond of sweet things.) The cake was not very new, but it had a beautiful piece of bright orange peel inside it. What I wanted to do when I got home was to lie down at once and not wake up again until the next morning. That way, no one would be able to ask me any questions. By not looking at my wife at all I would be able to avoid the question in her eyes. I would not look at my sister-in-law, either, but she would be smiling, that I knew—leaning against the wall, with her hand on her hip, and looking at me and smiling. She would know that I had run away, but she would not say anything.

Let her know! What did it matter? It was true I had no job and no immediate prospect of getting one. It was true that I was dependent on my brother. Everybody knew that. There is no shame in it; there are many people without jobs. And she had been so kind to me up till now that there was no reason she should not continue to be kind to me.

The Sikhs at the end of the bench had finished eating. They licked their fingers and belched deeply, the way one does after a good meal. They started to joke and laugh with the proprietor. I sat quiet and alone at my end of the bench. Of course, they did not laugh and joke with me, for they knew that I was superior to them; they work with their hands, whereas I am a lettered man who does not have to sweat for a living but sits on a chair in an office and writes figures and can speak in English. My brother is very proud of his superiority, and he has great contempt for carpenters and mechanics and such people. I, too, am proud of being a lettered man, but when I listened to the Sikhs laughing and joking, it occurred to me that perhaps their life was happier than mine. It was a thought that had come to me before. There is a carpenter who lives downstairs in our house, and though he is poor, there is always great eating in his house, and many people come, and I hear them laughing and singing and even dancing. The carpenter is a big, strong man, and he always looks happy, never anxious and sick with worry the way my brother does. To be sure, he doesn't wear shoes and clean white clothes as my brother and I do, nor does he speak any English, but all the same he is happy. I don't think he gets weary of his work, and he doesn't look like a man who is afraid of his superior officers.

I put the ignorant carpenter out of my mind, and thought again of my sister-in-law. If I were kind to her, I decided, she would really be kind to me someday. I became quite excited at this idea. Then I would know whether she is as soft and yet as strong as she looks. And I would know about her mouth, with the big, strong teeth. Her tongue and palate are very pink—just the color of the pink satin blouse she wears on festive occasions. And this satin has often made me think also of how smooth and warm her skin would feel. Her eyes would be shut and perhaps there would be tears on the lashes, and she would be smiling, but in a different sort of way. I became very excited when I thought of it, but then the excitement passed and I was sad. I thought of my wife, who is thin and not beautiful, and is without excitement. But she does whatever I want and always tries to please me. I thought of her whispering to me in the night, “Take me away to live somewhere alone—only you and I and the children.” That can never be, and so always she will have to be unhappy.

Sitting on that bench, I grew more and more sad when I thought of her being unhappy, because it is not only she who is unhappy but I also, and many others. Everywhere there is unhappiness. I thought of the man whose new dhoti had been torn and who would now have to go home and sew it carefully, so that the tear would not be seen. I thought of all those other men sitting and waiting to be interviewed, all but one or two of whom would not get the job for which they had come, and so would have to go on to another interview and another and another, to sit and wait and be anxious. And my brother, who has a job but is frightened that he will lose it—and my mother, who is so old that she can only sit on the floor and stroke her pieces of cloth—and my sister-in-law, who is warm and strong and does not care for her husband. Yet life could be so different. When I go to the cinema and hear the beautiful songs they sing, I know how different it could be, and also sometimes when I sit alone and think my thoughts, I have a feeling that everything could be truly beautiful. But now my tea was finished and also my cake, and I wished I had not bought them, because it was a long way to walk home and I was tired.

TIME AND MOTION STUDY UNDER THE MALAYAN SUN*

PIERRE BOULLE

S.O.P.H.I.A. glistened with Greek elegance, thought the originators of the name. The initials stood for The Society of the Overseas Promotion of Horticulture, Industry, and Agriculture. The fictional S.O.P.H.I.A. is a giant international organization portrayed by Pierre Boulle, author of *The Bridge Over The River Kwai*, with that accuracy of detail that could come only from his own personal experience as a rubber planter in Malaya. Trained as an engineer, Mr. Boulle is thoroughly at home in the management world of the jungle. This time, however, it is not the corporate jungle of the cities of the world but the true jungle of Malaya where time is all eternity and motion is best not undertaken at all. Under these adverse circumstances the organization S.O.P.H.I.A. sent out a time and motion expert to analyze how best the rubber could be extracted from the trees. With wicked accuracy Mr. Boulle gives a behind-the-scenes exploration of two facets of management depicted by those pioneers, Frank Bunker Gilbreth and Frederick Winslow Taylor.

Motion study, fatigue study, skill study, and time study are methods of measurement under the science of management, and without them it is absolutely impossible to find the One Best Way to do work, or to make and enforce the super-standards and

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programs for the benefit of all. These have application in every field, are closely related, and must receive attention at the proper periods in the installation of scientific methods of management.

These pioneer words by Frank B. Gilbreth in *Science in Management for the One Best Way to do Work* framed a concept that had a major impact on management and production throughout the world. Together with Mr. Taylor's comments below about scientific management, they are well-learned scripture lessons for a management age.

In the testimony that Mr. Taylor delivered before the Special Committee of the House of Representatives to Investigate Taylor and Other Systems of Shop Management as early as 1912, he declared:

Now, in its essence, scientific management involves a complete mental revolution on the part of the workingman engaged in any particular establishment or industry—a complete mental revolution on the part of these men as to their duties toward their work, toward their fellow men, and toward their employees. And it involves the equally complete mental revolution on the part of those on the management's side—the foreman, the superintendent, the owner of the business, the board of directors—a complete mental revolution on their part as to their duties toward their fellow workers in the management, toward their workmen, and toward all of their daily problems. And without this complete mental revolution on both sides scientific management does not exist.

In both instances these words have resulted in deeds around the world. They have spurred on production, assembly lines, materials handling—but in this amusing anecdote by Pierre Boule, they get strangled in the vines of the Malayan jungle.

Mr. Bedoux, who was a technical engineer, a specialist in methods improvement, and a French member of the international firm of "Ratio," landed in the British possession of Malaya, a country where poets in sarongs immortalized the Universal Soul in the shade of the coconut trees, with a view to modernizing the tapping of *Hevea bresilensis*, analyzing the movements of Ramasamy the Tamil tapper, and co-ordinating these into a stylized and economic pattern.

Maille, whose time was now divided between the group of workshops at Sungei Ikan and the Technical Department of the Agency, was detailed to follow Mr. Bedoux's experiments and acquaint himself with his methods.

These were explained and described at great length in a bulky set of documents Mr. Bedoux had dispatched in advance. They were based on the "Ratio" principle of chronometry and evaluation of human labor, a principle that had enraptured all the big industrialists of the New World and had even eclipsed the theories of Taylor, making them seem rudimentary by comparison.

According to the "Ratio" school, simple chronometry as practiced hitherto should be regarded as an error, or at least an out-dated imperfection. It was essential, but by no means sufficient in itself. The "Ratio" timekeeper, however, while recording the partial "timings," simultaneously awarded the worker a so-called "coefficient of activity" for each of his movements, which he inscribed opposite the timings in a separate column. This coefficient, the precise and rapid evaluation of which required sustained attention and long experience on the part of the analyst, made it possible, by means of a simple mathematical formula, to convert the actual duration of each movement into a fictitious "ideal" duration independent of the particular circumstances governing the experiment.

This was how Mr. Bedoux explained the method to Gladkoff and Maille during their first tour of inspection of the Sungei Ikan plantation. Stout, who was acting as temporary director since Uncle Law's transfer to the Agency, had attached himself to this group of technicians.

Mr. Bedoux was a small man of about forty, with spectacles perched on the tip of his nose and the pale pink complexion of the town dweller, whose incipient *embonpoint* was emphasized by a pair of shorts he had bought the day before in Kuala Getah. At the moment he seemed rather dismayed at the prospect of exercising his talents in a temperature of ninety-five in the shade and of grappling with chocolate-colored laborers, both male and female, the former wearing nothing but a loincloth, the latter a tattered sari that concealed only one breast at a time. Perhaps he was also tired after his journey and slightly bewildered by the way Mr. Chaulette had welcomed him to Kuala Getah. The Managing Director had allowed him barely enough time to have a shower before bundling him into a car and sending him off to Sungei Ikan.

Conscious of being observed by four white men, including the director of the plantation and a stranger with spectacles, Ramasamy set to work with a will and displayed his talents. He shifted his bag, tensed his muscles, and took a flying leap. Mr. Bedoux watched him closely.

"That," said Gladkoff, who was only too pleased to show that Sophia was no novice in matters of streamlining, "that is the result of our initial inquiry into the tapping process. The unproductive time is thereby reduced to a minimum."

Mr. Bedoux smiled.

"I see," he murmured. "Forgive me a moment, will you?"

He opened his briefcase and took out a small metal board to which were attached some sheets of paper divided into columns. A precision chronometer was fitted into the top lefthand corner. A circular hole big enough for a man's thumb enabled the board to be held in comfort, rather like a palette, and was so placed that the ball of the thumb came directly over the stop watch. Stout opened his mouth as though about to say something, but changed his mind and kept silent. Gladkoff and Maille observed the procedure intently.

Without taking his eyes off Ramasamy, Mr. Bedoux set the watch in motion, stopped it, then started it again; and after each operation he jotted down some figures in the columns. Ramasamy watched him out of the corner of his eye and began to look a little less anxious. He had already heard about the chronometer. The Technical Department had once carried out some similar experiments on the Bangar Estate and the news had quickly spread to all the other

Sophia plantations. The energy he put into his third leap gave an indication of his relief.

"We must draw a close distinction," said Mr. Bedoux, "between speed and haste, between activity and agitation. It's just as I thought. We all make the same mistake to start with. The effective activity of this . . . of this fellow is appreciably decreased by these physical jerks of his. It's a great deal less than it should be. The basic error of all novices in the field of modernization. Speed should be attained by the co-ordination of every movement and not by an acceleration that takes no account of some of them. Look, now he's had to slow down to catch his breath. . . ."

Confident that he had given a sufficient display of enthusiasm, Ramasamy was now almost dozing off, lost in some private day-dream of his own as he moved at a snail's pace around the tree.

"Ni, badoua, odi po!" Stout suddenly barked out. Which, being interpreted, meant: "Get a move on, you stinking little pimp!"

Recognizing the familiar words, Ramasamy took another flying leap into the air. The *kangani* of the gang, who was following the experiment at a respectful distance, was jerked back to reality and promptly elaborated on the spirit of these words at considerable length.

"That's enough for this fellow," said Mr. Bedoux. "Let's move on to another. At this initial stage I'd like to get as general an impression as possible, so as to be able to draw up a rational program. As a matter of fact, I think I know already what's needed."

They continued on their rounds, and Mr. Bedoux timed the movements of several other tappers. They reacted as would any other workmen in the world when confronted with the analyst's little board. The older ones gave a shrug and went on working in the usual way. Others displayed an exaggerated zeal and poured with sweat. Many of them felt that no good could come of this inquisition and therefore dragged out every movement interminably. Mr. Bedoux went on smiling and nodding his head with a knowing air, and after each pause jotted down a fresh lot of figures. Stout, who was beginning to show signs of irritation, interrupted him several times. At one point, after one of the subjects had shown even greater reluctance than the others, he had intervened with a certain forcefulness, seizing the man by the shoulders and shaking him as hard as he could. Mr. Bedoux motioned him to stop.

"Let him be, let him be. That's exactly what I'm here for—to work out a technique that will enable you to avoid using brutal methods like that. They only have a transitory effect, and in the end result in a falling-off of work. The 'Ratio' method eliminates these perpetual reprimands, which only irritate the overseer and tire out the workman."

"But that fellow is pulling your leg!" Stout protested.

Gladkoff translated this for the benefit of Mr. Bedoux, who was ignorant of the finer shades of the English language.

"That doesn't matter at all, I assure you. I'm used to it. You're bound to come up against a certain amount of resistance to begin with. It's a question of patience. You've got to explain things carefully and make them understand that you're not trying to exploit them but, on the contrary, you're out to help them. They usually end up by thanking you for your pains. . . ."

At this point, having put his board back in his briefcase, Mr. Bedoux told them the story of Factory X in the north of France, where the workmen, after threatening to go on strike and even do him bodily harm, had submitted a petition two months later asking to have him permanently attached to the firm. They had realized that, by practicing his methods, they expended far less effort and earned a great deal more. The employer, for his part, had recorded a thirty-percent reduction on his cost price.

"I am well aware," Mr. Bedoux went on, "that tapping is a tricky process that gives rise to a number of hitherto unknown problems. What we've got to do is to study those problems closely, one after the other. There is also the question of the labor force, which is certainly rather primitive; but that won't interfere with the final outcome. From what I've seen this morning, I think I can guarantee a reduction of twenty per cent in your tapping costs."

"Twenty per cent?" exclaimed Stout, after Maille had translated the expert's opinion into English.

"Twenty per cent," Maille repeated.

"Twenty per cent," Mr. Bedoux confirmed.

"Maille," Stout exclaimed, speaking very quickly, "if only a quarter of this fellow's promises eventually come true, I swear to wander about myself with a chronometer and a board. . . . Meanwhile, just look at that fellow over there! *Ni, badoua, odi po!*"

Intrigued by the white men's conversation, for the last five

minutes Ramasamy had been pretending to repair the broken support of a latex cup. He now gave such a jump that he knocked it over and the white liquid poured all over the ground. Mr. Bedoux gave a smile and looked at Stout triumphantly.

* * *

Mr. Bedoux wiped the sweat from his brow, which now bore the marks of the Malayan sun, and spoke to Ramasamy in an outlandish jargon.

"No good. Not like that. Wipe cup with left hand. Now let go of chisel. No! I say. Look me."

Mr. Bedoux now had a gang of his own, an experimental gang operating solely under his surveillance, by means of which he was to demonstrate the excellence of his principles to the planting world.

"No! I say. Blockhead! Put down cup with right hand . . . then hold chisel in position . . . Oh, what a brute! He still doesn't understand! Look at him, Mr. Maille! I ask you, just look at him!"

Maille, for whom these sessions were a welcome diversion, did his best to hide the delight he derived from the spectacle of the Bedoux-Ramasamy combination cavorting through a rubber plantation. After displaying astonishing patience, Mr. Bedoux was now beginning to show signs of exasperation at Ramasamy's singular reluctance to allow himself to be streamlined.

"Look at him holding the chisel between his thumb and forefinger like a fountain pen! That's not how I told him to do it! If I've explained once, I've explained a hundred times!"

This was true. Mr. Bedoux had been unsparing in his explanations and his efforts.

Before starting the experiment, the "guinea pig" gang had been mustered in front of the main office. There, a Tamil conductor had translated the speech delivered by the representative of the firm of "Ratio." Stout had insisted on attending the meeting in person, to demonstrate the good will of the whole plantation staff.

The speech had opened with a few simple statements about methods improvement in general. Maille, who first had to translate Mr. Bedoux's French into English for the benefit of the conductor-interpreter, noticed the latter hesitate for a moment before rendering the words "methods improvement" and "taylorization" into Tamil. His embarrassment was short-lived. He found perfect equivalents in

the expressions "reshoonlishoon" and "teelrishoon," with the stress on the last syllable according to the rule of Tamil phonetics. Ramasamy looked as though he understood, and nodded his head in approval.

Then Mr. Bedoux had embarked on the list of useless gestures and movements to be avoided, not omitting to show what he meant by giving a personal demonstration. This first part had lasted quite a long time, during which Ramasamy squatted comfortably on his haunches with an expression of wide-eyed curiosity, the same expression Maille had noticed on his face when he had seen a motion picture shown at Sungei Ikan. Each time Mr. Bedoux paused, Ramasamy made a gesture of encouragement.

Eventually Mr. Bedoux got down to the heart of the matter and began to explain his method, once again doing his best to make it clear by means of a personal demonstration. With untiring patience he showed how to give the chisel the optimum angle of thirty degrees with the face at a tangent to the trunk of the tree, and how the sequence of gestures had to follow closely the sequence indicated, in which the right hand had its own particular field of activity and did not encroach on the functions of the left. Finally he showed how the movement of the feet around the tree should be co-ordinated with the manual gestures.

When he had finished, the coolies, who had given evidence of increasing interest and even of enthusiasm during this last performance, looked at one another and conversed in an undertone for a moment or two. Maille felt they were consulting one another to know whether they should applaud. This proved to be correct. A furious glance from Stout and a few curses from the conductor put an end to this display just in time.

Mr. Bedoux had then asked the interpreter to make sure that everyone had understood. The air was immediately rent by vehement cries of affirmation.

"Amah! Amah! Am'ange!"*

Mr. Bedoux, who was nothing if not conscientious, had put himself at their disposal to go over all the tricky points once more. There had been a second whispered consultation, then the *kangani* intermediary had said that they would feel a little happier if Mr. Bedoux

* "Yes! Yes! Yes, sir!"

would be good enough to repeat the experimental demonstration so that no detail should escape them.

Delighted at seeing them evince such profound interest, Mr. Bedoux had once again illustrated his system. Then, while Stout appeared to be lost in a brown study, he had given a third performance for the benefit of two or three fellows with thicker skulls than the rest.

"In the whole of my career," Mr. Bedoux had declared, "I have never seen workmen so well disposed as these. Really, the attention and understanding they have shown augur the most promising results."

"Well," Stout had broken in abruptly, "I suppose that will be all for the moment. Now, Maille, would you please ask Mr. Bedoux if he would like me to add a few personal words of advice—for instance, to warn these fellows that they'll have me to reckon with if they don't comply with his instructions to the letter."

"On no condition!" Mr. Bedoux had strongly protested. "On the contrary, I want this team to work henceforth under my direct surveillance and without any intervention from the plantation staff. Mr. Maille will accompany me as usual, but solely as an observer. Please understand. I'm not trying to belittle the planters' methods, but this work is completely different and there must be no outside influence over the men until they get the hang of it. In fact, what I'd like you to tell them is this: as of today they'll be working under my orders, and the only reprimands they'll get will come from me."

Maille saw that Stout was profoundly disturbed.

"Do you mean to say he really wants you to tell the coolies that?"

Mr. Bedoux declared that this condition was essential to success.

"Well, go ahead then. But just a moment, Maille. Tell him from me that on no condition will this gang have the slightest contact with any other. They will be kept isolated in a corner of the plantation, in Block 5b, which is going to be cut down at the end of the year for replanting. It's in Powell's division. I'll give instructions for him to keep well out of the way."

Mr. Bedoux had been delighted with these arrangements, and the experiment had been launched.

"It's awful, Mr. Maille. Look at them. They're waddling about like a lot of ducks!"

Block 5b was situated on the edge of the jungle. The monkeys in-

vaded it frequently and chased one another from tree to tree in a series of fantastic leaps, and it was one of the few remaining spots where you could still come across the tracks of a panther in the early morning. From the very first day, against a backdrop of the equatorial forest and with a cast consisting of lizards and red squirrels, some strange scenes had been enacted in this dark-green theater. Maille had observed the development of the Bedoux-Ramasamy combination with an interest that was all the more profound since he had been forbidden to intervene. He had often wondered at the depths of absurdity to which a Tamil tapper's fantasy could descend when it came up against the speculative reasoning powers of the West. He felt there was no new extravagance in which Ramasamy could indulge in his grotesque distortion of the pure gesture advocated by Mr. Bedoux. Yet each time, Ramasamy drew on his primitive brain for some still more fantastic interpretation.

He had seen Ramasamy tackle a tree in attitudes that defied the most twisted imagination: sideways, backwards, crouching, kneeling, on tiptoe like a ballet dancer, or with both arms raised above his head as though he were being covered by a firearm. He had seen him try to keep his balance standing on one foot and at the same time try to wipe the cup clean with the nimble big toe of the other while both hands, armed with the chisel, flayed the air like a murderous windmill. He had seen him tear off strips of rubber and wave them wildly round his head while launching into a sort of Indian war dance. He had seen him move round a tree and get his legs so entangled in the process that, thanks to his natural suppleness, he almost succeeded in plaiting them together; whereupon, unable to stand up any longer, he gave a delighted cry and tumbled over with a childish chuckle, looking round in all directions with a poignant expression of unrewarded virtue on his face. Mr. Bedoux gave vent to groans of despair. Ramasamy assumed a contrite air, raised his eyes to the sky, and asserted in his own language that he was doing his very best. Then, by means of mime, he tried to show the "Ratio" representative that he had not quite grasped his method and that further instruction would be much appreciated.

Once again, with angelic patience, Mr. Bedoux undertook to give this recalcitrant yet another demonstration. Ramasamy laid down his tools and squatted comfortably on his haunches. The *kangani* who, since working with the Technical Staff, had taken to wearing a Euro-

pean shirt over his sarong and had substituted for his usual volley of oaths a sweeter-sounding litany in which the words "reshloonishoon" and "teelrishoon" kept cropping up, gave a raucous yell as a signal for the other coolies in the gang to come and attend the lesson. They came from all directions, racing through the rubber trees, leaping over the undergrowth, giving evidence of superhuman activity in their haste to witness the performance. They gathered round in a circle, nodding their heads and watching Mr. Bedoux with an air of delighted approval. Puffing and sweating, Mr. Bedoux gallantly went through each of the pure gestures, the gestures devoid of all useless fantasy. His stumpy little arms, now heavily freckled by the fierce Malayan sun, described a series of straight lines indicating the shortest course between various given points. Needless to say, he merely went through the motions of tapping, drawing the chisel across the surface of the bark without cutting into it and expending a considerable amount of energy in his efforts to move his feet in a co-ordinated manner.

The *kangani* asked them in Tamil if they had all understood. There was a new outburst of vehement affirmation.

"Yes, sir, yes! Like that, we quite understand!"

The gang then dispersed like a flight of sparrows and the *kangani* resumed his monologue, punctuated with the words "reshloonishoon" and "teelrishoon." Mr. Bedoux switched his chronometer on again. This time Ramasamy really had understood and could hardly wait to prove it. There he was, imitating Mr. Bedoux to the letter—drawing his chisel across the surface of the bark, taking great care not to cut into it. With a glance of triumph in Mr. Bedoux's direction, he gamboled across to the next tree like a young billy goat and repeated the selfsame gestures.

"But . . . look here!" Mr. Bedoux burst out. "You've got to tap the tree, damn it all! I just go through the motions, but you—you actually do it!"

And the better to make him understand, he seized a chisel and drove it fiercely into the tree with a gesture of incipient exasperation. And he made a deep gash in the bark. And from that moment on, Ramasamy set to with a will, making hideous gashes that would have pierced the heart of any planter, carving off great chunks as thick as a man's finger instead of the thin strip, as delicate as the petal of a flower that he previously had detached with loving care.

In the end, however, Ramasamy had grown weary of his own exhibitions. He had gently resumed his own individual method, based on the multiplication and prolongation of unproductive movements during which he gathered enough strength to carry on still further. He was almost unaware of the presence of Mr. Bedoux just behind him. He fell into a deep stupor and scarcely ever came out of it except when Mr. Bedoux in his anxiety and irritation brought him to his senses with a louder cry than usual. Then he would invent some fresh fantasy, like the novelty of holding the chisel in one hand alone, with three fingers, in the manner of a portrait painter.

"Mr. Maille, please help me," Mr. Bedoux pleaded with tears in his eyes. "Could you tell them that they shouldn't hold the tool like that? They really are rather dim-witted. . . . And when they're not indulging in flights of fancy, they're so terribly slow. They just drag themselves along, Mr. Maille. They almost fall asleep on their feet. Do you think they could be doing it on purpose?"

Maille did not answer this last question but, mustering all the knowledge of Tamil he possessed, turned on Ramasamy and launched into a furious diatribe.

"*Ni, pandi ni, surruka odi po!*" he finally concluded in a fierce voice.

Ramasamy seized his chisel in both hands and began to tap in the normal way.

"That's much better," Mr. Bedoux observed, keeping his eye on the chronometer. "The movements are still not perfectly co-ordinated, but there's a marked improvement. What on earth did you say to him?"

"I said, 'Get a move on, you cur, you swine, or you'll have me to reckon with!'"

"It's all very odd," Mr. Bedoux remarked.

THE GERMAN BUSINESSMAN*

ROY LEWIS AND ROSEMARY STEWART

Is Germany a businessman's Utopia? Certainly management man in Germany emerged from the war with a resurgence that astounded American and British economists.

Joseph Winshuh, commenting in the *Harvard Business Review* upon the young businessman in Germany's future, wrote "The crying need is for the young businessman to make management an elite calling or, to put it differently, to create in their own field a distinction of eliteness. It is up to them to build in their own way a prestige that is built on their own contributions, material and otherwise, to scholarship, to the fine arts, and to culture and even more so, on public admiration for the efficiency and speed with which they consummate the largest transactions. . . . Herein also lies the way to meet the competing appeal of the professions and the government service which, not being so rooted in money-making, and so exposed to its sordid temptations have been distinguished by a reputation for service."

The naive desire for the German businessman to be "accepted" seems to be pervasive in German business philosophy. Great emphasis has always been on the creative elements of business. The businessman who builds factories is always congratulated not only on the success of the combine but on the factory or factories that he physically established. As

* From: *The Managers* (New York: New American Library of World Literature, Inc.) 1961.

early as 1921 Karl Bosch explained the workings of creativity of the businessman. "The imaginative creation of the industrialist can be put on the same level with that of an artist. The technician is no more master of his ideas and his imaginative processes than the artist. It is wrong to imagine that everything is mathematically worked out. At the right moment the industrialist suddenly experiences—just like the artist—the impulse of creation."

It would appear that the entrepreneur is far more comfortable in Germany than the less imaginative corporation man. The desire for "the elite" that Mr. Winshuh comments upon, as well as the image of their entrepreneur as a leader, are both expressions of the German peoples' ever present desire for a personality. The Germans have always expressed a remarkable talent for organization and the Common Market gives them full scope for their expression of that ability. The Austrians, also prosperous in their post-war society, look upon the German tendency for hard work as "managerial sickness," but the Austrians, alas, can waste as much time on the creation of a piece of pastry as the Germans do on the complexity of a business problem.

In the following portrayal of the German businessman, Roy Lewis, Washington correspondent for the *Economist* of London, and Rosemary Stewart, formerly with the British Institute of Management and now director of the Acton Society, an independent research unit studying large scale organizations, investigate the power and privileges of management life in Germany.

"And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten."

JOEL 2:25

"The average European hasn't the faintest frog's idea of what an exciting game American big business life can be, and you are just wasting your breath trying to get it across to him. Incidentally, he is not worth it. He will often stoop to things that the Americans (I don't speak of crooks) have long given up as bad practice."

NEGLEY FARSON

The British businessman is not the only one who is being urged to emulate the American. On the continent, too, the businessman, troubled with an unaccustomed and uncomfortable feeling that he has a problem of public relations, is beginning to look more carefully at the American business scene and to find in it features to admire. He is even beginning to wonder whether American business civilization is what he really needs in Europe; at any rate, it has become evident that his own attitudes are inadequate. *Fortune* found that the European businessman was, in contrast to the American, lonely in society; and therefore

. . . so long as he is carrying out the unpopular game of business, he is resolved to pile up the chips; for inwardly he knows of only one justification for being in industry at all, namely, to get out of it . . . by accumulating as fast and decisively as possible the sort of wealth that establishes status.

—the status that is conferred by government service, scholarship, or the fine art of relaxation. "It is their credo," remarked *Fortune* crushingly but sweepingly, "and the ultimate explanation of the sad failures of continental capitalism that the sole mission of business is to enrich the businessman."

Not even Belgian businessmen will swallow that verdict whole; but it is true that the continental businessman is newly aware of American business achievements, and not simply in terms of managerial efficiency. From Marshall Aid to the Common Market, his thinking has moved along American lines, i.e., to justify himself and his works before workers and consumers. Nowhere has this happened

more noticeably than in Germany. The German businessman is now probably as keenly conscious of American business philosophy, and is certainly importing American business methods as easily, as his British counterpart; indeed, it is quite likely that at the moment he is rather more Americanophile. There are sound reasons for this; yet the background of German business experience could hardly stand in greater contrast to American. If the Germans decide to model themselves on the Americans, there certainly would seem to be prospects of converting the rest of the continental businessmen to a healthier attitude.

1. RISE OF THE GERMAN BUSINESSMAN

The growth of capitalism in Germany was affected, to a far greater extent than in Britain or France, by a rigid structure of class and status; and the German businessman arose therefore out of a social background utterly at variance with American experience either in colonial days or afterward.

In the eighteenth century, Germany was a congeries of princely states in each of which the head of state was absolute; he ruled by means of a professional bureaucracy and a standing army, and by the demarcation of society into classes or *Staende* which enjoyed no common interest and therefore had no incentive to combine. Broadly stated, this was the common pattern of government from state to state. The aristocracy had the right to own land and exercise authority over it; and it had, too, the right to the higher posts in the army and civil service. At the opposite end of the social scale, the peasantry worked on the land and provided the conscripts for the armies. Between the two, the *Mittelstand* ("middle class" is a word with too English associations to be a close translation) had the sole right to trade and manufacture. They were divided into various grades of burghers, depending on the state or city in which they lived. They had fared very differently from their English counterparts since the Reformation. Like the English middle classes, they had sought political power for themselves, especially in the cities, but they had lost it all in the religious wars. They were also completely cut off from the wider perspectives of the New World, which had stirred up and liberalized French and English (if not Spanish) society. They lost touch

with practicalities at the same time. Although the first of the mass-production consumer processes, printing, came from Germany in the fifteenth century, by the 1800s the country was far behind Britain, America, and France in technical progress. Germany was the land of music and philosophy—and of rigid social discipline.

The only towns through which a freer air circulated were the ancient Hanse cities, which still traded with the world. Especially in Hamburg, they possessed a mercantile aristocracy, though they had lost most of the spirit that had inspired a merchant of Lubeck to carve over his lintel the basic tenet of the true merchant-adventurer: "*navigare necesse est: vivere non est necesse.*"

Capitalism, technology, and business came to Germany in various ways. But the structure of a society based on status—and still divided between Catholic and Protestant states—was so strong that it had to shape itself largely to the form of that society, rather than (as in Britain) transforming it relatively swiftly. The Napoleonic wars supplied one impulse to the rise of business. The intellectuals among the middle classes began to pine for emancipation, for a more open society; the rulers began to need munitions; the philosophers began to think about the practical uses of natural science.

When the continental blockade cut off English wares from Germany, the house of Krupp began to make a substitute for English cast steel, and thus founded its fortunes on a product which presently proved better than the original. The ambitious Frederick the Great of Prussia realized that his country could not be a military power without industry; yet, he lacked industrialists and repudiated the freedom under which entrepreneurs flourished in England and America. He therefore started industries (such as the Silesian coal mines) as a branch of the state bureaucracy. Elsewhere, a few members of the middle classes rose in the civil service, became ennobled, and bought up ancient estates where they introduced new methods and even industries; thus, by one means or another, it became possible for the entrepreneur to begin the transformation and industrialization of German life by the second quarter of the nineteenth century.

The businessmen were not much liked by the intellectuals. To them, as to Sombart, "the entrepreneur, cool and calculating, is of a nonerotic type and unsentimental nature"; and "work implies saving, love implies spending." But liberalism was able to make only temporary use of the social discontent which seemed to sweep all of Ger-

many in the revolution of 1848. It was defeated politically, and the field was left to the businessman, to whom industrialization was a practical job which could be done within the structure of reimposed authoritarianism. Thus, much of the energy that would have gone into creating a more democratic society, with more permeable class barriers, now went into industry. German business put on a Prussian uniform.

Bismarck made the mold into which German business was poured in the last half of the nineteenth century. He broke the out-of-date medievalism of the *Junker* (land-owning) squires, but maintained the autocracy of their king (and later, emperor). He released the creative and revolutionary forces of business and encouraged the commercial classes to intermarry with the hereditary ruling class, which was thus devalued. However, top businessmen did not find themselves, as in England, at the apex of society. Status remained decisive, and the army retained its caste privileges. The successful businessman might in time be allowed to put "von" in front of his name, but he could not aspire to become a full part of the nobility; and the purchase of a great estate did not (as, again, it did in England) provide his children with a springboard into the ruling circles. Nor had the German businessman the social life and culture to which the French bourgeois, on retirement, might turn with his millions and thus enter a European society of the spirit. Finance and banking did not achieve the same supremacy in German business or in German social life that they did in France and England; the German stock exchange had none of the social cachet of the City or the Bourse. Thus the German business point of view was further circumscribed. The German bankers were mainly Jews, and suffered from social prejudice. German industry was even more anxious than British to keep out of the hands of the bankers, just because they were generally Jews. Industrial expansion proceeded more out of retained profits than in any other country, and when the Ruhr industry felt the need for credit institutions, they often created their own. Nothing like Wall Street ever arose in Germany, important as banking, including the great Jewish merchant banks, became.

Nor had the German businessman any of the frontier spirit which imbued the American (indeed, he often emigrated in search of it). To some extent, a horizon of expansion was supplied to him by first the *Zollverein* (customs union) of the German states and then by

Bismarck's full political unification of Germany. This created a basis on which big business could operate; the German industrialists unified Germany by railways.

Bismarck fought both socialism, parliamentarianism, and British "Manchesterism." He gave the German businessman a secure and protected basis from which to operate, to conquer the world by trade. From this grew two important tendencies in German business: the first, to seek to keep down political socialism by paternalism and workers' welfare in the plant; the second, to emphasize export trade. The German businessman did not seek to impose any economic philosophy on the State, beyond occasional grumbles, in the words of Treitschke, that the army and the bureaucracy were parasites on the merchant and manufacturer. In politics, he collaborated with authority; he concentrated his personal energies on business and on that assault on world markets which began at last to frighten even the most arrogant British exporter in the early twentieth century.

2. GERMAN BUSINESS CHARACTER

The prototype of the German big businessman, as well as the most famous of his breed, was Alfred Krupp. His success was perhaps unfortunate for Germany later on, because Krupp, interested in steel guns and armament, did a great deal to foster the international arms race, though there is no reason to suppose it would not have taken place without him. The fortunes of the firm were built on railway equipment, and it became the greatest industrial complex in the Ruhr before the fatal Anglo-German naval race began. It was built on parsimony, will power, and technical know-how; Krupp's greatest grief was when he had to have recourse to the banks in the depression of the seventies. The leitmotiv of his life was his love-hate relationship with the Prussian state—at once a ceaseless battle with the bureaucracy for the recognition of the quality of his gun barrels and a ceaseless courtship of the Prussian ruler for favors and, at times, capital. Krupp thought of himself as a loyal servant of the state, but at the same time he was a liberal businessman in the English sense, ready to defend his right to sell guns to all comers. He was patriotic, yet internationalist; individualists, yet rigidly conservative. Krupp was paternal to his workmen, to whom he offered higher wages than ruled in the market,

security, and some plant social services. Tyranny ruled the family, and Krupp even forbade his son to study at the university, thinking his own plant and his own example a complete education. A tiresome, self-made bourgeois, contemptuous of all culture, he was on the other hand personally and resourcefully interested in technology at a time when few British industrialists realized its importance (or had forgotten it). He

had faith in himself, his enterprise and the soundness of the world in which he lived, holding that faith with the simplicity of his generation. He considered that he possessed the key to the secret of life. . . . Only one preliminary condition needed to be fulfilled. Everyone must do what he wanted. . . . And as his strength of will far exceeded that of those who worked for him, he succeeded in creating something out of nothing, and out of that something the greatest armament industry in the world.

This could be a broad picture of the achievement of German businessmen as a whole in the last half of the nineteenth and first decade of the twentieth century. Von Stumm, the steel magnate, came from the same mold:

I demand and I expect complete confidence in me. I refuse to discuss any unjustified demands. I shall, as I have always done, try to meet any justified demands before they are formulated even, and I therefore ask everyone who does not wish to accept this to give notice as soon as possible, so as to avoid my giving them notice, and so leave the establishment in a lawful and orderly manner to make room for others, as I can assure them I mean to remain master in my own house and on my own soil.

In the early years of the twentieth century, however, the great Ruhr industrial autocrats like the Krupps and Stumms were reinforced by German businessmen with a remarkable technological flair in many fields. German technical education was paying high dividends. Siemens, for example, learned engineering in the Berlin war academy from Ohm, and turned from gun cotton to wireless telegraphy; Diesel studied engineering at an Augsburg technical high school, and from inventing refrigeration by means of ammonia, turned to its use as fuel for light engines; Duisberg went from his chemistry studies in Gottingen to Bayer & Co.; Emil Rathenau was an electrical engineer; Heinkel's career began when, as a poor student, he saw a Zeppelin burn out and decided to devote his life to heavier-than-air craft. The top German businessmen set a tradition of giving control to scientists

rather than accountants. Then, too, coming late to industrialism, they were able to lay out their plants more advantageously than the British. Thorstein Veblen noted that:

The German adventurers in the field of business, being captains of industry rather than finance, were also free to choose their associates and staff with a view to their industrial insight and capacity rather than their astuteness in ambushing the community's loose change.

Young men who went into German industry early found themselves part of a research team; for example, in 1908, the young chemist Karl Bosch worked with Professor Fritz Haber on synthetic nitrogen, and built his march to the top in I. G. Farben on this technical success.

The discipline of the Prussian army, and the different but equally exacting discipline of science, shaped German industry on a particular pattern. It made possible precision in management as well as in engineering. An American observer, even before the First World War, noted:

As modern capitalism develops, it assumes more and more the aspect of a system in which the individuality of men is sacrificed. The operation of a large manufacturing plant approximates more and more to the routine of the army; with the perfection of machinery, the human labor comes to resemble the drill of the soldier, monotonous and mechanical. Patient toil, endurance and obedience are the qualities fostered in the army and utilized in industry. The capitalist could scarcely ask for a better training school for his employees.

This discipline had its disadvantages. Because German workers tended to be obedient, not complaining about conditions in the factory any more than they did of those in the army, production was often inefficient. The smoothness of German administration astonished everybody; but the art of industrial efficiency, and above all of work study, was born in the far less disciplined society of America (though the Germans took it up in the "*Rationalisierung*" movement after World War I). Heel-clicking and subservience in the management hierarchy also meant that German executives often lacked the self-criticism that was so healthy in America. Krupp left detailed—and quickly outdated—instructions for his management; it was years before his son was able to escape from the strait jacket which they imposed on the organization and its higher control.

Order, regulation, and system were (and are) characteristic of

German business because they were (and are) characteristic of the German businessman. From these traits grew the cartels and other producers' price agreements which have always been a marked feature of German industry. Cartels were legalized in Germany at a time when the United States was busy trust-busting. Even the British businessman found that he was totally incompetent to restrict competition in the same disciplined degree as the Germans (to the deep relief of British economists). But to the Germans, competition spelled disorder and muddle; it did not seem to them a mechanism, as delicately adjusted as a watch movement, to achieve market equilibrium. They regarded it as the rudimentary, chaotic stage of capitalist development, to be eliminated as business moved toward a collective orderliness. This feeling was emphasized by the importance of status in Germany; cartels were aimed at defending the position of existing businesses, and working people and trade unions approved of this as a defense of employment and wage rates. The idea that a great firm could be thrown off balance or even destroyed by an upstart was repugnant to the type of mind which was schooled to put the aristocracy above the bourgeoisie, to defer before the king and the army, and to dress its own ranks in a comparable hierarchy of wealth and prestige.

The creation of the great German industrial complexes proceeded from similar motives of solidifying—securing—status quite as much as from a scientific appraisal of the advantages of vertical organization. The German industrialist, imbued with a need for security, fearful of conditions which he did not control, always had a tendency to seek to buy the sources of his own raw material, the means of transporting them to his factory, and hence the power to price every intermediate stage of manufacture. The Englishman instinctively felt it was cheapest to "buy out" his materials, because he thought that competition would keep down the prices he had to pay; the German feared that if he did not have control, he would be deprived of his needs. Thus, the great Ruhr industrialists went from steelmaking to mining, and then the other way to shipbuilding and machine construction. They sought to be the producers of their products and even the users of them; the only thing they did not have was control of world markets. This tendency was very widespread; Thyssen bought up shipping, locomotives, and railway cars; Stinnes started in mining, went on to electricity, and thence to wood pulp and newspapers; even Diesel, once he had made a practicable oil engine, proceeded to buy Galician

oilfields to make sure of his fuel supplies (subsequently, he lost heavily on them).

To the organization of these great business empires German businessmen devoted their immense talents for order. They also poured into these enterprises their compulsive urge to work. In their own way, German businessmen found, as early as did Americans, that business could be a completely absorbing way of life. Indeed, in the abandonment of any other interests, beyond a traditional domesticity, they may have led the way; nineteenth-century American businessmen still preserved a vague idea of getting something out of business, other than business itself. The German, cut off from politics, debarred from society, morally repelled by the conception of a life of culture and leisure, for the most part insensitive to art, gave his entire energy to business organization.

German upbringing has always emphasized the importance of doing a job properly; it emphasizes thoroughness, or "*Tüchlichkeit*." In business everywhere, particularly in the scientific era, this has been the cardinal virtue. It has involved a great development of cartels, it is true; but it has also yielded an intense devotion to specialized tasks, which has paid off well both in applied science and in methodical marketing—especially abroad. At home, the Germans have never pursued the consumers with blandishments—because they are only Germans. Abroad, the German attitude is just the opposite: nothing is too much trouble. The English often give the reverse impression, though they are not trying to emulate the Germans, and, as has been suggested, they find it very uncongenial.

It may be significant, however, that these are the virtues of people unsure of themselves; as an American observer puts it, this love of orderliness and passion for detail constitute a "protection against the vagueness of their basic emotional drive." They need the security of order and system; they need to be disciplined. Part of German antipathy for the English springs from the lackadaisical self-assurance which the English display (though it may now be declining) and which they find hard to forgive in a Teutonic people. For the same reason, English and German industrialists and technologists often get on extremely well.

The obsession with system and status prompted German businessmen to provide remarkably complete welfare services on a plant basis. Krupp was only one of the first to build houses for his em-

ployees; Fritz Henkel, the washing-soda king, provided schools and sanatoria. In 1872, Siemens started a pension fund for all employees, a profits bonus, and priority for re-engagement of staff who had been laid off. Karl Zeiss even introduced the eight-hour day, though most German employers expected their workers to be as ready to work long hours as they were themselves. Good relations on this basis have been common in Germany (and still are); Benz was "Papa Benz" to his employees. Robert Bosch (who had introduced the eight-hour day even earlier, in 1886) was appalled when his own workers joined the revolution in 1919; Ballin committed suicide when it happened in his works.

The minority of enlightened employers among German industrialists often held the opinion—perhaps even before it was developed in the United States—that happy plant relationships based on a paternal care for welfare would contribute to a society without class tension, without any envy of the have-nots for the haves. "I have always felt it the noblest duty of an industrialist," said Duisberg, "to find a solution for the social problem." Karl Bosch almost echoes Krupp when he said, "I consider it a much more important moral obligation to assure our 125,000 employees, which we and our subsidiaries employ, a secure livelihood, than to pay dividends based on changing economic conditions." Men of this stamp were, however, unusually liberal; Robert Bosch, for example, favored workers' representatives on the *Aufsichtsrat*.

To some extent, this policy succeeded. Germany suffered fewer strikes than England or America. German employees could sense the pride of the boss in being a good employer. In small firms, especially, the relationship was closer than in Britain or France. The German felt like the officer of a regiment toward his men; he insisted on work and discipline, but their personal worries were his concern, too. This tradition has proved durable and is still continuing. The German businessman is therefore likely to force a great deal of welfare upon his employees which they may not really want; but he is also perfectly capable of sending his car to take his secretary's grandmother to the hospital. First names are used paternally toward workers, but toward employees of the same social class, formality is practiced. Toward his colleagues, however, he is more formal. German social relationships are not, in fact, secure enough for the American fashion of using first names among colleagues to take root there.

VI. MANAGEMENT
MAN

His Future



WHERE WILL TOMORROW'S MANAGERS COME FROM?*

PETER F. DRUCKER

Where will management man stand in the decades to come?

The Bureau of the Census finds that the fastest growing occupational group is in the "managerial, professional, and technical," fields. In twenty years these "knowledge workers" will make up half the United States work force. Another quarter will have sales and clerical jobs, and only one quarter will be industrial workers. (Peter Drucker, incidentally, has estimated that three quarters of the Soviet Union at that time will be manual workers and only one quarter knowledge workers, and of that quarter, nearly all of them engineers.)

Management man will be more mobile than ever. His wife and family must not only adapt themselves to moving from Chicago to San Diego and from San Diego to Portland, Maine, but with equal ease and adaptability must move from Peoria to Paris, from Mobile to Manila. Management man will blanket the entire globe. But where specifically will a company find tomorrow's manager?

* From: *The New Society* (New York: Harper & Brothers) 1950.

Peter Drucker, America's leading student of the economic, social, and political problems of our management age, analyzes in the following section how management is likely to get the managers for tomorrow's jobs.

Since operating experience and performance are likely to unfit a man for top management, it would seem logical to try to obtain top-management candidates from elsewhere. This reasoning underlies the two most popular policies of American management today with regard to the problem of the succession.

One is the increasing dependence on "staff" people as the reservoir for top-management positions. Men who have had very little or no operating experience, who have actually never worked in the enterprise proper, but who have spent most of their working life in the central office as assistants on policy decisions, are increasingly preferred in the promotion to top-management rank. These men obviously have a view of the whole—which is the reason why they are being picked. But they have usually been less tested in an independent command than the operating people. In fact, most of them have never been in charge of any organization larger than a private secretary. Also these men, while they see the whole, often lack any knowledge of the actual operations of the enterprise; they do not have the "feel," of the place; they do not know the people and are not known by them. They also tend to be rather contemptuous of the operating people. It is after all the staff's job to be critical of operating performance. The staff men have thus spent many years trying to "sell" the operating people on new ideas and to overcome the resistance of the organization. They are in turn regarded by the organization as outsiders and as "starry-eyed dreamers" who are completely impractical. The operating organization bitterly resents their promotion and tends to ascribe it to "pull" and "favoritism." Their decisions, when in the top command, therefore, meet with resistance and sabotage.

Hardly more satisfactory is the attempt to provide special training and a special ladder of promotion for a few hand-picked "crown princes." Increasingly, young men are being promoted to top-management positions. These young men are not, as they were fifty years ago, the sons or the relatives of the owner or of the top-management people; anything that smacks of nepotism is now frowned upon. The young men who have taken the place of the boss's son of yesterday are usually brilliant college graduates who were picked for a rapid

career the moment they entered the company's employ. Outwardly it appears as if these men have to climb the same ladder everybody else has to climb. They begin as clerks or as apprentice engineers, and go through the customary steps. Actually, this appearance of a normal career is an illusion, if not a mere concession to the proprieties. The brilliant young candidate as a rule does not even spend enough time in any one job to get a thorough training. He spends just enough time to become familiar with the jargon of a department.

Unlike the staff man, the "crown prince" is usually thoroughly tested in independent commands. At an early age he is given important assignments and important responsibilities; from the first his job is that of a future top manager in training rather than that of a genuine subordinate. But his assignments will all be "special" assignments. He remains an outsider, who is not likely to accept the organization or to be accepted by it.

This attempt to solve the succession problem is less rational than the succession by inheritance of fifty years ago which modern management so virtuously spurns. At least the special training and promotion of the owner's son was honest and out in the open. Everybody knew that the young man would inherit sooner or later. The "crown prince by birth" had a title to the succession. It was to the interest of the whole organization to have a man so obviously destined for the top position well trained, well acquainted with the organization and well prepared. The "crown prince by selection," however, is resented by everybody. While the owner's son had an obvious claim and title, the claim of the graduate of the Harvard Business School to possess superior intelligence and ability is not likely to be taken in good grace by people who have grown old in the service of the enterprise. That they call it "cradle-snatching" shows what they think of it.

There is no escaping the need for a policy that will make operating men capable of succeeding to the top-management positions. . . .

The first obstacle is the lack of any yardstick to measure performance, and especially to measure potential top-management performance.

Every one of the traditional yardsticks developed to measure executive and administrative potential is inapplicable to the enterprise. The oldest of all objective measures, and the one with the longest continuous history, is the competitive examination around which the

Chinese built their entire governmental structure, and which is being increasingly used in the government service of every Western nation. But examinations can only test knowledge, whereas the enterprise needs a test of ability and character if not of performance.

Equally inappropriate is the criterion of success developed in Church or Army; a combination of length of service and adaptation to a codified tradition. In both these institutions the emphasis is not on ability to change, let alone on ability to initiate change, but on ability to conform to an unchanging standard of conduct and personality developed over a long period of time. But in the enterprise the management job consists very largely of the management of change, if not of taking the lead in changes. Neither seniority nor the yardstick of a traditional pattern can be applied.

Where there is no way to predict performance, we have to use experience and judgment. But the enterprise does not normally provide the experience that alone would count: experience in an independent command. The qualities which make a first-rate lieutenant are likely to unfit a man for an independent top position. The enterprise usually cannot test a man in an independent command until he has reached a position where incompetence or mistakes may endanger the very survival of the enterprise. Methods of predicting a man's potential—by psychological tests, for instance—are a very poor substitute for an actual test under "battle conditions." At best they can eliminate the grossest misfits.

If selection as well as evaluation of management personnel has to be based on judgment, there must be an authority to make these judgments. It must be an authority thoroughly familiar with the problems of the enterprise and with its personnel. At the same time it must be completely untouched by the personal ambitions and political struggles within the management group.

Such an authority does not exist in the enterprise. By law and custom the Board of Directors constitutes this authority. But there are very few Boards which actually assume it or which would be capable of discharging it. The great majority of Boards do not even concern themselves with it.

Altogether the Board of Directors is an anomaly. It does not function, and usually cannot function as the representative of the stockholders, which according to law it is supposed to be. It is much too far away from the company's affairs to have any real knowledge

of the company's problems. The normal Board members spends at most a day or two each month with the company. More and more companies have replaced their outside part-time Directors with inside full-time Directors who are members of management and therefore themselves interested parties in the decisions of the Board. The selection of management personnel, their training and development, their promotion, the replacement of top executives and their appraisal are thus either left to chance or to the uncontrolled decision of top management itself.

That the "withering away" of the Board is not a weakness inherent in the corporate form of organization, but one that lies in the structure of the enterprise, is indicated by the Russian experience. In the Soviet Union the top-management position is held by the various ministries in charge of specific industries; the manager of a plant, even of a big plant, has only operating and day-to-day duties. The job of selecting successors is considered a foremost responsibility of the head of the ministry, who is usually not a technician or a former operating man but a Party politician. Yet, despite the minister's political power and his independence of the organization, he is apparently quite incapable of controlling the personnel decisions of his ministry, or even of ensuring that leaders are being developed and trained. The neglect of the job of supplying adequate trained and tested successors has been a constant and loud complaint since the beginning of Russia's industrialization. The reasons given are very similar to those given for the failure of the Board of Directors: The minister is too far away to know what goes on; he is too busy to pay much attention, etc. Just like our Boards, the Soviet Minister of Light Metal Industries or of Mining apparently tends to postpone decisions on top-management personnel till it is too late to do anything but appoint the man with the greatest seniority to the vacancy. That the decision can be postponed for a long time explains in large part why decisions on succession are so often shirked altogether.

LOOKING BACKWARD*

EDWARD BELLAMY

What is society to be like in the future? Since earliest times, man has been interested in expressing some utopian world yet to come where a life that has not been achieved today, will be achieved tomorrow. It is remarkable that some of these prophets have painted the future so accurately. Edward Bellamy, the nineteenth century writer, could be considered the Jules Verne of many aspects of management life, just as Jules Verne himself was the prophet for our scientific discoveries of today. Bellamy's world was a highly centralized, over-organized bureaucracy. As Erich Fromm says:

Bellamy did not see the dangers of a managerial society and of bureaucratization. He did not recognize that the bureaucrat is a man who administers things and people, and who relates himself to people as to things. Bellamy did not see that a society in which the individual does not act as a responsible participant in his own work lacks the essential elements of democracy, and is one in which man loses his individuality and initiative; that the bureaucratic system eventually tends to produce machines that act like men and men who act like machines. The emphasis on bureaucratic, centralized government seems to be indeed, the worst defect of Bellamy's utopia (a pitfall that was clearly seen and described in another important utopia, *News from Nowhere*, by William Morris), but it may be said that at a time when callous and irresponsible private owners directed production, the danger of a class of skilled managers was not yet so visible as it has become to those living in a period of a managerial society.

* From: *Looking Backward*, 1888.

Nevertheless, Bellamy explored all avenues of what seemed to him must be the golden future. Sylvia Bowman in her fascinating biography of Bellamy discovered that in one of his notebooks he had observed that it would be convenient to have a house built on a pivot like an office chair so that it could be turned at will to change the prospects or to catch the sun. The furnishings of the year 2,000 was simple. They were to be made of paper and could always be replaced, carpets, bedding, dishes and draperies. The public kitchen had eradicated the kitchen in the home. Bellamy as you can see had not anticipated that the public kitchens of today would really be frozen foods, but this is a small detail in a book that explored all aspects of a society that he imagined.

Bellamy's prime interest, however, was in the political aspects of the future. He lived in an unusually turbulent period. *Looking Backward* was published in 1888; panics, depressions, and conflicts between capital and labor were always present. There was an "unconscious socialism at work in the land," and Bellamy became a spokesman for those thoughts. *Looking Backward* was one of the most important books published in the United States. In fact it has appeared repeatedly in qualified lists as one of the most important books of the world to be published in the last one hundred years.

"In the bakelite house of the future," said J. B. Priestly recently, "the dishes may not break but the heart can. Even a man with ten showerbaths may find life flat, stale and unprofitable." Bellamy in his time had seen a great deal of heartbreak. In one giant step of fantasy the author tries to remedy everything. In what follows we look backward to the world of tomorrow—a world projected by a man who lived and suffered in the nineteenth century.

We had made an appointment to meet the ladies at the dining hall for dinner, after which, having some engagement, they left us sitting at table there, discussing our wine and cigars with a multitude of other matters.

"Doctor," said I, in the course of our talk, "morally speaking, your social system is one which I should be insensate not to admire in comparison with any previously in vogue in the world, and especially with that of my own most unhappy century. If I were to fall into a mesmeric sleep tonight as lasting as that other, and meanwhile the course of time were to take a turn backward instead of forward, and I were to wake up again in the nineteenth century, when I had told my friends what I had seen, they would every one admit that your world was a paradise of order, equity, and felicity. But they were a very practical people, my contemporaries, and after expressing their admiration for the moral beauty and material splendor of the system, they would presently begin to cipher and ask how you got the money to make everybody so happy; for certainly, to support the whole nation at a rate of comfort, and even luxury, such as I see around me, must involve vastly greater wealth than the nation produced in my day. Now, while I could explain to them pretty nearly everything else of the main features of your system, I should quite fail to answer this question, and failing there, they would tell me, for they were very close ciphers, that I had been dreaming; nor would they ever believe anything else. In my day, I know that the total annual product of the nation, although it might have been divided with absolute equality, would not have come to more than three or four hundred dollars per head, not very much more than enough to supply the necessities of life with few or any of its comforts. How is it that you have so much more?"

"That is a very pertinent question, Mr. West," replied Doctor Leete, "and I should not blame your friends, in the case you supposed, if they declared your story all moonshine, failing a satisfactory reply to it. It is a question which I cannot answer exhaustively at any one sitting, and as for the exact statistics to bear out my general statements, I shall have to refer you for them to books in my library, but it would

certainly be a pity to leave you to be put to confusion by your old acquaintances, in case of the contingency you speak of, for lack of a few suggestions.

"Let us begin with a number of small items wherein we economize wealth as compared with you. We have no national, state, county, or municipal debts, or payments on their account. We have no sort of military or naval expenditures for men or materials, no army, navy, or militia. We have no revenue service, no swarm of tax assessors and collectors. As regards our judiciary, police, sheriffs, and jailers, the force which Massachusetts alone kept on foot in your day far more than suffices for the nation now. We have no criminal class preying upon the wealth of society as you had. The number of persons, more or less absolutely lost to the working force through physical disability, of the lame, sick, and debilitated, which constituted such a burden on the able-bodied in your day, now that all live under conditions of health and comfort, has shrunk to scarcely perceptible proportions, and with every generation is becoming more completely eliminated.

"Another item wherein we save is the disuse of money and the thousand occupations connected with financial operations of all sorts, whereby an army of men was formerly taken away from useful employments. Also consider that the waste of the very rich in your day on inordinate personal luxury has ceased, though, indeed, this item might easily be overestimated. Again, consider that there are no idlers now, rich or poor—no drones.

"A very important cause of former poverty was the vast waste of labor and materials which resulted from domestic washing and cooking, and the performing separately of innumerable other tasks to which we apply the cooperative plan.

"A larger economy than any of these—yes, of all together—is effected by the organization of our distributing system, by which the work done once by the merchants, traders, storekeepers, with their various grades of jobbers, wholesalers, retailers, agents, commercial travelers, and middlemen of all sorts, with an excessive waste of energy in needless transportation and interminable handlings, is performed by one-tenth the number of hands and an unnecessary turn of not one wheel. Something of what our distributing system is like you know. Our statisticians calculate that one-eightieth part of our workers suffices for all the processes of distribution which in your day required

one-eighth of the population, so much being withdrawn from the force engaged in productive labor."

"I begin to see," I said, "where you get your greater wealth."

"I beg your pardon," replied Doctor Leete, "but you scarcely do as yet. The economies I have mentioned thus far, in the aggregate, considering the labor they would save directly and indirectly through saving of material, might possibly be equivalent to the addition to your annual production of wealth of one-half its former total. These items are, however, scarcely worth mentioning in comparison with other prodigious wastes, now saved, which resulted inevitably from leaving the industries of the nation to private enterprise. However great the economies your contemporaries might have devised in the consumption of products, and however marvelous the progress of mechanical invention, they could never have raised themselves out of the slough of poverty so long as they held to that system.

"No mode more wasteful for utilizing human energy could be devised, and for the credit of the human intellect it should be remembered that the system never was devised, but was merely a survival from the rude ages when the lack of social organization made any sort of cooperation impossible."

"I will readily admit," I said, "that our industrial system was ethically very bad, but as a mere wealth-making machine, apart from moral aspects, it seemed to us admirable."

"As I said," responded the doctor, "the subject is too large to discuss at length now, but if you are really interested to know the main criticisms which we moderns make on your industrial systems as compared with our own, I can touch briefly on some of them.

"The wastes which resulted from leaving the conduct of industry to irresponsible individuals, wholly without mutual understanding or concert, were mainly four: first, the waste by mistaken undertakings; second, the waste from the competition and mutual hostility of those engaged in industry; third, the waste by periodical gluts and crises, with the consequent interruptions of industry; fourth, the waste from idle capital and labor, at all times. Any one of these four great leaks, were all the others stopped, would suffice to make the difference between wealth and poverty on the part of a nation.

"Take the waste by mistaken undertakings, to begin with. In your day the production and distribution of commodities being without concert or organization, there was no means of knowing just what

demand there was for any class of products, or what was the rate of supply. Therefore, any enterprise by a private capitalist was always a doubtful experiment. The projector having no general view of the field of industry and consumption, such as our government has, could never be sure either what the people wanted, or what arrangements other capitalists were making to supply them. In view of this, we are not surprised to learn that the chances were considered several to one in favor of the failure of any given business enterprise, and that it was common for persons who at last succeeded in making a hit to have failed repeatedly. If a shoemaker, for every pair of shoes he succeeded in completing, spoiled the leather of four or five pair, besides losing the time spent on them, he would stand about the same chance of getting rich as your contemporaries did with their system of private enterprise, and its average of four or five failures to one success.

"The next of the great wastes was that from competition. The field of industry was a battlefield as wide as the world, in which the workers wasted, in assailing one another, energies which, if expended in concerted effort, as today, would have enriched all. As for mercy or quarter in this warfare, there was absolutely no suggestion of it. To deliberately enter a field of business and destroy the enterprises of those who had occupied it previously, in order to plant one's own enterprise on their ruins, was an achievement which never failed to command popular admiration. Nor is there any stretch of fancy in comparing this sort of struggle with actual warfare, so far as concerns the mental agony and physical suffering which attended the struggle, and the misery which overwhelmed the defeated and those dependent on them. Now nothing about your age is, at first sight, more astounding to a man of modern times than the fact that men engaged in the same industry, instead of fraternizing as comrades and collaborators to a common end, should have regarded each other as rivals and enemies to be throttled and overthrown. This certainly seems like sheer madness, a scene from bedlam. But more closely regarded, it is seen to be no such thing. Your contemporaries, with their mutual throat-cutting, knew very well what they were at. The producers of the nineteenth century were not, like ours, working together for the maintenance of the community, but each solely for his own maintenance at the expense of the community. If, in working to this end, he at the same time increased the aggregate wealth, that was merely incidental. It was just as feasible and as common to increase one's private hoard by

practices injurious to the general welfare. One's worst enemies were necessarily those of his own trade, for, under your plan of making private profit the motive of production, a scarcity of the article he produced was what each particular producer desired. It was for his interest that no more of it should be produced than he himself could produce. To secure this consummation as far as circumstances permitted, by killing off and discouraging those engaged in his line of industry, was his constant effort. When he had killed off all he could, his policy was to combine with those he could not kill, and convert their mutual warfare into a warfare upon the public at large by cornering the market, as I believe you used to call it, and putting up prices to the highest point people would stand before going without the goods. The daydream of the nineteenth-century producer was to gain absolute control of the supply of some necessity of life, so that he might keep the public at the verge of starvation, and always command famine prices for what he supplied. This, Mr. West, is what was called in the nineteenth century a system of production. I will leave it to you if it does not seem, in some of its aspects, a great deal more like a system for preventing production. Some time when we have plenty of leisure I am going to ask you to sit down with me and try to make me comprehend, as I never yet could, though I have studied the matter a great deal, how such shrewd fellows as your contemporaries appear to have been in many respects ever came to entrust the business of providing for the community to a class whose interest it was to starve it. I assure you that the wonder with us is, not that the world did not get rich under such a system, but that it did not perish outright from want. This wonder increases as we go on to consider some of the other prodigious wastes that characterized it.

"Apart from the waste of labor and capital by misdirected industry, and that from the constant bloodletting of your industrial warfare, your system was liable to periodical convulsions, overwhelming alike the wise and unwise, the successful cutthroat as well as his victim. I refer to the business crises at intervals of five to ten years, which wrecked the industries of the nation, prostrating all weak enterprises and crippling the strongest, and were followed by long periods, often of many years, of so-called dull times, during which the capitalists slowly regathered their dissipated strength while the laboring classes starved and rioted. Then would ensue another brief season of prosperity, followed in turn by another crisis and the ensuing years of

exhaustion. As commerce developed, making the nations mutually dependent, these crises became worldwide, while the obstinacy of the ensuing state of collapse increased with the area affected by the convulsions, and the consequent lack of rallying centers. In proportion as the industries of the world multiplied and became complex, and the volume of capital involved was increased, these business cataclysms became more frequent, till, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, there were two years of bad times to one of good, and the system of industry, never before so extended or so imposing, seemed in danger of collapsing by its own weight. After endless discussions, your economists appear by that time to have settled down to the despairing conclusion that there was no more possibility of preventing or controlling these crises than if they had been droughts or hurricanes. It only remained to endure them as necessary evils, and when they had passed over to build up again the shattered structure of industry, as dwellers in an earthquake country keep on rebuilding their cities on the same site.

“So far as considering the causes of the trouble inherent in their industrial system, your contemporaries were certainly correct. They were in its very basis, and must needs become more and more maleficent as the business fabric grew in size and complexity. One of these causes was the lack of any common control of the different industries, and the consequent impossibility of their orderly and coordinate development. It inevitably resulted from this lack that they were continually getting out of step with one another and out of relation with the demand.

“Of the latter there was no criterion such as organized distribution gives us, and the first notice that it had been exceeded in any group of industries was a crash of prices, bankruptcy of producers, stoppage of production, reduction of wages, or discharge of workmen. This process was constantly going on in many industries, even in what were called good times, but a crisis took place only when the industries affected were extensive. The markets then were glutted with goods, of which nobody wanted beyond a sufficiency at any price. The wages and profits of those making the glutted classes of goods being reduced or wholly stopped, their purchasing power as consumers of other classes of goods, of which there was no natural glut, was taken away, and, as a consequence, goods of which there was no natural glut became artificially glutted, till their prices also were broken down, and

their makers thrown out of work and deprived of income. The crisis was by this time fairly under way, and nothing could check it till a nation's ransom had been wasted.

"A cause, also inherent in your system, which often produced and always terribly aggravated crises, was the machinery of money and credit. Money was essential when production was in many private hands, and buying and selling were necessary to secure what one wanted. It was, however, open to the obvious objection of substituting for food, clothing, and other things a merely conventional representative of them. The confusion of mind which this favored, between goods and their representative, led the way to the credit system and its prodigious illusions. Already accustomed to accept money for commodities, the people next accepted promises for money, and ceased to look at all behind the representative for the thing represented. Money was a sign of real commodities, but credit was but the sign of a sign. There was a natural limit to gold and silver, that is, money proper, but none to credit, and the result was that the volume of credit, that is, the promises of money, ceased to bear any ascertainable proportion to the money, still less to the commodities, actually in existence. Under such a system, frequent and periodical crises were necessitated by a law as absolute as that which brings to the ground a structure overhanging its center of gravity. It was one of your fictions that the government and the banks authorized by it alone issued money; but everybody who gave a dollar's credit issued money to that extent, which was as good as any to swell the circulation till the next crises. The great extension of the credit system was a characteristic of the latter part of the nineteenth century, and accounts largely for the almost incessant business crises which marked that period. Perilous as credit was, you could not dispense with its use, for, lacking any national or other public organization of the capital of the country, it was the only means you had for concentrating and directing it upon industrial enterprises. It was in this way a most potent means for exaggerating the chief peril of the private-enterprise system of industry by enabling particular industries to absorb disproportionate amounts of the disposable capital of the country, and thus prepare disaster. Business enterprises were always vastly in debt for advances of credit, both to one another and to the banks and capitalists, and the prompt withdrawal of this credit at the first sign of a crisis was generally the precipitating cause of it.

"It was the misfortune of your contemporaries that they had to cement their business fabric with a material which an accident might at any moment turn into an explosive. They were in the plight of a man building a house with dynamite for mortar, for credit can be compared with nothing else.

"If you would see how needless were these convulsions of business which I have been speaking of, and how entirely they resulted from leaving industry to private and unorganized management, just consider the working of our system. Overproduction in special lines, which was the great hobgoblin of your day, is impossible now, for by the connection between distribution and production supply is geared to demand like an engine to the governor which regulates its speed. Even suppose by an error of judgment an excessive production of some commodity. The consequent slackening or cessation of production in that line throws nobody out of employment. The suspended workers are at once found occupation in some other department of the vast workshop and lose only the time spent in changing, while, as for the glut, the business of the nation is large enough to carry any amount of product manufactured in excess of demand till the latter overtakes it. In such a case of overproduction, as I have supposed, there is not with us, as with you, any complex machinery to get out of order and magnify a thousand times the original mistake. Of course, having not even money, we still less have credit. All estimates deal directly with the real things, the flour, iron, wood, wool, and labor, of which money and credit were for you the very misleading representatives. In our calculations of cost there can be no mistakes. Out of the annual product the amount necessary for the support of the people is taken, and the requisite labor to produce the next year's consumption provided for. The residue of the material and labor represents what can be safely expended in improvements. If the crops are bad, the surplus for that year is less than usual, that is all. Except for slight occasional effects of such natural causes, there are no fluctuations of business, the material prosperity of the nation flows on uninterruptedly from generation to generation, like an ever broadening and deepening river.

"Your business crises, Mr. West," continued the doctor, "like either of the great wastes I mentioned before, were enough, alone, to have kept your noses to the grindstone forever; but I have still to speak of one other great cause of your poverty, and that was the idleness of

a great part of your capital and labor. With us it is the business of the administration to keep in constant employment every ounce of available capital and labor in the country. In your day there was no general control of either capital or labor, and a large part of both failed to find employment. 'Capital,' you used to say, 'is naturally timid,' and it would certainly have been reckless if it had not been timid in an epoch when there was a large preponderance of probability that any particular business venture would end in failure. There was no time when, if security could have been guaranteed it, the amount of capital devoted to productive industry could not have been greatly increased. The proportion of it so employed underwent constant extraordinary fluctuations, according to the greater or less feeling of uncertainty as to the stability of the industrial situation, so that the output of the national industries greatly varied in different years. But for the same reason that the amount of capital employed at times of special insecurity was far less than at times of somewhat greater security, a very large proportion was never employed at all, because the hazard of business was always very great in the best of times.

"It should be also noted that the great amount of capital always seeking employment where tolerable safety could be insured terribly embittered the competition between capitalists when a promising opening presented itself. The idleness of capital, the result of its timidity, of course meant the idleness of labor in corresponding degree. Moreover, every change in the adjustments of business, every slightest alteration in the condition of commerce or manufactures, not to speak of the innumerable business failures that took place yearly, even in the best of times, were constantly throwing a multitude of men out of employment for periods of weeks or months, or even years. A great number of these seekers after employment were constantly traversing the country, becoming in time professional vagabonds, then criminals. 'Give us work!' was the cry of an army of the unemployed at nearly all seasons, and in seasons of dullness in business this army swelled to a host so vast and desperate as to threaten the stability of the government. Could there conceivably be a more conclusive demonstration of the imbecility of the system of private enterprise as a method for enriching a nation than the fact that, in an age of such general poverty and want of everything, capitalists had to throttle one another to find a safe chance to invest their capital and workmen rioted and burned because they could find no work to do?

"Now, Mr. West," continued Doctor Leete, "I want you to bear in mind that these points of which I have been speaking indicate only negatively the advantages of the national organization of industry by showing certain fatal defects and prodigious imbecilities of the systems of private enterprise which are not found in it. These alone, you must admit, would pretty well explain why the nation is so much richer than in your day. But the larger half of our advantage over you, the positive side of it, I have yet barely spoken of. Supposing the system of private enterprise in industry were without any of the great leaks I have mentioned; that there were no waste on account of misdirected effort growing out of mistakes as to the demand, and inability to command a general view of the industrial field. Suppose, also, there were no neutralizing and duplicating of effort from competition. Suppose, also, there were no waste from business panics and crises through bankruptcy and long interruptions of industry, and also none from the idleness of capital and labor. Supposing these evils, which are essential to the conduct of industry by capital in private hands, could all be miraculously prevented, and the system yet retained; even then the superiority of the results attained by the modern industrial system of national control would remain overwhelming.

"You used to have some pretty large textile manufacturing establishments, even in your day, although not comparable with ours. No doubt you have visited these great mills in your time, covering acres of ground, employing thousands of hands, and combining under one roof, under one control, the hundred distinct processes between, say, the cotton bale and the bale of glossy calicoes. You have admired the vast economy of labor as of mechanical force resulting from the perfect interworking with the rest of every wheel and every hand. No doubt you have reflected how much less the same force of workers employed in that factory would accomplish if they were scattered, each man working independently. Would you think it an exaggeration to say that the utmost product of those workers, working thus apart, however amicable their relations might be, was increased not merely by a percentage, but many fold, when their efforts were organized under one control? Well now, Mr. West, the organization of the industry of the nation under a single control, so that all its processes interlock, has multiplied the total product over the utmost that could be done under the former system, even leaving out of account the four great wastes mentioned, in the same proportion that the product

of those mill workers was increased by cooperation. The effectiveness of the working force of a nation, under the myriad-headed leadership of private capital, even if the leaders were not mutual enemies, as compared with that which it attains under a single head, may be likened to the military efficiency of a mob, or a horde of barbarians with a thousand petty chiefs, as compared with that of a disciplined army under one general—such a fighting machine, for example, as the German army in the time of Von Moltke.”

“After what you have told me,” I said, “I do not so much wonder that the nation is richer now than then, but that you are not all Croesuses.”

“Well,” replied Doctor Leete, “we are pretty well off. The rate at which we live is as luxurious as we could wish. The rivalry of ostentation, which in your day led to extravagance in no way conducive to comfort, finds no place, of course, in a society of people absolutely equal in resources, and our ambition stops at the surroundings which minister to the enjoyment of life. We might, indeed, have much larger incomes, individually, if we chose so to use the surplus of our product, but we prefer to expend it upon public works and pleasures in which all share, upon public halls and buildings, art galleries, bridges, statuary, means of transit, and the conveniences of our cities, great musical and theatrical exhibitions, and in providing on a vast scale for the recreations of the people. You have not begun to see how we live yet, Mr. West. At home we have comfort, but the splendor of our life is, on its social side, that which we share with our fellows. When you know more of it you will see where the money goes, as you used to say, and I think you will agree that we do well so to expend it.”

“I suppose,” observed Doctor Leete, as we strolled homeward from the dining hall, “that no reflection would have cut the men of your wealth-worshipping century more keenly than the suggestion that they did not know how to make money. Nevertheless, that is just the verdict history has passed on them. Their system of unorganized and antagonistic industries was as absurd economically as it was morally abominable. Selfishness was their only science, and in industrial production selfishness is suicide. Competition, which is the instinct of selfishness, is another word for dissipation of energy, while combination is the secret of efficient production; and not till the idea of increasing the individual hoard gives place to the idea of increasing

the common stock can industrial combination be realized, and the acquisition of wealth really begin. Even if the principle of share-and-share-alike for all men were not the only humane and rational basis for a society, we should still enforce it as economically expedient, seeing that until the disintegrating influence of self-seeking is suppressed no true concert of industry is possible."

*MANAGEMENT IN THE 1980's**

HAROLD J. LEAVITT AND
THOMAS L. WHISLER

Peter Drucker outlined where management will obtain the managers of tomorrow. But just what will management itself look like tomorrow? Business organizations will be making major adjustments. In our new technology there will be incorporated "information technology," a name coined by Harold J. Leavitt and Thomas L. Whisler. Here they explain how their interest in this subject was aroused:

We had heard so much recently of the bankruptcy of personnel management as a staff function that we started to explore further. From there we passed quickly to the more exciting problem of the changing nature of management in general.

Our interest in the new technology, however, is not purely a by-product of this other interest. Leavitt's research interests have long centered around experimental studies of communication and organizational design, and Whisler has been interested in the larger implication of job specialization and also in the role of the "odd" characters in the organization.

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* From: *Harvard Business Review*, November-December, 1958.

organization chart of the future that Mr. Leavitt and Mr. Whisler envision will "look something like a football balanced upon the point of a church bell." That's quite a scrimmage of concepts, but the authors' projections into the future have a solid ring of authenticity.

Over the last decade a new technology has begun to take hold in American business, one so new that its significance is still difficult to evaluate. While many aspects of this technology are uncertain, it seems clear that it will move into the managerial scene rapidly, with definite and far-reaching impact on managerial organization. In this article we would like to speculate about these effects, especially as they apply to medium-size and large business firms of the future.

The new technology does not yet have a single established name. We shall call it *information technology*. It is composed of several related parts. One includes techniques for processing large amounts of information rapidly, and it is epitomized by the high-speed computer. A second part centers around the application of statistical and mathematical methods to decision-making problems; it is represented by techniques like mathematical programming, and by methodologies like operations research. A third part is in the offing, though its applications have not yet emerged very clearly; it consists of the simulation of higher-order thinking through computer programs.

Information technology is likely to have its greatest impact on middle and top management. In many instances it will lead to opposite conclusions from those dictated by the currently popular philosophy of "participative" management. Broadly, our prognostications are along the following lines:

- (1) Information technology should move the boundary between planning and performance upward. Just as planning was taken from the hourly worker and given to the industrial engineer, we now expect it to be taken from a number of middle managers and given to as yet largely nonexistent specialists: "operations researchers," perhaps, or "organizational analysts." Jobs at today's middle-management level will become highly structured. Much more of the work will be programed, i.e., covered by sets of operating rules governing the day-to-day decisions that are made.

- (2) Correlatively, we predict that large industrial organizations will recentralize, that top managers will take on an even larger proportion of the innovating, planning, and other "creative" functions than they have now.

- (3) A radical reorganization of middle-management levels should

occur, with *certain* classes of middle-management jobs moving downward in status and compensation (because they will require less autonomy and skill), while other classes move upward into the top-management group.

(4) We suggest, too, that the line separating the top from the middle of the organization will be drawn more clearly and impenetrably than ever, much like the line drawn in the last few decades between hourly workers and first-line supervisors.

THE NEW TECHNOLOGY

Information technology has diverse roots—with contributions from such disparate groups as sociologists and electrical engineers. Working independently, people from many disciplines have been worrying about problems that have turned out to be closely related and cross-fertilizing. Cases in point are the engineers' development of servomechanisms and the related developments of general cybernetics and information theory. These ideas from the "hard" sciences all had a direct bearing on problems of processing information—in particular, the development of techniques for conceptualizing and measuring information.

Related ideas have also emerged from other disciplines. The mathematical economist came along with game theory, a means of ordering and permitting analysis of strategies and tactics in purely competitive "think"-type games. Operations research fits in here, too; OR people made use of evolving mathematical concepts, or devised their own, for solving multivariate problems without necessarily worrying about the particular context of the variables. And from social psychology ideas about communication structures in groups began to emerge, followed by ideas about thinking and general problem-solving processes.

All of these developments, and many others from even more diverse sources, have in common a concern about the systematic manipulation of information in individuals, groups, or machines. The relationships among the ideas are not yet clear, nor has the wheat been adequately separated from the chaff. It is hard to tell who started what, what preceded what, and which is method and which theory.

But, characteristically, application has not, and probably will not in the future, wait on completion of basic research.

Distinctive Features

We call information technology "new" because one did not see much use of it until World War II, and it did not become clearly visible in industry until a decade later. It is new, also, in that it can be differentiated from at least two earlier industrial technologies:

(1) In the first two decades of this century, Frederick W. Taylor's *scientific management* constituted a new and influential technology—one that took a large part in shaping the design of industrial organizations.

(2) Largely after World War II a second distinct technology, *participative management*, seriously overtook—and even partially displaced—scientific management. Notions about decentralization, morale, and human relations modified and sometimes reversed earlier applications of scientific management. Individual incentives, for example, were treated first as simple applications of Taylorism, but they have more recently been revised in the light of "participative" ideas.

The scientific and participative varieties both survived. One reason is that scientific management concentrated on the hourly worker, while participative management has generally aimed one level higher, at middle managers, so they have not conflicted. But what will happen now? The new information technology has direct implications for middle management as well as top management.

Current Picture

The inroads made by this technology are already apparent, so that our predictions are more extrapolations than derivations.¹ But the significance of the new trends has been obscured by the wave of interest in participative management and decentralization. Information technology seems now to show itself mostly in the periphery of management. Its applications appear to be independent of central organizational issues like communication and creativity. We have tended until now to use little pieces of the new technology to generate

¹ Two examples of current developments are discussed in "Putting Arma Back on Its Feet," *Business Week*, February 1, 1958, p. 84; and "Two-Way Overhaul Rebuilds Raytheon," *Business Week*, February 22, 1958, p. 91.

information, or to lay down limits for subtasks that can then be used within the old structural framework.

Some of this sparing use of information technology may be due to the fact that those of us with a large commitment to participative management have cause to resist the central implications of the new techniques. But the implications are becoming harder to deny. Many business decisions once made judgmentally now can be made better by following some simple routines devised by a staff man whose company experience is slight, whose position on the organization chart is still unclear, and whose skill (if any) in human relations was picked up on the playground. For example:

We have heard recently of an electric utility which is considering a move to take away from generating-station managers virtually all responsibility for deciding when to use stand-by generating capacity. A typical decision facing such managers develops on hot summer afternoons. In anticipation of heavy home air-conditioning demand at the close of working hours, the manager may put on extra capacity in late afternoon. This results in additional costs, such as overtime premiums. In this particular geographical area, rapidly moving cold fronts are frequent. Should such a front arrive after the commitment to added capacity is made, losses are substantial. If the front fails to arrive and capacity has not been added, power must be purchased from an adjacent system at penalty rates—again resulting in losses.

Such decisions may soon be made centrally by individuals whose technical skills are in mathematics and computer programing, with absolutely no experience in generating stations.

Rapid Spread

We believe that information technology will spread rapidly. One important reason for expecting fast changes in current practices is that information technology will make centralization much easier. By permitting more information to be organized more simply and processed more rapidly it will, in effect, extend the thinking range of individuals. It will allow the top level of management intelligently to categorize, digest, and act on a wider range of problems. Moreover, by quantifying more information it will extend top management's control over the decision processes of subordinates.

If centralization becomes easier to implement, managers will

probably revert to it. Decentralization has, after all, been largely negatively motivated. Top managers have backed into it because they have been unable to keep up with size and technology. They could not design and maintain the huge and complex communication systems that their large, centralized organizations needed. Information technology should make recentralization possible. It may also obviate other major reasons for decentralization. For example, speed and flexibility will be possible despite large size, and top executives will be less dependent on subordinates because there will be fewer "experience" and "judgment" areas in which the junior men have more working knowledge. In addition, more efficient information-processing techniques can be expected to shorten radically the feedback loop that tests the accuracy of original observations and decisions.

Some of the psychological reasons for decentralization may remain as compelling as ever. For instance, decentralized organizations probably provide a good training ground for the top manager. They make better use of the whole man; they encourage more active cooperation. But though interest in these advantages should be very great indeed, it will be counterbalanced by interest in the possibilities of effective top-management control over the work done by the middle echelons. Here an analogy to Taylorism seems appropriate:

In perspective, and discounting the counter-trends instigated by participative management, the upshot of Taylorism seems to have been the separating of the hourly worker from the rest of the organization, and the acceptance by both management and the worker of the idea that the worker need not plan and create. Whether it is psychologically or socially justifiable or not, his creativity and ingenuity are left largely to be acted out off the job in his home or his community. One reason, then, that we expect top acceptance of information technology is its implicit promise to allow the top to control the middle just as Taylorism allowed the middle to control the bottom.

There are other reasons for expecting fast changes. Information technology promises to allow fewer people to do more work. The more it can reduce the number of middle managers, the more top managers will be willing to try it.

We have not yet mentioned what may well be the most compelling reason of all: the pressure on management to cope with increasingly complicated engineering, logistics, and marketing problems. The

temporal distance between the discovery of new knowledge and its practical application has been shrinking rapidly, perhaps at a geometric rate. The pressure to reorganize in order to deal with the complicating, speeding world should become very great in the next decade. Improvisations and "adjustments" within present organizational frameworks are likely to prove quite inadequate; radical rethinking of organizational ideas is to be expected.

Revolutionary Effects

Speculating a little more, one can imagine some radical effects of an accelerating development of information technology—effects warranting the adjective "revolutionary."

Within the organization, for example, many middle-management jobs may change in a manner reminiscent of (but faster than) the transition from shoemaker to stitcher, from old-time craftsman to today's hourly worker. As we have drawn an organizational class line between the hourly worker and the foreman, we may expect a new line to be drawn heavily, though jaggedly, between "top management" and "middle management," with some vice presidents and many ambitious suburban junior executives falling on the lower side.

In one respect, the picture we might paint for the 1980's bears a strong resemblance to the organizations of certain other societies—e.g., to the family-dominated organizations of Italy and other parts of Europe, and even to a small number of such firms in our own country. There will be many fewer middle managers, and most of those who remain are likely to be routine technicians rather than thinkers. This similarity will be superficial, of course, for the changes we forecast here will be generated from quite different origins.

What organizational and social problems are likely to come up as by-products of such changes? One can imagine major psychological problems arising from the depersonalization of relationships within management and the greater distance between people at different levels. Major resistances should be expected in the process of converting relatively autonomous and unprogrammed middle-management jobs to highly routinized programs.

These problems may be of the same order as some of those that were influential in the development of American unions and in focusing middle management's interest on techniques for overcoming the

hourly workers' resistance to change. This time it will be the top executive who is directly concerned, and the problems of resistance to change will occur among those middle managers who are programed out of their autonomy, perhaps out of their current status in the company, and possibly even out of their jobs.

On a broader social scale one can conceive of large problems outside the firm, that affect many institutions ancillary to industry. Thus:

What about education for management? How do we educate people for routinized middle-management jobs, especially if the path from those jobs up to top management gets much rockier?

To what extent do business schools stop training specialists and start training generalists to move directly into top management?

To what extent do schools start training new kinds of specialists?

What happens to the traditional apprentice system of training within managerial ranks?

What will happen to American class structure? Do we end up with a new kind of managerial elite? Will technical knowledge be the major criterion for membership?

Will technical knowledge become obsolete so fast that managers themselves will become obsolete within the time span of their industrial careers?

MIDDLE-MANAGEMENT CHANGES

Some jobs in industrial organizations are more programed than others. The job that has been subjected to micromotion analysis, for instance, has been highly programed; rules about what is to be done, in what order, and by what processes, are all specified.

Characteristically, the jobs of today's hourly workers tend to be highly programed—an effect of Taylorism. Conversely, the jobs shown at the tops of organization charts are often largely unprogramed. They are "think" jobs—hard to define and describe operationally. Jobs that appear in the big middle area of the organization chart tend to be programed in part, with some specific rules to be followed, but with varying amounts of room for judgment and autonomy.² One major effect of information technology is likely to be intensive programing of

² See Robert N. McMurry, "The Case for Benevolent Autocracy," *HBR* January-February 1958, p. 82.

many jobs now held by middle managers and the concomitant "de-programing" of others.

As organizations have proliferated in size and specialization, the problem of control and integration of supervisory and staff levels has become increasingly worrisome. The best answer until now has been participative management. But information technology promises better answers. It promises to eliminate the risk of less than adequate decisions arising from garbled communications, from misconceptions of goals, and from unsatisfactory measurement of partial contributions on the part of dozens of line and staff specialists.

Good illustrations of this programing process are not common in middle management, but they do exist, mostly on the production side of the business. For example, the programmers have had some successes in displacing the judgment and experience of production schedulers (although the scheduler is still likely to be there to act out the routines) and in displacing the weekly scheduling meetings of production, sales, and supply people. Programs are also being worked out in increasing numbers to yield decisions about product mixes, warehousing, capital budgeting, and so forth.³

Predicting the Impact

We have noted that not all middle-management jobs will be affected alike by the new technology. What kinds of jobs will become more routinized, and what kinds less? What factors will make the difference?

The impact of change is likely to be determined by three criteria:

1. *Ease of measurement*—It is easier, at this stage, to apply the new techniques to jobs in and around production than in, say, labor relations, one reason being that quantitative measurement is easier in the former realms.

2. *Economic pressure*—Jobs that call for big money decisions will tend to get earlier investments in exploratory programing than others.

3. *The acceptability of programing by the present jobholder*—For some classes of jobs and of people, the advent of impersonal rules may offer protection or relief from frustration. We recently heard, for example, of efforts to program a maintenance foreman's decisions by providing rules for allocating priorities in maintenance and emergency repairs. The foreman

³ See the journals, *Operations Research* and *Management Science*.

supported this fully. He was a harried and much blamed man, and programming promised relief.

Such factors should accelerate the use of programming in certain areas. So should the great interest and activity in the new techniques now apparent in academic and research settings. New journals are appearing, and new societies are springing up, like the Operations Research Society of America (established in 1946), and the Institute of Management Sciences (established in 1954), both of which publish journals.

The number of mathematicians and economic analysts who are being taken into industry is impressive, as is the development within industry, often on the personal staffs of top management, of individuals or groups with new labels like "operations researchers," "organization analysts," or simply "special assistants for planning." These new people are a cue to the emergence of information technology. Just as programming the operations of hourly workers created the industrial engineer, so should information technology, as planning is withdrawn from middle levels, create new planners with new names at the top level.

So much for work becoming more routinized. At least two classes of middle jobs should move upward toward deprogrammedness:

- (1) The programmers themselves, the new information engineers, should move up. They should appear increasingly in staff roles close to the top.

- (2) We would also expect jobs in research and development to go in that direction, for innovation and creativity will become increasingly important to top management as the rate of obsolescence of things and of information increases. Application of new techniques to scanning and analyzing the business environment is bound to increase the range and number of possibilities for profitable production. Competition between firms should center more and more around their capacities to innovate.

Thus, in effect, we think that the horizontal slice of the current organization chart that we call middle management will break in two, with the larger portion shrinking and sinking into a more highly programmed state and the smaller portion proliferating and rising to a level where more creative thinking is needed. There seem to be signs that such a split is already occurring. The growth of literature on the

organization of research activities in industry is one indication.⁴ Many social scientists and industrial research managers, as well as some general managers, are worrying more and more about problems of creativity and authority in industrial research organizations. Even some highly conservative company presidents have been forced to break time-honored policies (such as the one relating salary and status to organizational rank) in dealing with their researchers.

Individual Problems

As the programing idea grows, some old human relations problems may be redefined. Redefinition will not necessarily solve the problems, but it may obviate some and give new priorities to others.

Thus, the issue of morale versus productivity that now worries us may pale as programing moves in. The morale of programed personnel may be of less central concern because less (or at least a different sort of) productivity will be demanded of them. The execution of controllable routine acts does not require great enthusiasm by the actors.

Another current issue may also take a new form: the debate about the social advantages or disadvantages of "conformity." The stereotype of the conforming junior executive, more interested in being well liked than in working, should become far less significant in a highly depersonalized, highly programed, and more machine-like middle-management world. Of course, the pressures to conform will in one sense become more intense, for the individual will be required to stay within the limits of the routines that are set for him. But the constant behavioral pressure to be a "good guy," to get along, will have less reason for existence.

As for individualism, our suspicion is that the average middle manager will have to satisfy his personal needs and aspirations off the job, largely as we have forced the hourly worker to do. In this case, the Park Forest of the future may be an even more interesting phenomenon than it is now.

⁴ Much of the work in this area is still unpublished. However, for some examples, see Herbert A. Shepard, "Superiors and Subordinates in Research," *Journal of Business of the University of Chicago*, October 1956, p. 261; and also Donald C. Pelz, "Some Social Factors Related to Performance in a Research Organization," *Administrative Science Quarterly*, December 1956, p. 310.

CHANGES AT THE TOP

If the new technology tends to split middle management—thin it, simplify it, program it, and separate a large part of it more rigorously from the top—what compensatory changes might one expect within the top group?

This is a much harder question to answer. We can guess that the top will focus even more intensively on “horizon” problems, on problems of innovation and change. We can forecast, too, that in dealing with such problems the top will continue for a while to fly by the seat of its pants, that it will remain largely unprogramed.

But even this is quite uncertain. Current research on the machine simulation of higher mental processes suggests that we will be able to program much of the top job before too many decades have passed. There is good authority for the prediction that within ten years a digital computer will be the world’s chess champion, and that another will discover and prove an important new mathematical theorem; and that in the somewhat more distant future “the way is open to deal scientifically with ill-structured problems—to make the computer co-extensive with the human mind.”⁵

Meanwhile, we expect top management to become more abstract, more search-and-research-oriented and correspondingly less directly involved in the making of routine decisions. Allen Newell recently suggested to one of the authors that the wave of top-management game playing may be one manifestation of such change. Top management of the 1980’s may indeed spend a good deal of money and time playing games, trying to simulate its own behavior in hypothetical future environments.

Room for Innovators

As the work of the middle manager is programed, the top manager should be freed more than ever from internal detail. But the top will not only be released to think; it will be forced to think. We doubt that many large companies in the 1980’s will be able to survive for even a decade without major changes in products, methods, or internal organization. The rate of obsolescence and the atmosphere of

⁵ See Herbert A. Simon and Allen Newell, “Heuristic Problem Solving: The Next Advance in Operations Research,” *Operations Research*, January-February 1958, p. 9.

continuous change which now characterize industries like chemicals and pharmaceuticals should spread rapidly to other industries, pressuring them toward rapid technical and organizational change.

These ideas lead one to expect that researchers, or people like researchers, will sit closer to the top floor of American companies in larger numbers; and that highly creative people will be more sought after and more highly valued than at present. But since researchers may be as interested in technical problems and professional affiliations as in progress up the organizational ladder, we might expect more impersonal, problem-oriented behavior at the top, with less emphasis on loyalty to the firm and more on relatively rational concern with solving difficult problems.

Again, top staff people may follow their problems from firm to firm much more closely than they do now, so that ideas about executive turnover and compensation may change along with ideas about tying people down with pension plans. Higher turnover at this level may prove advantageous to companies, for innovators can burn out fast. We may see more brain picking of the kind which is now supposedly characteristic of Madison Avenue. At this creating and innovating level, all the current work on organization and communication in research groups may find its payoff.

Besides innovators and creators, new top-management bodies will need programmers who will focus on the internal organization itself. These will be the operations researchers, mathematical programmers, computer experts, and the like. It is not clear where these kinds of people are being located on organization charts today, but our guess is that the programmer will find a place close to the top. He will probably remain relatively free to innovate and to carry out his own applied research on what and how to program (although he may eventually settle into using some stable repertory of techniques as has the industrial engineer).

Innovators and programmers will need to be supplemented by "committors." Committors are people who take on the role of approving or vetoing decisions. They will commit the organization's resources to a particular course of action—the course chosen from some alternatives provided by innovators and programmers. The current notion that managers ought to be "coordinators" should flower in the 1980's, but at the top rather than the middle; and the people to be coordinated will be top staff groups.

Tight Little Oligarchy

We surmise that the "groupthink" which is frightening some people today will be a commonplace in top management of the future. For while the innovators and the programmers may maintain or even increase their autonomy, and while the committor may be more independent than ever of lower-line levels, the interdependence of the top-staff oligarchy should increase with the increasing complexity of their tasks. The committor may be forced increasingly to have the top men operate as a committee, which would mean that the precise individual locus of decision may become even more obscure than it is today. The small-group psychologists, the researchers on creativity, the clinicians—all should find a surfeit of work at that level.

Our references to a small oligarchy at the top may be misleading. There is no reason to believe that the absolute numbers of creative research people or programmers will shrink; if anything, the reverse will be true. It is the *head men* in these areas who will probably operate as a little oligarchy, with subgroups and sub-subgroups of researchers and programmers reporting to them. But the optimal structural shape of these unprogramed groups will not necessarily be pyramidal. It is more likely to be shifting and somewhat amorphous, while the operating, programed portions of the structure ought to be more clearly pyramidal than ever.

The organization chart of the future may look something like a football balanced upon the point of a church bell. Within the football (the top staff organization), problems of coordination, individual autonomy, group decision making, and so on should arise more intensely than ever. We expect they will be dealt with quite independently of the bell portion of the company, with distinctly different methods of remuneration, control, and communication.

CHANGES IN PRACTICES

With the emergence of information technology, radical changes in certain administrative practices may also be expected. Without attempting to present the logic for the statements, we list a few changes that we foresee:

With the organization of management into corps (supervisors, programmers, creators, committors), multiple entry points into the organization will become increasingly common.

Multiple sources of potential managers will develop, with training institutions outside the firm specializing along the lines of the new organizational structure.

Apprenticeship as a basis for training managers will be used less and less since movement up through the line will become increasingly unlikely.

Top-management training will be taken over increasingly by universities, with on-the-job training done through jobs like that of assistant to a senior executive.

Appraisal of higher management performance will be handled through some devices little used at present, such as evaluation by peers.

Appraisal of the new middle managers will become much more precise than present rating techniques make possible, with the development of new methods attaching specific values to input-output parameters.

Individual compensation for top staff groups will be more strongly influenced by market forces than ever before, given the increased mobility of all kinds of managers.

With the new organizational structure new kinds of compensation practices—such as team bonuses—will appear.

Immediate Measures

If the probability seems high that some of our predictions are correct, what can businessmen do to prepare for them? A number of steps are inexpensive and relatively easy. Managers can, for example, explore these areas:

- (1) They can locate and work up closer liaison with appropriate research organizations, academic and otherwise, just as many companies have profited from similar relationships in connection with the physical sciences.
- (2) They can re-examine their own organizations for lost information technologists. Many companies undoubtedly have such people, but not all of the top executives seem to know it.
- (3) They can make an early study and reassessment of some of the organizationally fuzzy groups in their own companies. Operations research departments, departments of organization, statistical analysis sections, perhaps even personnel departments, and other "odd-ball" staff groups often contain people whose knowledge and ideas in this realm have not been

recognized. Such people provide a potential nucleus for serious major efforts to plan for the inroads of information technology.

Perhaps the biggest step managers need to take is an internal, psychological one. In view of the fact that information technology will challenge many long-established practices and doctrines, we will need to rethink some of the attitudes and values which we have taken for granted. In particular, we may have to reappraise our traditional notions about the worth of the individual as opposed to the organization, and about the mobility rights of young men on the make. This kind of inquiry may be painfully difficult, but will be increasingly necessary.



THE MIDAS PLAGUE*

FREDERIK POHL

Edward Bellamy's portrait of the future was not fanciful enough to include an accurate picture of "the Abundant Society," "the Affluent Society," "the People of Plenty"—all contemporary designations for the economic landscape of management man. When management man and woman are busy trying to rub together two credit cards to engender enough cash to pay a split-level mortgage, the adjectives of abundance seem like sauce poivrade on hamburger—we're overfed and undernourished.

But suppose, just suppose, you had everything you wanted—and that the economies of our society forced you to have more than you wanted, how would you find relief? Turn to Frederik Pohl.

"He has succeeded," says Eric Larrabee in *The Self-Conscious Society*, "in posing—and, to a degree, resolving—one of the critical dilemmas of the mid-twentieth century. Pohl imagines a future in which industrial production has been entirely taken over by robots, while human beings—in order to keep the economic machinery going—are required only to consume. But consume they must. In this hypothetical society consumption has become obligatory; everyone has a quota—clothes, food, car, recreation, and the rest—and is severely penalized for failing to live up to it. . . .

"Privilege, in Pohl's fantasy, consists in the right not to consume. The lower classes are forced to gorge the most;

* From: *Galaxy Magazine*, 1954

they have to eat too much and drive around in overdecorated automobiles. Only those of the highest rank are allowed to be thin, or have unpretentious possessions, or do any work . . .

"Like much science fiction, Mr. Pohl's story is a work of pungent social criticism. . . ."

"We know ourselves by our extremes" says Frederik Pohl. "Science fiction at its best is a mirror in which we see our world, our future and ourselves."

Here is management man—the consumer—in a world that has all but consumed him.

And so they were married. The bride and groom made a beautiful couple, she in her twenty-yard frill of immaculate white, he in his formal gray ruffled blouse and pleated pantaloons.

It was a small wedding—the best he could afford. For guests, they had only the immediate family and a few close friends. And when the minister had performed the ceremony, Morey Fry kissed his bride and they drove off to the reception. There were twenty-eight limousines in all (though it is true that twenty of them contained only the caterer's robots) and three flower cars.

"Bless you both," said old man Elon sentimentally. "You've got a fine girl in our Cherry, Morey." He blew his nose on a ragged square of cambric.

The old folks behaved very well, Morey thought. At the reception, surrounded by the enormous stacks of wedding gifts, they drank the champagne and ate a great many of the tiny, delicious canapés. They listened politely to the fifteen-piece orchestra, and Cherry's mother even danced one dance with Morey for sentiment's sake, though it was clear that dancing was far from the usual pattern of her life. They tried as hard as they could to blend into the gathering, but all the same, the two elderly figures in severely simple and probably rented garments were dismayingly conspicuous in the quarter-acre of tapestries and tinkling fountains that was the main ballroom of Morey's country home.

When it was time for the guests to go home and let the newlyweds begin their life together Cherry's father shook Morey by the hand and Cherry's mother kissed him. But as they drove away in their tiny runabout their faces were full of foreboding.

It was nothing against Morey as a person, of course. But poor people should not marry wealth.

Morey and Cherry loved each other, certainly. That helped. They told each other so, a dozen times an hour, all of the long hours they were together, for all of the first months of their marriage. Morey even took time off to go shopping with his bride, which endeared him to her enormously. They drove their shopping carts through the im-

mense vaulted corridors of the supermarket, Morey checking off the items on the shopping list as Cherry picked out the goods. It was fun.

For a while.

Their first fight started in the supermarket, between Breakfast Foods and Floor Furnishings, just where the new Precious Stones department was being opened.

Morey called off from the list, "Diamond lavalier, costume rings, carbobs."

Cherry said rebelliously, "Morey, I have a lavalier. Please, dear!"

Morey folded back the pages of the list uncertainly. The lavalier was on there, all right, and no alternative selection was shown.

"How about a bracelet?" he coaxed. "Look, they have some nice ruby ones there. See how beautifully they go with your hair, darling!" He beckoned a robot clerk, who bustled up and handed Cherry the bracelet tray. "Lovely," Morey exclaimed as Cherry slipped the largest of the lot on her wrist.

"And I don't have to have a lavalier?" Cherry asked.

"Of course not." He peeked at the tag. "Same number of ration points exactly!" Since Cherry looked only dubious, not convinced, he said briskly, "And now we'd better be getting along to the shoe department. I've got to pick up some dancing pumps."

Cherry made no objection, neither then nor throughout the rest of their shopping tour. At the end, while they were sitting in the supermarket's ground-floor lounge waiting for the robot accountants to tote up their bill and the robot cashiers to stamp their ration books, Morey remembered to have the shipping department save out the bracelet.

"I don't want that sent with the other stuff, darling," he explained. "I want you to wear it right now. Honestly, I don't think I ever saw anything looking so *right* for you."

Cherry looked flustered and pleased. Morey was delighted with himself; it wasn't everybody who knew how to handle these little domestic problems just right!

He stayed self-satisfied all the way home, while Henry, their companion-robot, regaled them with funny stories of the factory in which it had been built and trained. Cherry wasn't used to Henry by a long shot, but it was hard not to like the robot. Jokes and funny stories when you needed amusement, sympathy when you were depressed, a never-failing supply of news and information on any subject

you cared to name—Henry was easy enough to take. Cherry even made a special point of asking Henry to keep them company through dinner, and she laughed as thoroughly as Morey himself at its droll anecdotes.

But later, in the conservatory, when Henry had considerably left them alone, the laughter dried up.

Morey didn't notice. He was very conscientiously making the rounds: turning on the tri-D, selecting their after-dinner liqueurs, scanning the evening newspapers.

Cherry cleared her throat self-consciously, and Morey stopped what he was doing. "Dear," she said tentatively, "I'm feeling kind of restless tonight. Could we—I mean do you think we could just sort of stay home and—well, relax?"

Morey looked at her with a touch of concern. She lay back wearily, eyes half closed. "Are you feeling all right?" he asked.

"Perfectly. I just don't want to go out tonight, dear. I don't feel up to it."

He sat down and automatically lit a cigarette. "I see," he said. The tri-D was beginning a comedy show; he got up to turn it off, snapping on the tape-player. Muted strings filled the room.

"We had reservations at the club tonight," he reminded her.

Cherry shifted uncomfortably. "I know."

"And we have the opera tickets that I turned last week's in for. I hate to nag, darling, but we haven't used any of our opera tickets."

"We can see them right here on the tri-D," she said in a small voice.

"That has nothing to do with it, sweetheart. I—I didn't want to tell you about it, but Wainwright, down at the office, said something to me yesterday. He told me he would be at the circus last night and as much as said he'd be looking to see if we were there, too. Well, we weren't there. Heaven knows what I'll tell him next week."

He waited for Cherry to answer, but she was silent.

He went on reasonably, "So if you could see your way clear to going out tonight—"

He stopped, slack-jawed. Cherry was crying, silently and in quantity.

"Darling!" he said inarticulately.

He hurried to her, but she fended him off. He stood helpless over her, watching her cry.

"Dear, what's the matter?" he asked.

She turned her head away.

Morey rocked back on his heels. It wasn't exactly the first time he'd seen Cherry cry—there had been that poignant scene when they Gave Each Other Up, realizing that their backgrounds were too far apart for happiness, before the realization that they *had* to have each other, no matter what. . . . But it was the first time her tears had made him feel guilty.

And he did feel guilty. He stood there staring at her.

Then he turned his back on her and walked over to the bar. He ignored the ready liqueurs and poured two stiff highballs, brought them back to her. He set one down beside her, took a long drink from the other.

In quite a different tone, he said, "Dear, what's the *matter*?"

No answer.

"Come on. What is it?"

She looked up at him and rubbed at her eyes. Almost sullenly, she said, "Sorry."

"I know you're sorry. Look, we love each other. Let's talk this thing out."

She picked up her drink and held it for a moment, before setting it down untasted. "What's the use, Morey?"

"Please. Let's try."

She shrugged.

He went on remorselessly, "You aren't happy, are you? And it's because of—well, all this." His gesture took in the richly furnished conservatory, the thick-piled carpet, the host of machines and contrivances for their comfort and entertainment that waited for their touch. By implication it took in twenty-six rooms, five cars, nine robots. Morey said, with an effort, "It isn't what you're used to, is it?"

"I can't help it," Cherry said. "Morey, you know I've tried. But back home—"

"Dammit," he flared, "*this* is your home. You don't live with your father any more in that five-room cottage; you don't spend your evenings hoeing the garden or playing cards for matchsticks. You live here, with me, your husband! You knew what you were getting into. We talked all this out long before we were married—"

The words stopped, because words were useless. Cherry was crying again, but not silently.

Through her tears, she wailed: "Darling, I've tried. You don't know how I've tried! I've worn all those silly clothes and I've played all those silly games and I've gone out with you as much as I possibly could and—I've eaten all that terrible food until I'm actually getting *fa-fa-fat!* I thought I could stand it. But I just can't go on like this; I'm not used to it. I—I love you, Morey, but I'm going crazy, living like this. I can't help it, Morey—I'm tired of being poor!"

Eventually the tears dried up, and the quarrel healed, and the lovers kissed and made up. But Morey lay awake that night, listening to his wife's gentle breathing from the suite next to his own, staring into the darkness as tragically as any pauper before him had ever done.

Blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit the Earth.

Blessed Morey, heir to more worldly goods than he could possibly consume.

Morey Fry, steeped in grinding poverty, had never gone hungry a day in his life, never lacked for anything his heart could desire in the way of food, or clothing, or a place to sleep. In Morey's world, no one lacked for these things; no one could.

Malthus was right—for a civilization without machines, automatic factories, hydroponics and food synthesis, nuclear breeder plants, ocean-mining for metals and minerals . . .

And a vastly increasing supply of labor . . .

And architecture that rose high in the air and dug deep in the ground and floated far out on the water on piers and pontoons . . . architecture that could be poured one day and lived in the next . . .

And robots.

Above all, robots . . . robots to burrow and haul and smelt and fabricate, to build and farm and weave and sew.

What the land lacked in wealth, the sea was made to yield and the laboratory invented the rest . . . and the factories became a pipeline of plenty, churning out enough to feed and clothe and house a dozen worlds.

Limitless discovery, infinite power in the atom, tireless labor of humanity and robots, mechanization that drove jungle and swamp and ice off the Earth, and put up office buildings and manufacturing centers and rocket ports in their place . . .

The pipeline of production spewed out riches that no king in the time of Malthus could have known.

But a pipeline has two ends. The invention and power and labor pouring in at one end must somehow be drained out at the other . . .

Lucky Morey, blessed economic-consuming unit, drowning in the pipeline's flood, striving manfully to eat and drink and wear and wear out his share of the ceaseless tide of wealth.

Morey felt far from blessed, for the blessings of the poor are always best appreciated from afar.

Quotas worried his sleep until he awoke at eight o'clock the next morning, red-eyed and haggard, but inwardly resolved. He had reached a decision. He was starting a new life.

There was trouble in the morning mail. Under the letterhead of the National Ration Board, it said:

"We regret to advise you that the following items returned by you in connection with your August quotas as used and no longer serviceable have been inspected and found insufficiently worn." The list followed—a long one, Morey saw to his sick disappointment. "Credit is hereby disallowed for these and you are therefore given an additional consuming quota for the current month in the amount of 435 points, at least 350 points of which must be in the textile and home-furnishing categories."

Morey dashed the letter to the floor. The valet picked it up emotionlessly, creased it and set it on his desk.

It wasn't fair! All right, maybe the bathing trunks and beach umbrellas hadn't been *really* used very much—though how the devil, he asked himself bitterly, did you go about using up swimming gear when you didn't have time for such leisurely pursuits as swimming? But certainly the hiking slacks were used! He'd worn them for three whole days and part of a fourth; what did they expect him to do, go around in rags?

Morey looked belligerently at the coffee and toast that the valet-robot had brought in with the mail, and then steeled his resolve. Unfair or not, he had to play the game according to the rules. It was for Cherry, more than for himself, and the way to begin a new way of life was to begin it.

Morey was going to consume for two.

He told the valet-robot, "Take that stuff back. I want cream and sugar with the coffee—lots of cream and sugar. And besides the toast,

scrambled eggs, fried potatoes, orange juice—no, make it half a grapefruit. And orange juice, come to think of it.”

“Right away, sir,” said the valet. “You won’t be having breakfast at nine then, will you, sir?”

“I certainly will,” said Morey virtuously. “Double portions!” As the robot was closing the door, he called after it, “Butter and marmalade with the toast!”

He went to the bath; he had a full schedule and no time to waste. In the shower, he carefully sprayed himself with lather three times. When he had rinsed the soap off, he went through the whole assortment of taps in order: three lotions, plain talcum, scented talcum and thirty seconds of ultra-violet. Then he lathered and rinsed again, and dried himself with a towel instead of using the hot-air drying jets. Most of the miscellaneous scents went down the drain with the rinse water, but if the Ration Board accused him of waste, he could claim he was experimenting. The effect, as a matter of fact, wasn’t bad at all.

He stepped out, full of exuberance. Cherry was awake, staring in dismay at the tray the valet had brought. “Good morning, dear,” she said faintly. “Ugh.”

Morey kissed her and patted her hand. “Well!” he said, looking at the tray with a big, hollow smile. “Food!”

“Isn’t that a lot for just the two of us?”

“Two of us?” repeated Morey masterfully. “Nonsense, my dear, I’m going to eat it all by myself!”

“Oh, Morey!” gasped Cherry, and the adoring look she gave him was enough to pay for a dozen such meals.

Which, he thought as he finished his morning exercises with the sparring-robot and sat down to his real breakfast, it just about had to be, day in and day out, for a long, long time.

Still, Morey had made up his mind. As he worked his way through the kippered herring, tea and crumpets, he ran over his plans with Henry. He swallowed a mouthful and said, “I want you to line up some appointments for me right away. Three hours a week in an exercise gym—pick one with lots of reducing equipment, Henry. I think I’m going to need it. And fittings for some new clothes—I’ve had these for weeks. And, let’s see, doctor, dentist—say, Henry, don’t I have a psychiatrist’s date coming up?”

"Indeed you do, sir!" it said warmly. "This morning, in fact. I've already instructed the chauffeur and notified your office."

"Fine! Well, get started on the other things, Henry."

"Yes, sir," said Henry, and assumed the curious absent look of a robot talking on its TBR circuits—the "Talk Between Robots" radio—as it arranged the appointments for its master.

Morey finished his breakfast in silence, pleased with his own virtue, at peace with the world. It wasn't so hard to be a proper, industrious consumer if you worked at it, he reflected. It was only the malcontents, the ne'er-do-wells and the incompetents who simply could not adjust to the world around them. Well, he thought with distant pity, someone had to suffer; you couldn't break eggs without making an omelet. And his proper duty was not to be some sort of wild-eyed crank, challenging the social order and beating his breast about injustice, but to take care of his wife and his home.

It was too bad he couldn't really get right down to work on consuming today. But this was his one day a week to hold a job—four of the other six days were devoted to solid consuming—and, besides, he had a group therapy session scheduled as well. His analysis, Morey told himself, would certainly take a sharp turn for the better, now that he had faced up to his problems.

Morey was immersed in a glow of self-righteousness as he kissed Cherry good-by (she had finally got up, all in a confusion of delight at the new regime) and walked out the door to his car. He hardly noticed the little man in enormous floppy hat and garishly ruffled trousers who was standing almost hidden in the shrubs.

"Hey, Mac." The man's voice was almost a whisper.

"Huh? Oh—what is it?"

The man looked around furtively. "Listen, friend," he said rapidly, "you look like an intelligent man who could use a little help. Times are tough; you help me, I'll help you. Want to make a deal on ration stamps? Six for one. One of yours for six of mine, the best deal you'll get anywhere in town. Naturally, my stamps aren't exactly the real McCoy, but they'll pass, friend, they'll pass—"

Morey blinked at him. "No!" he said violently, and pushed the man aside. Now it's racketeers, he thought bitterly. Slums and endless sordid preoccupation with rations weren't enough to inflict on Cherry; now the neighborhood was becoming a hangout for people on the shady side of the law. It was not, of course, the first time he had ever

been approached by a counterfeit ration-stamp hoodlum, but never at his own front door!

Morey thought briefly, as he climbed into his car, of calling the police. But certainly the man would be gone before they could get there; and, after all, he had handled it pretty well as it was.

Of course, it would be nice to get six stamps for one.

But very far from nice if he got caught.

"Good morning, Mr. Fry," tinkled the robot receptionist. "Won't you go right in?" With a steel-tipped finger, it pointed to the door marked GROUP THERAPY.

Someday, Morey vowed to himself as he nodded and complied, he would be in a position to afford a private analyst of his own. Group therapy helped relieve the infinite stresses of modern living, and without it he might find himself as badly off as the hysterical mobs in the ration riots, or as dangerously anti-social as the counterfeiters. But it lacked the personal touch. It was, he thought, too public a performance of what should be a private affair, like trying to live a happy married life with an interfering, ever-present crowd of robots in the house—

Morey brought himself up in panic. How had *that* thought crept in? He was shaken visibly as he entered the room and greeted the group to which he was assigned.

There were eleven of them: four Freudians, two Reichians, two Jungians, a Gestalter, a shock therapist and the elderly and rather quiet Sullivanite. Even the members of the majority groups had their own individual differences in technique and creed, but, despite four years with this particular group of analysts, Morey hadn't quite been able to keep them separate in his mind. Their names, though, he knew well enough.

"Morning, Doctors," he said. "What is it today?"

"Morning," said Semmelweiss morosely. "Today you come into the room for the first time looking as if something is really bothering you, and yet the schedule calls for psychodrama. Dr. Fairless," he appealed, "can't we change the schedule a little bit? Fry here is obviously under a strain; *that's* the time to start digging and see what he can find. We can do your psychodrama next time, can't we?"

Fairless shook his gracefully bald old head. "Sorry, Doctor. If it were up to me, of course—but you know the rules."

"Rules, rules," jeered Semmelweiss. "Ah, what's the use? Here's a patient in an acute anxiety state if I ever saw one—and believe me, I saw plenty—and we ignore it because the rules say ignore it. Is that professional? Is that how to cure a patient?"

Little Blaine said frostily, "If I may say so, Dr. Semmelweiss, there have been a great many cures made without the necessity of departing from the rules. I myself, in fact—"

"You yourself!" mimicked Semmelweiss. "You yourself never handled a patient alone in your life. When you going to get out of a group, Blaine?"

Blaine said furiously, "Dr. Fairless, I don't think I have to stand for this sort of personal attack. Just because Semmelweiss has seniority and a couple of private patients one day a week, he thinks—"

"Gentlemen," said Fairless mildly. "Please, let's get on with the work. Mr. Fry has come to us for help, not to listen to us losing our tempers."

"Sorry," said Semmelweiss curtly. "All the same, I appeal from the arbitrary and mechanistic ruling of the chair."

Fairless inclined his head. "All in favor of the ruling of the chair? Nine, I count. That leaves only you opposed, Dr. Semmelweiss. We'll proceed with the psychodrama, if the recorder will read us the notes and comments of the last session."

The recorder, a pudgy, low-ranking youngster named Sprogue, flipped back the pages of his notebook and read in a chanting voice, "Session of twenty-fourth May, subject, Morey Fry; in attendance, Doctors Fairless, Bileck, Semmelweiss, Carrado, Weber—"

Fairless interrupted kindly, "Just the last page, if you please, Dr. Sprogue."

"Um—oh, yes. After a ten-minute recess for additional Rorschachs and an electro-encephalogram, the group convened and conducted rapid-fire word association. Results were tabulated and compared with standard deviation patterns, and it was determined that subject's major traumas derived from, respectively—"

Morey found his attention waning. Therapy was good; everybody knew that, but every once in a while he found it a little dull. If it weren't for therapy, though, there was no telling what might happen. Certainly, Morey told himself, he had been helped considerably—at least he hadn't set fire to his house and shrieked at the fire-robots, like Newell down the block when his eldest daughter divorced her hus-

band and came back to live with him, bringing her ration quota along, of course. Morey hadn't even been *tempted* to do anything as outrageously, frighteningly immoral as destroy things or waste them—well, he admitted to himself honestly, perhaps a little tempted, once in a great while. But never anything important enough to worry about; he was sound, perfectly sound.

He looked up, startled. All the doctors were staring at him. "Mr. Fry," Fairless repeated, "will you take your place?"

"Certainly," Morey said hastily. "Uh—where?"

Sammelweiss guffawed. "*Told* you. Never mind, Morey; you didn't miss much. We're going to run through one of the big scenes in your life, the one you told us about last time. Remember? You were fourteen years old, you said. Christmas time. Your mother had made you a promise."

Morey swallowed. "I remember," he said unhappily. "Well, all right. Where do I stand?"

"Right here," said Fairless. "You're you, Carrado is your mother, I'm your father. Will the doctors not participating mind moving back? Fine. Now, Morey, here we are on Christmas morning. Merry Christmas, Morey!"

"Merry Christmas," Morey said half-heartedly. "Uh—Father dear, where's my—uh—my puppy that Mother promised me?"

"Puppy!" said Fairless heartily. "Your mother and I have something much better than a puppy for you. Just take a look under the tree there—it's a *robot*! Yes, Morey, your very own robot—a full-size thirty-eight-tube fully automatic companion robot for you! Go ahead, Morey, go right up and speak to it. Its name is Henry. Go on, boy."

Morey felt a sudden, incomprehensible tingle inside the bridge of his nose. He said shakily, "But I—I didn't *want* a robot."

"Of course you want a robot," Carrado interrupted. "Go on, child, play with your nice robot."

Morey said violently, "I *hate* robots!" He looked around him at the doctors, at the gray-paneled consulting room. He added defiantly, "You hear me, all of you? I *still* hate robots!"

There was a second's pause; then the questions began.

It was half an hour before the receptionist came in and announced that time was up.

In that half hour, Morey had got over his trembling and lost his

wild, momentary passion, but he had remembered what for thirteen years he had forgotten.

He hated robots.

The surprising thing was not that young Morey had hated robots. It was that the Robot Riots, the ultimate violent outbreak of flesh against metal, the battle to the death between mankind and its machine heirs . . . never happened. A little boy hated robots, but the man he became worked with them hand in hand.

And yet, always and always before, the new worker, the competitor for the job, was at once and inevitably outside the law. The waves swelled in—the Irish, the Negroes, the Jews, the Italians. They were squeezed into their ghettos, where they encysted, seethed and struck out, until the burgeoning generations became indistinguishable.

For the robots, that genetic relief was not in sight. And still the conflict never came. The feed-back circuits aimed the anti-aircraft guns and, reshaped and newly planned, found a place in a new sort of machine—together with a miraculous trail of cams and levers, an indestructible and potent power source and a hundred thousand parts and sub-assemblies.

And the first robot clanked off the bench.

Its mission was its own destruction; but from the scavenged wreck of its pilot body, a hundred better robots drew their inspiration. And the hundred went to work, and hundreds more, until there were millions upon untold millions.

And still the riots never happened.

For the robots came bearing a gift and the name of it was "Plenty."

And by the time the gift had shown its own unguessed ills, the time for a Robot Riot was past. Plenty is a habit-forming drug. You do not cut the dosage down. You kick it if you can; you stop the dose entirely. But the convulsions that follow may wreck the body once and for all.

The addict craves the grainy white powder; he doesn't hate it, or the runner who sells it to him. And if Morey as a little boy could hate the robot that had deprived him of his pup, Morey the man was perfectly aware that the robots were his servants and his friends.

But the little Morey inside the man—he had never been convinced.

Morey ordinarily looked forward to his work. The one day a week at which he *did* anything was a wonderful change from the dreary consume, consume, consume grind. He entered the bright-lit drafting room of the Bradmoor Amusements Company with a feeling of uplift.

But as he was changing from street garb to his drafting smock, Howland from Procurement came over with a knowing look. "Wainwright's been looking for you," Howland whispered. "Better get right in there."

Morey nervously thanked him and got. Wainwright's office was the size of a phone booth and as bare as Antarctic ice. Every time Morey saw it, he felt his insides churn with envy. Think of a desk with nothing on it but work surface—no calendar-clock, no twelve-color pen rack, no dictating machines!

He squeezed himself in and sat down while Wainwright finished a phone call. He mentally reviewed the possible reasons why Wainwright would want to talk to him in person instead of over the phone, or by dropping a word to him as he passed through the drafting room.

Very few of them were good.

Wainwright put down the phone and Morey straightened up. "You sent for me?" he asked.

Wainwright in a chubby world was aristocratically lean. As General Superintendent of the Design & Development Section of the Bradmoor Amusements Company, he ranked high in the upper section of the well-to-do. He rasped, "I certainly did. Fry, just what the hell do you think you're up to now?"

"I don't know what you m-mean, Mr. Wainwright," Morey stammered, crossing off the list of possible reasons for the interview all of the good ones.

Wainwright snorted. "I guess you don't. Not because you weren't told, but because you don't want to know. Think back a whole week. What did I have you on the carpet for then?"

Morey said sickly, "My ration book. Look, Mr. Wainwright, I know I'm running a little bit behind, but—"

"But nothing! How do you think it looks to the Committee, Fry? They got a complaint from the Ration Board about you. Naturally they passed it on to me. And naturally I'm going to pass it right along to you. The question is, what are you going to do about it? Good God, man, look at these figures—textiles, fifty-one per cent; food, sixty-

seven per cent; amusements and entertainment, *thirty* per cent! You haven't come up to your ration in anything for months!"

Morey stared at the card miserably. "We—that is, my wife and I—just had a long talk about that last night, Mr. Wainwright. And, believe me, we're going to do better. We're going to buckle right down and get to work and—uh—do better," he finished weakly.

Wainwright nodded, and for the first time there was a note of sympathy in his voice. "Your wife. Judge Elon's daughter, isn't she? Good family. I've met the Judge many times." Then, gruffly, "Well, nevertheless, Fry, I'm warning you. I don't care how you straighten this out, but *don't let the Committee mention this to me again.*"

"No, sir."

"All right. Finished with the schematics on the new K-50?"

Morey brightened. "Just about, sir! I'm putting the first section on tape today. I'm very pleased with it, Mr. Wainwright, honestly I am. I've got more than eighteen thousand moving parts in it now, and that's without—"

"Good. Good." Wainwright glanced down at his desk. "Get back to it. And straighten out this other thing. You can do it, Fry. Consuming is everybody's duty. Just keep that in mind."

Howland followed Morey out of the drafting room, down to the spotless shops. "Bad time?" he inquired solicitously. Morey grunted. It was none of Howland's business.

Howland looked over his shoulder as he was setting up the programing panel. Morey studied the matrices silently, then got busy reading the summary tapes, checking them back against the schematics, setting up the instructions on the programing board. Howland kept quiet as Morey completed the setup and ran off a test tape. It checked perfectly; Morey stepped back to light a cigarette in celebration before pushing the *start* button.

Howland said, "Go on, run it. I can't go until you put it in the works."

Morey grinned and pushed the button. The board lighted up; within it, a tiny metronomic beep began to pulse. That was all. At the other end of the quarter-mile shed, Morey knew, the automatic sorters and conveyers were fingering through the copper reels and steel ingots, measuring hoppers of plastic powder and colors, setting up an intricate weaving path for the thousands of individual components that would make up Bradmoor's new K-50 Spin-a-Game. But from where they

stood, in the elaborately muraled programing room, nothing showed. Bradmoor was an ultra-modernized plant; in the manufacturing end, even robots had been dispensed with in favor of machines that guided themselves.

Morey glanced at his watch and logged in the starting time while Howland quickly counter-checked Morey's raw-material flow program.

"Checks out," Howland said solemnly, slapping him on the back. "Calls for a celebration. Anyway, it's your first design, isn't it?"

"Yes. First all by myself, at any rate."

Howland was already fishing in his private locker for the bottle he kept against emergency needs. He poured with a flourish. "To Morey Fry," he said, "our most favorite designer, in whom we are much pleased."

Morey drank. It went down easily enough. Morey had conscientiously used his liquor rations for years, but he had never gone beyond the minimum, so that although liquor was no new experience to him, the single drink immediately warmed him. It warmed his mouth, his throat, the hollows of his chest; and it settled down with a warm glow inside him. Howland, exerting himself to be nice, complimented Morey fatuously on the design and poured another drink. Morey didn't utter any protest at all.

Howland drained his glass. "You may wonder," he said formally, "why I am so pleased with you, Morey Fry. I will tell you why this is."

Morey grinned. "Please do."

Howland nodded. "I will. It's because I am pleased with the world, Morey. My wife left me last night."

Morey was as shocked as only a recent bridegroom can be by the news of a crumbling marriage. "That's too ba—I mean is that a fact?"

"Yes, she left my beds and board and five robots, and I'm happy to see her go." He poured another drink for both of them. "Women. Can't live with them and can't live without them. First you sigh and pant and chase after 'em—you like poetry?" he demanded suddenly.

Morey said cautiously, "Some poetry."

Howland quoted: "'How long, my love, shall I behold this wall between our gardens—yours the rose, and mine the swooning lily.' Like it? I wrote it for Jocelyn—that's my wife—when we were first going together."

"It's beautiful," said Morey.

"She wouldn't talk to me for two days." Howland drained his

drink. "Lots of spirit, that girl. Anyway, I hunted her like a tiger. And then I caught her. Wow!"

Morey took a deep drink from his own glass. "What do you mean, wow?" he asked.

"Wow." Howland pointed his finger at Morey. "Wow, that's what I mean. We got married and I took her home to the dive I was living in, and wow we had a kid, and wow I got in a little trouble with the Ration Board—nothing serious, of course, but there was a mixup—and wow fights.

"Everything was a fight," he explained. "She'd start with a little nagging, and naturally I'd say something or other back, and *bang* we were off. Budget, budget, budget; I hope to die if I ever hear the word 'budget' again. Morey, you're a married man; you know what it's like. Tell me the truth, weren't you just about ready to blow your top the first time you caught your wife cheating on the budget?"

"Cheating on the budget?" Morey was startled. "Cheating how?"

"Oh, lots of ways. Making your portions bigger than hers. Sneaking extra shirts for you on her clothing ration. You know."

"Damn it, I do not know!" cried Morey. "Cherry wouldn't do anything like that!"

Howland looked at him opaquely for a long second. "Of course not," he said at last. "Let's have another drink."

Ruffled, Morey held out his glass. Cherry wasn't the type of girl to cheat. Of course she wasn't. A fine, loving girl like her—a pretty girl, of a good family; she wouldn't know how to begin.

Howland was saying, in a sort of chant, "No more budget. No more fights. No more 'Daddy never treated me like this.' No more nagging. No more extra rations for household allowance. No more—Morey, what do you say we go out and have a few drinks? I know a place where—"

"Sorry, Howland," Morey said. "I've got to get back to the office, you know."

Howland guffawed. He held out his wristwatch. As Morey, a little unsteadily, bent over it, it tinkled out the hour. It was a matter of minutes before the office closed for the day.

"Oh," said Morey. "I didn't realize—Well, anyway, Howland, thanks, but I can't. My wife will be expecting me."

"She certainly will," Howland sniggered. "Won't catch her eating up your rations and hers tonight."

Morey said tightly, "Howland!"

"Oh, sorry, sorry." Howland waved an arm. "Don't mean to say anything against your wife, of course. Guess maybe Jocelyn soured me on women. But honest, Morey, you'd like this place. Name of Uncle Piggotty's, down in the Old Town. Crazy bunch hangs out there. You'd like them. Couple nights last week they had—I mean, you understand, Morey, I don't go there as often as all that, but I just happened to drop in and—"

Morey interrupted firmly. "Thank you, Howland. Must go home. Wife expects it. Decent of you to offer. Good night. Be seeing you."

He walked out, turned at the door to bow politely, and in turning back cracked the side of his face against the door jamb. A sort of pleasant numbness had taken possession of his entire skin surface, though, and it wasn't until he perceived Henry chattering at him sympathetically that he noticed a trickle of blood running down the side of his face.

"Mere flesh wound," he said with dignity. "Nothing to cause you least conshter—consternation, Henry. Now kindly shut your ugly face. Want to think."

And he slept in the car all the way home.

It was worse than a hangover. The name is "holdover." You've had some drinks; you've started to sober up by catching a little sleep. Then you are required to be awake and to function. The consequent state has the worst features of hangover and intoxication; your head thumps and your mouth tastes like the floor of a bear-pit, but you are nowhere near sober.

There is one cure. Morey said thickly, "Let's have a cocktail, dear."

Cherry was delighted to share a cocktail with him before dinner. Cherry, Morey thought lovingly, was a wonderful, wonderful, wonderful—

He found his head nodding in time to his thoughts and the motion made him wince.

Cherry flew to his side and touched his temple. "Is it bothering you, darling?" she asked solicitously. "Where you ran into the door, I mean?"

Morey looked at her sharply, but her expression was open and adoring. He said bravely, "Just a little. Nothing to it, really."

The butler brought the cocktails and retired. Cherry lifted her glass. Morey raised his, caught a whiff of the liquor and nearly dropped it. He bit down hard on his churning insides and forced himself to swallow.

He was surprised but grateful: It stayed down. In a moment, the curious phenomenon of warmth began to repeat itself. He swallowed the rest of the drink and held out his glass for a refill. He even tried a smile. Oddly enough, his face didn't fall off.

One more drink did it. Morey felt happy and relaxed, but by no means drunk. They went in to dinner in fine spirits. They chatted cheerfully with each other and Henry, and Morey found time to feel sentimentally sorry for poor Howland, who couldn't make a go of his marriage, when marriage was obviously such an easy relationship, so beneficial to both sides, so warm and relaxing . . .

Startled, he said, "What?"

Cherry repeated, "It's the cleverest scheme I ever heard of. Such a funny little man, dear. All kind of nervous, if you know what I mean. He kept looking at the door as if he was expecting someone, but of course that was silly. None of his friends would have come to our house to see him."

Morey said tensely, "Cherry, please! What was that you said about ration stamps?"

"But I told you, darling! It was just after you left this morning. This funny little man came to the door; the butler said he wouldn't give any name. Anyway, I talked to him. I thought he might be a neighbor and I certainly would never be rude to any neighbor who might come to call, even if the neighborhood was—"

"The ration stamps!" Morey begged. "Did I hear you say he was peddling phony ration stamps?"

Cherry said uncertainly, "Well, I suppose that in a way they're phony. The way he explained it, they weren't the regular official kind. But it was four for one, dear—four of his stamps for one of ours. So I just took out our household book and steamed off a couple of weeks' stamps and—"

"How many?" Morey bellowed.

Cherry blinked. "About—about two weeks' quota," she said faintly. "Was that wrong, dear?"

Morey closed his eyes dizzily. "A couple of weeks' stamps," he repeated. "Four for one—you didn't even get the regular rate."

Cherry wailed, "How was I supposed to know? I never had anything like this when I was *home*! We didn't have food riots and slums and all these horrible robots and filthy little revolting men coming to the door!"

Morey stared at her woodenly. She was crying again, but it made no impression on the case-hardened armor that was suddenly thrown around his heart.

Henry made a tentative sound that, in a human, would have been a preparatory cough, but Morey froze him with a white-eyed look.

Morey said in a dreary monotone that barely penetrated the sound of Cherry's tears, "Let me tell you just what it was you did. Assuming, at best, that these stamps you got are at least average good counterfeits, and not so bad that the best thing to do with them is throw them away before we get caught with them in our possession, you have approximately a two-month supply of funny stamps. In case you didn't know it, those ration books are not merely ornamental. They have to be turned in every month to prove that we have completed our consuming quota for the month.

"When they are turned in, they are spot-checked. Every book is at least glanced at. A big chunk of them are gone over very carefully by the inspectors, and a certain percentage are tested by ultra-violet, infra-red, X-ray, radioisotopes, bleaches, fumes, paper chromatography and every other damned test known to Man." His voice was rising to an uneven crescendo. "If we are lucky enough to get away with using any of these stamps at all, we daren't—we simply dare not—use more than one or two counterfeits to every dozen or more real stamps.

"That means, Cherry, that what you bought is not a two-month supply, but maybe a two-year supply—and since, as you no doubt have never noticed, the things have expiration dates on them, there is probably no chance in the world that we can ever hope to use more than half of them." He was bellowing by the time he pushed back his chair and towered over her. "Moreover," he went on, "right now, right as of this *minute*, we have to make up the stamps you gave away, which means that at the very best we are going to be on double rations for two weeks or so.

"And that says nothing about the one feature of this whole grisly mess that you seem to have thought of least, namely that counterfeit stamps are against the *law*! I'm poor, Cherry; I live in a slum, and I know it; I've got a long way to go before I'm as rich or

respected or powerful as your father, about whom I am beginning to get considerably tired of hearing. But poor as I may be, I can tell you *this* for sure: Up until now, at any rate, I have been honest."

Cherry's tears had stopped entirely and she was bowed white-faced and dry-eyed by the time Morey had finished. He had spent himself; there was no violence left in him.

He stared dismally at Cherry for a moment, then turned wordlessly and stamped out of the house.

Marriage! he thought as he left.

He walked for hours, blind to where he was going.

What brought him back to awareness was a sensation he had not felt in a dozen years. It was not, Morey abruptly realized, the dying traces of his hangover that made his stomach feel so queer. He was hungry—actually hungry.

He looked about him. He was in the Old Town, miles from home, jostled by crowds of lower-class people. The block he was on was as atrocious a slum as Morey had ever seen—Chinese pagodas stood next to rococo imitations of the chapels around Versailles; gingerbread marred every facade; no building was without its brilliant signs and flarelights.

He saw a blindingly overdecorated eating establishment called Billie's Budget Busy Bee and crossed the street toward it, dodging through the unending streams of traffic. It was a miserable excuse for a restaurant, but Morey was in no mood to care. He found a seat under a potted palm, as far from the tinkling fountains and robot string ensemble as he could manage, and ordered recklessly, paying no attention to the ration prices. As the waiter was gliding noiselessly away, Morey had a sickening realization: He'd come out without his ration book. He groaned out loud; it was too late to leave without causing a disturbance. But then, he thought rebelliously, what difference did one more unrationed meal make, anyhow?

Food made him feel a little better. He finished the last of his *profiterole au chocolate*, not even leaving on the plate the uneaten one-third that tradition permitted, and paid his check. The robot cashier reached automatically for his ration book. Morey had a moment of grandeur as he said simply, "No ration stamps."

Robot cashiers are not equipped to display surprise, but this one tried. The man behind Morey in line audibly caught his breath, and

less audibly mumbled something about *slummers*. Morey took it as a compliment and strode outside feeling almost in good humor.

Good enough to go home to Cherry? Morey thought seriously of it for a second; but he wasn't going to pretend he was wrong and certainly Cherry wasn't going to be willing to admit that *she* was at fault.

Besides, Morey told himself grimly, she was undoubtedly asleep. That was an annoying thing about Cherry at best: she never had any trouble getting to sleep. Didn't even use her quota of sleeping tablets, though Morey had spoken to her about it more than once. Of course, he reminded himself, he had been so polite and tactful about it, as befits a newlywed, that very likely she hadn't even understood that it was a complaint. Well, *that* would stop!

Man's man Morey Fry, wearing no collar ruff but his own, strode determinedly down the streets of the Old Town.

"Hey, Joe, want a good time?"

Morey took one unbelieving look. "You again!" he roared.

The little man stared at him in genuine surprise. Then a faint glimmer of recognition crossed his face. "Oh, yeah," he said. "This morning, huh?" He clucked commiseratingly. "Too bad you wouldn't deal with me. Your wife was a lot smarter. Of course, you got me a little sore, Jack, so naturally I had to raise the price a little bit."

"You skunk, you cheated my poor wife blind! You and I are going to the local station house and talk this over."

The little man pursed his lips. "We are, huh?"

Morey nodded vigorously. "Damn right! And let me tell you—" He stopped in the middle of a threat as a large hand cupped around his shoulder.

The equally large man who owned the hand said, in a mild and cultured voice, "Is this gentleman disturbing you, Sam?"

"Not so far," the little man conceded. "He might want to, though, so don't go away."

Morey wrenched his shoulder away. "Don't think you can strong-arm me. I'm taking you to the police."

Sam shook his head unbelievably. "You mean you're going to call the law in on this?"

"I certainly am!"

Sam sighed regretfully. "What do you think of that, Walter? Treating his wife like that. Such a nice lady, too."

"What are you talking about?" Morey demanded, stung on a peculiarly sensitive spot.

"I'm talking about your wife," Sam explained. "Of course, I'm not married myself. But it seems to me that if I was, I wouldn't call the police when my wife was engaged in some kind of criminal activity or other. No, sir, I'd try to settle it myself. Tell you what," he advised, "why don't you talk this over with her? Make her see the error of—"

"Wait a minute," Morey interrupted. "You mean you'd involve my wife in this thing?"

The man spread his hands helplessly. "It's not me that would involve her, Buster," he said. "She already involved her own self. It takes two to make a crime, you know. I sell, maybe; I won't deny it. But after all, I can't sell unless somebody buys, can I?"

Morey stared at him glumly. He glanced in quick speculation at the large-sized Walter; but Walter was just as big as he'd remembered, so that took care of that. Violence was out; the police were out; that left no really attractive way of capitalizing on the good luck of running into the man again.

Sam said, "Well, I'm glad to see that's off your mind. Now, returning to my original question, Mac, how would you like a good time? You look like a smart fellow to me; you look like you'd be kind of interested in a place I happen to know of down the block."

Morey said bitterly, "So you're a dive-steerer, too. A real talented man."

"I admit it," Sam agreed. "Stamp business is slow at night, in my experience. People have their minds more on a good time. And, believe me, a good time is what I can show 'em. Take this place I'm talking about, Uncle Piggotty's is the name of it, it's what I would call an unusual kind of place. Wouldn't you say so, Walter?"

"Oh, I agree with you entirely," Walter rumbled.

But Morey was hardly listening. He said, "Uncle Piggotty's, you say?"

"That's right," said Sam.

Morey frowned for a moment, digesting an idea. Uncle Piggotty's sounded like the place Howland had been talking about back at the plant; it might be interesting, at that.

While he was making up his mind, Sam slipped an arm through his on one side and Walter amiably wrapped a big hand around the other. Morey found himself walking.

"You'll like it," Sam promised comfortably. "No hard feelings about this morning, sport? Of course not. Once you get a look at Piggotty's, you'll get over your mad, anyhow. It's something special. I swear, on what they pay me for bringing in customers, I wouldn't do it unless I believed in it."

"Dance, Jack?" the hostess yelled over the noise at the bar. She stepped back, lifted her flounced skirts to ankle height and executed a tricky nine-step.

"My name is Morey," Morey yelled back. "And I don't want to dance, thanks."

The hostess shrugged, frowned meaningfully at Sam and danced away.

Sam flagged the bartender. "First round's on us," he explained to Morey. "Then we won't bother you any more. Unless you want us to, of course. Like the place?" Morey hesitated, but Sam didn't wait. "Fine place," he yelled, and picked up the drink the bartender left him. "See you around."

He and the big man were gone. Morey stared after them uncertainly, then gave it up. He was here, anyhow; might as well at least have a drink. He ordered and looked around.

Uncle Piggotty's was a third-rate dive disguised to look, in parts of it at least, like one of the exclusive upper-class country clubs. The bar, for instance, was treated to resemble the clean lines of nailed wood; but underneath the surface treatment, Morey could detect the intricate laminations of plyplastic. What at first glance appeared to be burlap hangings were in actuality elaborately textured synthetics. And all through the bar the motif was carried out.

A floor show of sorts was going on, but nobody seemed to be paying much attention to it. Morey, straining briefly to hear the master of ceremonies, gathered that the wit was on a more than mildly vulgar level. There was a dispirited string of chorus beauties in long ruffled pantaloons and diaphanous tops; one of them, Morey was almost sure, was the hostess who had talked to him just a few moments before.

Next to him a man was declaiming to a middle-aged woman:

Smote I the monstrous rock, yahoo!
Smote I the turgid tube, Bully Boy!
Smote I the cankered hill—

“Why, Morey!” he interrupted himself. “What are you doing here?”

He turned farther around and Morey recognized him. “Hello, Howland,” he said. “I—uh—I happened to be free tonight, so I thought—”

Howland sniggered. “Well, guess your wife is more liberal than mine was. Order a drink, boy.”

“Thanks, I’ve got one,” said Morey.

The woman, with a tigerish look at Morey, said, “Don’t stop, Everett. That was one of your most beautiful things.”

“Oh, Morey’s heard my poetry,” Howland said. “Morey, I’d like you to meet a very lovely and talented young lady, Tanaquil Bigelow. Morey works in the office with me, Tan.”

“Obviously,” said Tanaquil Bigelow in a frozen voice, and Morey hastily withdrew the hand he had begun to put out.

The conversation stuck there, impaled, the woman cold, Howland relaxed and abstracted, Morey wondering if, after all, this had been such a good idea. He caught the eye-cell of the robot bartender and ordered a round of drinks for the three of them, politely putting them on Howland’s ration book. By the time the drinks had come and Morey had just got around to deciding that it wasn’t a very good idea, the woman had all of a sudden become thawed.

She said abruptly, “You look like the kind of man who *thinks*, Morey, and I like to talk to that kind of man. Frankly, Morey, I just don’t have any patience at all with the stupid, stodgy men who just work in their offices all day and eat all their dinners every night, and gad about and consume like mad and where does it all get them, anyhow? That’s right, I can see you understand. Just one crazy rush to consume, consume from the day you’re born *plop* to the day you’re buried *pop*! And who’s to blame if not the robots?”

Faintly, a tinge of worry began to appear on the surface of Howland’s relaxed calm. “Tan,” he chided, “Morey may not be very interested in politics.”

Politics, Morey thought; well, at least that was a clue. He’d had the dizzying feeling, while the woman was talking, that he himself was the ball in the games machine he had designed for the shop

earlier that day. Following the woman's conversation might, at that, give his next design some valuable pointers in swoops, curves and obstacles.

He said, with more than half truth, "No, please go on, Miss Bigelow. I'm very much interested."

She smiled; then abruptly her face changed to a frightening scowl. Morey flinched, but evidently the scowl wasn't meant for him. "Robots!" she hissed. "Supposed to work for us, aren't they? Hah! We're their slaves, slaves for every moment of every miserable day of our lives. Slaves! Wouldn't you like to join us and be free, Morey?"

Morey took cover in his drink. He made an expressive gesture with his free hand—expressive of exactly what, he didn't truly know, for he was lost. But it seemed to satisfy the woman.

She said accusingly, "Did you know that more than three-quarters of the people in this country have had a nervous breakdown in the past five years and four months? That more than half of them are under the constant care of psychiatrists for psychosis—not just plain ordinary neurosis like my husband's got and Howland here has got and you've got, but psychosis. Like I've got. Did you know that? Did you know that forty per cent of the population are essentially manic depressive, thirty-one per cent are schizoid, thirty-eight per cent have an assortment of other unfixed psychogenic disturbances and twenty-four—"

"Hold it a minute, Tan," Howland interrupted critically. "You've got too many per cents there. Start over again."

"Oh, the hell with it," the woman said moodily. "I wish my husband were here. He expresses it so much better than I do." She swallowed her drink. "Since you've wriggled off the hook," she said nastily to Morey, "how about setting up another round—on my ration book this time?"

Morey did; it was the simplest thing to do in his confusion. When that was gone, they had another on Howland's book.

As near as he could figure out, the woman, her husband and quite possibly Howland as well belonged to some kind of anti-robot group. Morey had heard of such things; they had a quasi-legal status, neither approved nor prohibited, but he had never come into contact with them before. Remembering the hatred he had so painfully relived at the psychodrama session, he thought anxiously that perhaps he belonged with them. But, question them though he might, he

couldn't seem to get the principles of the organization firmly in mind.

The woman finally gave up trying to explain it, and went off to find her husband while Morey and Howland had another drink and listened to two drunks squabble over who bought the next round. They were at the Alphonse-Gaston stage of inebriation; they would regret it in the morning; for each was bending over backward to permit the other to pay the ration points. Morey wondered uneasily about his own points; Howland was certainly getting credit for a lot of Morey's drinking tonight. Served him right for forgetting his book, of course.

When the woman came back, it was with the large man Morey had encountered in the company of Sam, the counterfeiter, steerer and general man about Old Town.

"A remarkably small world, isn't it?" boomed Walter Bigelow, only slightly crushing Morey's hand in his. "Well, sir, my wife has told me how interested you are in the basic philosophical drives behind our movement, and I should like to discuss them further with you. To begin with, sir, have you considered the principle of Twoness?"

Morey said, "Why—"

"Very good," said Bigelow courteously. He cleared his throat and declaimed:

*Han-headed Cathay saw it first,
Bright as brightest solar burst;
Whipped it into boy and girl,
The blinding spiral-sliced swirl:
Yang
And Yin.*

He shrugged deprecatingly. "Just the first stanza," he said. "I don't know if you got much out of it."

"Well, no," Morey admitted.

"Second stanza," Bigelow said firmly:

*Hegal saw it, saw it clear;
Jackal Marx drew near, drew near:
O'er his shoulder saw it plain,
Turned it upside down again:
Yang
And Yin.*

There was an expectant pause. Morey said, "I—uh—"

"Wraps it all up, doesn't it?" Bigelow's wife demanded. "Oh, if only others could see it as clearly as you do! The robot peril and the robot savior. Starvation and surfeit. Always twoness, always!"

Bigelow patted Morey's shoulder. "The next stanza makes it even clearer," he said. "It's really very clever—I shouldn't say it, of course, but it's Howland's as much as it's mine. He helped me with the verses." Morey darted a glance at Howland, but Howland was carefully looking away. "Third stanza," said Bigelow. "This is a hard one, because it's long, so pay attention."

*Justice, tip your sightless scales;
One pan rises, one pan falls.*

"Howland," he interrupted himself, "are you sure about that rhyme? I always trip over it. Well, anyway:

*Add to A and B grows less;
A's B's partner, nonetheless.
Next, the Twoness that there be
In even electricity.
Chart the current as it's found:
Sine the hot lead, line the ground.
The wild sine dances, soars and falls,
But only to figures the zero calls.
Sine wave, scales, all things that be
Share a reciprocity.
Male and female, light and dark:
Name the numbers of Noah's Ark!
Yang
And Yin!*

"Dearest!" shrieked Bigelow's wife. "You've never done it better!" There was a spatter of applause, and Morey realized for the first time that half the bar had stopped its noisy revel to listen to them. Bigelow was evidently quite a well-known figure here.

Morey said weakly, "I've never heard anything like it."

He turned hesitantly to Howland, who promptly said, "Drink! What we all need right now is a drink."

They had a drink on Bigelow's book.

Morey got Howland aside and asked him, "Look, level with me. Are these people nuts?"

Howland showed pique. "No. Certainly not."

"Does that poem mean anything? Does this whole business of twoness mean anything?"

Howland shrugged, "If it means something to them, it means something. They're philosophers, Morey. They see deep into things. You don't know what a privilege it is for me to be allowed to associate with them."

They had another drink. On Howland's book, of course.

Morey eased Walter Bigelow over to a quiet spot. He said, "Leaving twoness out of it for the moment, what's this about the robots?"

Bigelow looked at him round-eyed. "Didn't you understand the poem?"

"Of course I did. But diagram it for me in simple terms so I can tell my wife."

Bigelow beamed. "It's about the dichotomy of robots," he explained. "Like the little salt mill that the boy wished for: it ground out salt and ground out salt and ground out salt. He had to have salt, but not *that* much salt. Whitehead explains it clearly—"

They had another drink on Bigelow's book.

Morey wavered over Tanaquil Bigelow. He said fuzzily, "Listen. Mrs. Walter Tanaquil Strongarm Bigelow. Listen."

She grinned smugly at him. "Brown hair," she said dreamily.

Morey shook his head vigorously. "Never mind hair," he ordered. "Never mind poem. Listen. In *pre-cise* and *el-e-men-ta-ry* terms, explain to me what is wrong with the world today."

"Not enough brown hair," she said promptly.

"Never mind hair!"

"All right," she said agreeably. "Too many robots. Too many robots make too much of everything."

"Ha! Got it!" Morey exclaimed triumphantly. "Get rid of robots!"

"Oh, no. No! No! No. We wouldn't eat. Everything is mechanized. Can't get rid of them, can't slow down production—slowing down is dying, stopping is quicker dying. Principle of twoness is the concept that clarifies all these—"

"No!" Morey said violently. "What should we do?"

"Do? I'll tell you what we should do, if that's what you want. I can tell you."

"Then tell me."

"What we should do is—" Tanaquil hiccupped with a look of refined consternation—"have another drink."

They had another drink. He gallantly let her pay, of course. She ungallantly argued with the bartender about the ration points due her.

Though not a two-fisted drinker, Morey tried. He really worked at it.

He paid the price, too. For some little time before his limbs stopped moving, his mind stopped functioning. Blackout. Almost a blackout, at any rate, for all he retained of the late evening was a kaleidoscope of people and places and things. Howland was there, drunk as a skunk, disgracefully drunk, Morey remembered thinking as he stared up at Howland from the floor. The Bigelows were there. His wife, Cherry, solicitous and amused, was there. And oddly enough, Henry was there.

It was very, very hard to reconstruct. Morey devoted a whole morning's hangover to the effort. It was *important* to reconstruct it, for some reason. But Morey couldn't even remember what the reason was; and finally he dismissed it, guessing that he had either solved the secret of twoness or whether Tanaquil Bigelow's remarkable figure was natural.

He did, however, know that the next morning he had waked in his own bed, with no recollection of getting there. No recollection of anything much, at least not of anything that fit into the proper chronological order or seemed to mesh with anything else, after the dozenth drink when he and Howland, arms around each other's shoulders, composed a new verse on twoness and, plagiarizing an old marching tune, howled it across the boisterous barroom:

*A twoness on the scene much later
Rests in your refrigerator.
Heat your house and insulate it,
Next your food: Refrigerate it.
Frost will damp your Freon coils,
So flux in nichrome till it boils.
See the picture? Heat in cold
In heat in cold, the story's told!
Giant-writ the sacred scrawl:
Oh, the twoness of it all!
Yang
And Yin!*

It had, at any rate, seemed to mean something at the time.

If alcohol opened Morey's eyes to the fact that there was a twoness, perhaps alcohol was what he needed. For there was.

Call it a dichotomy, if the word seems more couth. A kind of two-pronged struggle, the struggle of two unwearying runners in an immortal race. There is the refrigerator inside the house. The cold air, the bubble of heated air that is the house, the bubble of cooled air that is the refrigerator, the momentary bubble of heated air that defrosts it. Call the heat Yang, if you will. Call the cold Yin. Yang overtakes Yin. Then Yin passes Yang. Then Yang passes Yin. Then—

Give them other names. Call Yin a mouth; call Yang a hand.

If the hand rests, the mouth will starve. If the mouth stops, the hand will die. The hand, Yang, moves faster.

Yin may not lag behind.

Then call Yang a robot.

And remember that a pipeline has two ends.

Like any once-in-a-lifetime lush, Morey braced himself for the consequences—and found startledly that there were none.

Cherry was a surprise to him. "You were so funny," she giggled. "And, honestly, so romantic."

He shakily swallowed his breakfast coffee.

The office staff roared and slapped him on the back. "Howland tells us you're living high, boy!" they bellowed more or less in the same words. "Hey, listen to what Morey did—went on the town for the night of a lifetime *and didn't even bring his ration book along to cash in!*"

They thought it was a wonderful joke.

But, then, everything was going well. Cherry, it seemed, had reformed out of recognition. True, she still hated to go out in the evening and Morey never saw her forcing herself to gorge on unwanted food or play undesired games. But, moping into the pantry one afternoon, he found to his incredulous delight that they were well ahead of their ration quotas. In some items, in fact, they were out—a month's supply and more was gone ahead of schedule!

Nor was it the counterfeit stamps, for he had found them tucked behind a bain-marie and quietly burned them. He cast about for ways of complimenting her, but caution prevailed. She was sensitive on the subject; leave it be.

And virtue had its reward.

Wainwright called him in, all smiles. "Morey, great news! We've all appreciated your work here and we've been able to show it in some more tangible way than compliments. I didn't want to say anything till it was definite, but—your status has been reviewed by Classification and the Ration Board. You're out of Class Four Minor, Morey!"

Morey said tremulously, hardly daring to hope, "I'm a full Class Four?"

"Class Five, Morey. *Class Five!* When we do something, we do it right. We asked for a special waiver and got it—you've skipped a whole class." He added honestly, "Not that it was just our backing that did it, of course. Your own recent splendid record of consumption helped a lot. I told you you could do it!"

Morey had to sit down. He missed the rest of what Wainwright had to say, but it couldn't have mattered. He escaped from the office, sidestepped the knot of fellow-employees waiting to congratulate him, and got to a phone.

Cherry was as ecstatic and inarticulate as he. "Oh, darling!" was all she could say.

"And I couldn't have done it without you," he babbled. "Wainwright as much as said so himself. Said if it wasn't for the way we—well, you have been keeping up with the rations, it never would have got by the Board. I've been meaning to say something to you about that, dear, but I just haven't known how. But I do appreciate it. I—Hello?" There was a curious silence at the other end of the phone. "Hello?" he repeated worriedly.

Cherry's voice was intense and low. "Morey Fry, I think you're mean. I wish you hadn't spoiled the good news." And she hung up.

Morey stared slack-jawed at the phone.

Howland appeared behind him, chuckling. "Women," he said. "Never try to figure them. Anyway, congratulations, Morey."

"Thanks," Morey mumbled.

Howland coughed and said, "Uh—by the way, Morey, now that you're one of the big shots, so to speak, you won't—uh—feel obliged to—well, say anything to Wainwright, for instance, about anything I may have said while we—"

"Excuse me," Morey said, unhearing, and pushed past him. He thought wildly of calling Cherry back, of racing home to see just what

he'd said that was wrong. Not that there was much doubt, of course. He'd touched her on her sore point.

Anyhow, his wristwatch was chiming a reminder of the fact that his psychiatric appointment for the week was coming up.

Morey sighed. The day gives and the day takes away. Blessed is the day that gives only good things.

If any.

The session went badly. Many of the sessions had been going badly, Morey decided; there had been more and more whispering in knots of doctors from which he was excluded, poking and probing in the dark instead of the precise psychic surgery he was used to. Something was wrong, he thought.

Something was. Semmelweiss confirmed it when he adjourned the group session. After the other doctor had left, he sat Morey down for a private talk. On his own time, too—he didn't ask for his usual ration fee. That told Morey how important the problem was.

"Morey," said Semmelweiss, "you're holding back."

"I don't mean to, Doctor," Morey said earnestly.

"Who knows what you 'mean' to do? Part of you 'means' to. We've dug pretty deep and we've found some important things. Now there's something I can't put my finger on. Exploring the mind, Morey, is like sending scouts through cannibal territory. You can't see the cannibals—until it's too late. But if you send a scout through the jungle and he doesn't show up on the other side, it's a fair assumption that something obstructed his way. In that case, we would label the obstruction 'cannibals.' In the case of the human mind, we label the obstruction a 'trauma.' What the trauma is, or what its effects on behavior will be, we have to find out, once we know that it's there."

Morey nodded. All of this was familiar; he couldn't see what Semmelweiss was driving at.

Semmelweiss sighed. "The trouble with healing traumas and penetrating psychic blocks and releasing inhibitions—the trouble with everything we psychiatrists do, in fact, is that we can't afford to do it too well. An inhibited man is under a strain. We try to relieve the strain. But if we succeed completely, leaving him with no inhibitions at all, we have an outlaw, Morey. Inhibitions are often socially necessary. Suppose, for instance, that an average man were not inhibited

against blatant waste. It could happen, you know. Suppose that instead of consuming his ration quota in an orderly and responsible way, he did such things as set fire to his house and everything in it or dumped his food allotment in the river.

"When only a few individuals are doing it, we treat the individuals. But if it were done on a mass scale, Morey, it would be the end of society as we know it. Think of the whole collection of anti-social actions that you see in every paper. Man beats wife; wife turns into a harpy; junior smashes up windows; husband starts a black-market stamp racket. And every one of them traces to a basic weakness in the mind's defenses against the most important single anti-social phenomenon—failure to consume."

Morey flared, "That's not fair, Doctor! That was weeks ago! We've certainly been on the ball lately. I was just commended by the Board, in fact—"

The doctor said mildly, "Why so violent, Morey? I only made a general remark."

"It's just natural to resent being accused."

The doctor shrugged. "First, foremost and above all, we do not accuse patients of things. We try to help you find things out." He lit his end-of-session cigarette. "Think about it, please. I'll see you next week."

Cherry was composed and unapproachable. She kissed him remotely when he came in. She said, "I called Mother and told her the good news. She and Dad promised to come over here to celebrate."

"Yeah," said Morey. "Darling, what did I say wrong on the phone?"

"They'll be here about six."

"Sure. But what did I say? Was it about the rations? If you're sensitive, I swear I'll never mention them again."

"I am sensitive, Morey."

He said despairingly, "I'm sorry. I just—"

He had a better idea. He kissed her.

Cherry was passive at first, but not for long. When he had finished kissing her, she pushed him away and actually giggled. "Let me get dressed for dinner."

"Certainly. Anyhow, I was just—"

She laid a finger on his lips.

He let her escape and, feeling much less tense, drifted into the library. The afternoon papers were waiting for him. Virtuously, he sat down and began going through them in order. Midway through the *World-Telegram-Sun-Post-and-News*, he rang for Henry.

Morey had read clear through to the drama section of the *Times-Herald-Tribune-Mirror* before the robot appeared. "Good evening," it said politely.

"What took you so long?" Morey demanded. "Where are all the robots?"

Robots do not stammer, but there was a distinct pause before Henry said, "Belowstairs, sir. Did you want them for something?"

"Well, no. I just haven't see them around. Get me a drink."

It hesitated. "Scotch, sir?"

"Before dinner? Get me a Manhattan."

"We're all out of Vermouth, sir."

"All out? Would you mind telling me how?"

"It's all used up, sir."

"Now that's just ridiculous," Morey snapped. "We have never run out of liquor in our whole lives and you know it. Good heavens, we just got our allotment in the other day and I certainly—"

He checked himself. There was a sudden flicker of horror in his eyes as he stared at Henry.

"You certainly what, sir?" the robot prompted.

Morey swallowed. "Henry, did I—did I do something I shouldn't have?"

"I'm sure I wouldn't know, sir. It isn't up to me to say what you should and shouldn't do."

"Of course not," Morey agreed grayly.

He sat rigid, staring hopelessly into space, remembering. What he remembered was no pleasure to him at all.

"Henry," he said. "Come along, we're going belowstairs. Right now!"

It had been Tanaquil Bigelow's remark about the robots. Too many robots—make too much of everything.

That had implanted the idea; it germinated in Morey's home. More than a little drunk, less than ordinarily inhibited, he had found the problem clear and the answer obvious.

He stared around him in dismal worry. His own robots, following his own orders, given weeks before . . .

Henry said, "It's just what you told us to do, sir."

Morey groaned. He was watching a scene of unparalleled activity, and it sent shivers up and down his spine.

There was the butler-robot, hard at work, his copper face expressionless. Dressed in Morey's own sports knickers and golfing shoes, the robot solemnly hit a ball against the wall, picked it up and teed it, hit it again, over and again, with Morey's own clubs. Until the ball wore ragged and was replaced; and the shafts of the clubs leaned out of true; and the close-stitched seams in the clothing began to stretch and abrade.

"My God!" said Morey hollowly.

There were the maid-robots, exquisitely dressed in Cherry's best, walking up and down in the delicate, slim shoes, sitting and rising and bending and turning. The cook-robots and the serving-robots were preparing dionysian meals.

Morey swallowed. "You—you've been doing this right along," he said to Henry. "That's why the quotas have been filled."

"Oh, yes, sir. Just as you told us."

Morey had to sit down. One of the serving-robots politely scurried over with a chair, brought from upstairs for their new chores.

Waste.

Morey tasted the word between his lips.

Waste.

You never wasted things. You used them. If necessary, you drove yourself to the edge of breakdown to use them; you made every breath a burden and every hour a torment to use them, until through diligent consuming and/or occupational merit, you were promoted to the next higher class, and were allowed to consume less frantically. But you didn't wantonly destroy or throw out. You *consumed*.

Morey thought fearfully: When the Board finds out about this . . .

Still, he reminded himself, the Board hadn't found out. It might take some time before they did, for humans, after all, never entered robot quarters. There was no law against it, not even a sacrosanct custom. But there was no reason to. When breaks occurred, which was infrequently, maintenance robots or repair squads came in and put them back in order. Usually the humans involved didn't even know

it had happened, because the robots used their own TBR radio circuits and the process was next thing to automatic.

Morey said reprovingly, "Henry, you should have told—well, I mean reminded me about this."

"But, sir!" Henry protested. "'Don't tell a living soul,' you said. You made it a direct order."

"Umph. Well, keep it that way. I—uh—I have to go back upstairs. Better get the rest of the robots started on dinner."

Morey left, not comfortably.

The dinner to celebrate Morey's promotion was difficult. Morey liked Cherry's parents. Old Elon, after the premarriage inquisition that father must inevitably give to daughter's suitor, had buckled right down to the job of adjustment. The old folks were good about not interfering, good about keeping their superior social status to themselves, good about helping out on the budget—at least once a week, they could be relied on to come over for a hearty meal, and Mrs. Elon had more than once remade some of Cherry's new dresses to fit herself, even to the extent of wearing all the high-point ornamentation.

And they had been wonderful about the wedding gifts, when Morey and their daughter got married. The most any member of Morey's family had been willing to take was a silver set or a few crystal table pieces. The Elons had come through with a dazzling promise to accept a car, a bird-bath for their garden and a complete set of living-room furniture! Of course, they could afford it—they had to consume so little that it wasn't much strain for them even to take gifts of that magnitude. But without their help, Morey knew, the first few months of matrimony would have been even tougher consuming than they were.

But on this particular night it was hard for Morey to like anyone. He responded with monosyllables; he barely grunted when Elon proposed a toast to his promotion and his brilliant future. He was pre-occupied.

Rightly so. Morey, in his deepest, bravest searching, could find no clue in his memory as to just what the punishment might be for what he had done. But he had a sick certainty that trouble lay ahead.

Morey went over his problem so many times that an anesthesia set in. By the time dinner was ended and he and his father-in-law were in the den with their brandy, he was more or less functioning again.

Elon, for the first time since Morey had known him, offered him one of *his* cigars. "You're Grade Five—can afford to smoke somebody else's now, hey?"

"Yeah," Morey said glumly.

There was a moment of silence. Then Elon, as punctilious as any companion-robot, coughed and tried again. "Remember being peaked till I hit Grade Five," he reminisced meaningfully. "Consuming keeps a man on the go, all right. Things piled up at the law office, couldn't be taken care of while ration points piled up, too. And consuming comes first, of course—that's a citizen's prime duty. Mother and I had our share of grief over that, but a couple that wants to make a go of marriage and citizenship just pitches in and does the job, hey?"

Morey repressed a shudder and managed to nod.

"Best thing about upgrading," Elon went on, as if he had elicited a satisfactory answer, "don't have to spend so much time consuming, give more attention to work. Greatest luxury in the world, work. Wish I had as much stamina as you young fellows. Five days a week in court are about all I can manage. Hit six for a while, relaxed first time in my life, but my doctor made me cut down. Said we can't overdo pleasures. You'll be working two days a week now, hey?"

Morey produced another nod.

Elon drew deeply on his cigar, his eyes bright as they watched Morey. He was visibly puzzled, and Morey, even in his half-daze, could recognize the exact moment at which Elon drew the wrong inference. "Ah, everything okay with you and Cherry?" he asked diplomatically.

"Fine!" Morey exclaimed. "Couldn't be better!"

"Good, good." Elon changed the subject with almost an audible wrench. "Speaking of court, had an interesting case the other day. Young fellow—year or two younger than you, I guess—came in with a Section Ninety-seven on him. Know what that is? Breaking and entering!"

"Breaking and entering," Morey repeated wonderingly, interested in spite of himself. "Breaking and entering what?"

"Houses. Old term; law's full of them. Originally applied to stealing things. Still does, I discovered."

"You mean he *stole* something?" Morey asked in bewilderment.

"Exactly! He *stole*. Strangest thing I ever came across. Talked it over with one of his bunch of lawyers later; new one on him, too.

Seems this kid had a girl friend, nice kid but a little, you know, plump. She got interested in art."

"There's nothing wrong with that," Morey said.

"Nothing wrong with her, either. She didn't do anything. She didn't like him too much, though. Wouldn't marry him. Kid got to thinking about how he could get her to change her mind and—well, you know that big Mondrian in the Museum?"

"I've never been there," Morey said, somewhat embarrassed.

"Um. Ought to try it some day, boy. Anyway, comes closing time at the Museum the other day, this kid sneaks in. He steals the painting. That's right—steals it. Takes it to give to the girl."

Morey shook his head blankly. "I never heard of anything like that in my life."

"Not many have. Girl wouldn't take it, by the way. Got scared when he brought it to her. She must've tipped off the police, I guess. Somebody did. Took 'em three hours to find it, even when they knew it was hanging on a wall. Pretty poor kid. Forty-two room house."

"And there was a law against it?" Morey asked. "I mean it's like making a law against breathing."

"Certainly was. Old law, of course. Kid got set back two grades. Would have been more but, my God, he was only a Grade Three as it was."

"Yeah," said Morey, wetting his lips. "Say, Dad—"

"Um?"

Morey cleared his throat. "Uh—I wonder—I mean what's the penalty, for instance, for things like—well, misusing rations or anything like that?"

Elon's eyebrows went high. "Misusing rations?"

"Say you had a liquor ration, it might be, and instead of drinking it, you—well, flushed it down the drain or something . . ."

His voice trailed off. Elon was frowning. He said, "Funny thing, seems I'm not as broadminded as I thought I was. For some reason, I don't find that amusing."

"Sorry," Morey croaked.

And he certainly was.

It might be dishonest, but it was doing him a lot of good, for days went by and no one seemed to have penetrated his secret. Cherry was happy. Wainwright found occasion after occasion to pat Morey's back.

The wages of sin were turning out to be prosperity and happiness.

There was a bad moment when Morey came home to find Cherry in the middle of supervising a team of packing-robots; the new house, suitable to his higher grade, was ready, and they were expected to move in the next day. But Cherry hadn't been downstairs, and Morey had his household robots clean up the evidences of what they had been doing before the packers got that far.

The new house was, by Morey's standards, pure luxury.

It was only fifteen rooms. Morey had shrewdly retained one more robot than was required for a Class Five, and had been allowed a compensating deduction in the size of his house.

The robot quarters were less secluded than in the old house, though, and that was a disadvantage. More than once Cherry had snuggled up to him in the delightful intimacy of their one bed in their single bedroom and said, with faint curiosity, "I wish they'd stop that noise." And Morey had promised to speak to Henry about it in the morning. But there was nothing he could say to Henry, of course, unless he ordered Henry to stop the tireless consuming through each of the day's twenty-four hours that kept them always ahead, but never quite far enough ahead, of the inexorable weekly increment of ration quotas.

But, though Cherry might once in a while have a moment's curiosity about what the robots were doing, she was not likely to be able to guess at the facts. Her upbringing was, for once, on Morey's side—she knew so little of the grind, grind, grind of consuming that was the lot of the lower classes that she scarcely noticed that there was less of it.

Morey almost, sometimes, relaxed.

He thought of many ingenious chores for robots, and the robots politely and emotionlessly obeyed.

Morey was a success.

It wasn't all gravy. There was a nervous moment for Morey when the quarterly survey report came in the mail. As the day for the Ration Board to check over the degree of wear on the turned-in discards came due, Morey began to sweat. The clothing and furniture and household goods the robots had consumed for him were very nearly in shreds. It had to look plausible, that was the big thing—no normal person would wear a hole completely through the knee of a

pair of pants, as Henry had done with his dress suit before Morey stopped him. Would the Board question it?

Worse, was there something about the way the robots consumed the stuff that would give the whole show away? Some special wear point in the robot anatomy, for instance, that would rub a hole where no human's body could, or stretch a seam that should normally be under no strain at all?

It was worrisome. But the worry was needless. When the report of survey came, Morey let out a long-held breath. *Not a single item disallowed!*

Morey was a success—and so was his scheme!

To the successful man come the rewards of success. Morey arrived home one evening after a hard day's work at the office and was alarmed to find another car parked in his drive. It was a tiny two-seater, the sort affected by top officials and the very well-to-do.

Right then and there Morey learned the first half of the embezzler's lesson: Anything different is dangerous. He came uneasily into his own home, fearful that some high officer of the Ration Board had come to ask questions.

But Cherry was glowing. "Mr. Porfirio is a newspaper feature writer and he wants to write you up for their 'Consumers of Distinction' page! Morey, I *couldn't* be more proud!"

"Thanks," said Morey glumly. "Hello."

Mr. Porfirio shook Morey's hand warmly. "I'm not exactly from a newspaper," he corrected. "Trans-video Press is what it is, actually. We're a news wire service; we supply forty-seven hundred papers with news and feature material. Every one of them," he added complacently, "on the required consumption list of Grades One through Six inclusive. We have a Sunday supplement self-help feature on consuming problems and we like to—well, give credit where credit is due. You've established an enviable record, Mr. Fry. We'd like to tell our readers about it."

"Um," said Morey. "Let's go in the drawing room."

"Oh, no!" Cherry said firmly. "I want to hear this. He's so modest, Mr. Porfirio, you'd really never know what kind of a man he is just to listen to him talk. Why, my goodness, I'm his wife and I swear I don't know how he does all the consuming he does. He simply—"

"Have a drink, Mr. Porfirio," Morey said, against all etiquette.

"Rye? Scotch? Bourbon? Gin-and-tonic? Brandy Alexander? Dry Manha—I mean what would you like?" He became conscious that he was babbling like a fool.

"Anything," said the newsman. "Rye is fine. Now, Mr. Fry, I notice you've fixed up your place very attractively here and your wife says that your country home is just as nice. As soon as I came in, I said to myself, 'Beautiful home. Hardly a stick of furniture that isn't absolutely necessary. Might be a Grade Six or Seven.' And Mrs. Fry says the other place is even barer."

"She does, does she?" Morey challenged sharply. "Well, let me tell you, Mr. Porfirio, that every last scrap of my furniture allowance is accounted for! I don't know what you're getting at, but—"

"Oh, I certainly didn't mean to imply anything like *that*! I just want to get some information from you that I can pass on to our readers. You know, to sort of help them do as well as yourself. How do you do it?"

Morey swallowed. "We—uh—well, we just keep after it. Hard work, that's all."

Porfirio nodded admiringly. "Hard work," he repeated, and fished a triple-folded sheet of paper out of his pocket to make notes on. "Would you say," he went on, "that anyone could do as well as you simply by devoting himself to it—setting a regular schedule, for example, and keeping to it very strictly?"

"Oh, yes," said Morey.

"In other words, it's only a matter of doing what you have to do every day?"

"That's it exactly. I handle the budget in my house—more experience than my wife, you see—but no reason a woman can't do it."

"Budgeting," Porfirio recorded approvingly. "That's our policy, too."

The interview was not the terror it had seemed, not even when Porfirio tactfully called attention to Cherry's slim waistline ("So many housewives, Mrs. Fry, find it difficult to keep from being—well, a little plump") and Morey had to invent endless hours on the exercise machines, while Cherry looked faintly perplexed, but did not interrupt.

From the interview, however, Morey learned the second half of the embezzler's lesson. After Porfirio had gone, he leaped in and spoke more than a little firmly to Cherry. "That business of exercise, dear. We really have to start doing it. I don't know if you've noticed it, but

you are beginning to get just a trifle heavier and we don't want that to happen, do we?"

In the following grim and unnecessary sessions on the mechanical horses, Morey had plenty of time to reflect on the lesson. Stolen treasures are less sweet than one would like, when one dare not enjoy them in the open.

But some of Morey's treasures were fairly earned.

The new Bradmoor K-50 Spin-a-Game, for instance, was his very own. His job was design and creation, and he was a fortunate man in that his efforts were permitted to be expended along the line of greatest social utility—namely, to increase consumption.

The Spin-a-Game was a well-nigh perfect machine for the purpose. "Brilliant," said Wainwright, beaming, when the pilot machine had been put through its first tests. "Guess they don't call me the Talent-picker for nothing. I knew you could do it, boy!"

Even Howland was lavish in his praise. He sat munching on a plate of petits-fours (he was still only a Grade Three) while the tests were going on, and when they were over, he said enthusiastically, "It's a beauty, Morey. That series-corrupter—sensational! Never saw a prettier piece of machinery."

Morey flushed gratefully.

Wainwright left, exuding praise, and Morey patted his pilot model affectionately and admired its polychrome gleam. The looks of the machine, as Wainwright had lectured many a time, were as important as its function: "You have to make them want to play it, boy! They won't play it if they don't see it!" And consequently the whole K series was distinguished by flashing rainbows of light, provocative strains of music, haunting scents that drifted into the nostrils of the passerby with compelling effect.

Morey had drawn heavily on all the old masterpieces of design—the one-arm bandit, the pinball machine, the juke box. You put your ration book in the hopper. You spun the wheels until you selected the game you wanted to play against the machine. You punched buttons or spun dials or, in any of 325 different ways, you pitted your human skill against the magnetic-taped skills of the machine.

And you lost. You had a chance to win, but the inexorable statistics of the machine's setting made sure that if you played long enough, you had to lose.

That is to say, if you risked a ten-point ration stamp—showing,

perhaps, that you had consumed three six-course meals—your statistic return was eight points. You might hit the jackpot and get a thousand points back, and thus be exempt from a whole freezerful of steaks and joints and prepared vegetables; but it seldom happened. Most likely you lost and got nothing.

Got nothing, that is, in the way of your hazarded ration stamps. But the beauty of the machine, which was Morey's main contribution, was that, win or lose, you always found a pellet of vitamin-drenched, sugar-coated antibiotic hormone gum in the hopper. You played your game, won or lost your stake, popped your hormone gum into your mouth and played another. By the time that game was ended, the gum was used up, the coating dissolved; you discarded it and started another.

"That's what the man from the NRB liked," Howland told Morey confidentially. "He took a set of schematics back with him; they might install it on *all* new machines. Oh, you're the fair-haired boy, all right!"

It was the first Morey had heard about a man from the National Ration Board. It was good news. He excused himself and hurried to phone Cherry the story of his latest successes. He reached her at her mother's, where she was spending the evening, and she was properly impressed and affectionate. He came back to Howland in a glowing humor.

"Drink?" said Howland diffidently.

"Sure," said Morey. He could afford, he thought, to drink as much of Howland's liquor as he liked; poor guy, sunk in the consuming quicksands of Class Three. Only fair for somebody a little more successful to give him a hand once in a while.

And when Howland, learning that Cherry had left Morey a bachelor for the evening, proposed Uncle Piggotty's again, Morey hardly hesitated at all.

The Bigelows were delighted to see him. Morey wondered briefly if they *had* a home; certainly they didn't seem to spend much time in it.

It turned out they did, because when Morey indicated virtuously that he'd only stopped in at Piggotty's for a single drink before dinner, and Howland revealed that he was free for the evening, they captured Morey and bore him off to their house.

Tanaquil Bigelow was haughtily apologetic. "I don't suppose this is the kind of place Mr. Fry is used to," she observed to her husband, right across Morey, who was standing between them. "Still, we call it home."

Morey made an appropriately polite remark. Actually, the place nearly turned his stomach. It was an enormous glaringly new mansion, bigger even than Morey's former house, stuffed to bursting with bulging sofas and pianos and massive mahogany chairs and tri-D sets and bedrooms and drawing rooms and breakfast rooms and nurseries.

The nurseries were a shock to Morey; it had never occurred to him that the Bigelows had children. But they did and, though the children were only five and eight, they were still up, under the care of a brace of robot nurse-maids, doggedly playing with their over-stuffed animals and miniature trains.

"You don't know what a comfort Tony and Dick are," Tanaquil Bigelow told Morey. "They consume so much more than their rations. Walter says that every family ought to have at least two or three children to, you know, help out. Walter's so intelligent about these things, it's a pleasure to hear him talk. Have you heard his poem, Morey? The one he calls *The Twoness of—*"

Morey hastily admitted that he had. He reconciled himself to a glum evening. The Bigelows had been eccentric but fun back at Uncle Piggotty's. On their own ground, they seemed just as eccentric, but painfully dull.

They had a round of cocktails, and another, and then the Bigelows no longer seemed so dull. Dinner was ghastly, of course; Morey was nouveau-riche enough to be a snob about his relatively Spartan table. But he minded his manners and sampled, with grim concentration, each successive course of chunky protein and rich marinades. With the help of the endless succession of table wines and liqueurs, dinner ended without destroying his evening or his strained digestive system.

And afterward, they were a pleasant company in the Bigelow's ornate drawing room. Tanaquil Bigelow, in consultation with the children, checked over their ration books and came up with the announcement that they would have a brief recital by a pair of robot dancers, followed by string music by a robot quartet. Morey prepared himself for the worst, but found before the dancers were through that he was enjoying himself. Strange lesson for Morey: When you didn't have to watch them, the robot entertainers were fun!

"Good night, dears," Tanaquil Bigelow said firmly to the children when the dancers were done. The boys rebelled, naturally, but they went. It was only a matter of minutes, though, before one of them was back, clutching at Morey's sleeve with a pudgy hand.

Morey looked at the boy uneasily, having little experience with children. He said, "Uh—what is it, Tony?"

"Dick, you mean," the boy said. "Gimme your autograph." He poked an engraved pad and a vulgarly jeweled pencil at Morey.

Morey dazedly signed and the child ran off, Morey staring after him. Tanaquil Bigelow laughed and explained, "He saw your name in Porfirio's column. Dick loves Porfirio, reads him every day. He's such an intellectual kid, really. He'd always have his nose in a book if I didn't keep after him to play with his trains and watch tri-D."

"That was quite a nice write-up," Walter Bigelow commented—a little enviously, Morey thought. "Bet you make Consumer of the Year. I wish," he sighed, "that we could get a little ahead on the quotas the way you did. But it just never seems to work out. We eat and play and consume like crazy, and somehow at the end of the month we're always a little behind in something—everything keeps piling up—and then the Board sends us a warning, and they call me down and, first thing you know, I've got a couple of hundred added penalty points and we're worse off than before."

"Never you mind," Tanaquil replied staunchly. "Consuming isn't everything in life. You have your work."

Bigelow nodded judiciously and offered Morey another drink. Another drink, however, was not what Morey needed. He was sitting in a rosy glow, less of alcohol than of sheer contentment with the world.

He said suddenly, "Listen."

Bigelow looked up from his own drink. "Eh?"

"If I tell you something that's a secret, will you keep it that way?"

Bigelow rumbled, "Why, I guess so, Morey."

But his wife cut in sharply, "Certainly we will, Morey. Of course! What is it?" There was a gleam in her eye, Morey noticed. It puzzled him, but he decided to ignore it.

He said, "About that write-up. I—I'm not such a hot-shot consumer, really, you know. In fact—" All of a sudden, everyone's eyes seemed to be on him. For a tortured moment, Morey wondered if he

was doing the right thing. A secret that two people know is compromised, and a secret known to three people is no secret. Still—

"It's like this," he said firmly. "You remember what we were talking about at Uncle Piggotty's that night? Well, when I went home I went down to the robot quarters, and I—"

He went on from there.

Tanaquil Bigelow said triumphantly, "I knew it!"

Walter Bigelow gave his wife a mild, reproving look. He declared soberly, "You've done a big thing, Morey. A mighty big thing. God willing, you've pronounced the death sentence on our society as we know it. Future generations will revere the name of Morey Fry." He solemnly shook Morey's hand.

Morey said dazedly, "I *what?*"

Walter nodded. It was a valedictory. He turned to his wife. "Tanaquil, we'll have to call an emergency meeting."

"Of course, Walter," she said devotedly.

"And Morey will have to be there. Yes, you'll have to, Morey; no excuses. We want the Brotherhood to meet you. Right, Howland?"

Howland coughed uneasily. He nodded noncommittally and took another drink.

Morey demanded desperately, "What are you talking about? Howland, you tell me!"

Howland fiddled with his drink. "Well," he said, "it's like Tan was telling you that night. A few of us, well, politically mature persons have formed a little group. We—"

"*Little* group!" Tanaquil Bigelow said scornfully. "Howland, sometimes I wonder if you really catch the spirit of the thing at all! It's everybody, Morey, everybody in the world. Why, there are eighteen of us right here in Old Town! There are scores more all over the world! I knew you were up to something like this, Morey. I told Walter so the morning after we met you. I said, 'Walter, mark my words, that man Morey is up to something.' But I must say," she admitted worshipfully, "I didn't know it would have the scope of what you're proposing now! Imagine—a whole world of consumers, rising as one man, shouting the name of Morey Fry, fighting the Ration Board with the Board's own weapon—the robots. What poetic justice!"

Bigelow nodded enthusiastically. "Call Uncle Piggotty's, dear," he ordered. "See if you can round up a quorum right now! Meanwhile,

Morey and I are going downstairs. Let's go, Morey—let's get the new world started!"

Morey sat there open-mouthed. He closed it with a snap. "Bigelow," he whispered, "do you mean to say that you're going to spread this idea around through some kind of subversive organization?"

"Subversive?" Bigelow repeated stiffly. "My dear man, *all* creative minds are subversive, whether they operate singly or in such a group as the Brotherhood of Freemen. I scarcely like—"

"Never mind what you like," Morey insisted. "You're going to call a meeting of this Brotherhood and you want *me* to tell them what I just told you. Is that right?"

"Well—yes."

Morey got up. "I wish I could say it's been nice, but it hasn't. Good night!"

And he stormed out before they could stop him.

Out on the street, though, his resolution deserted him. He hailed a robot cab and ordered the driver to take him on the traditional time-killing ride through the park while he made up his mind.

The fact that he had left, of course, was not going to keep Bigelow from going through with his announced intention. Morey remembered, now, fragments of conversation from Bigelow and his wife at Uncle Piggotty's, and cursed himself. They had, it was perfectly true, said and hinted enough about politics and purposes to put him on his guard. All that nonsense about twoness had diverted him from what should have been perfectly clear: They were subversives indeed.

He glanced at his watch. Late, but not too late; Cherry would still be at her parents' home.

He learned forward and gave the driver their address. It was like beginning the first of a hundred-shot series of injections: you know it's going to cure you, but it hurts just the same.

Morey said manfully: "And that's it, sir. I know I've been a fool. I'm willing to take the consequences."

Old Elon rubbed his jaw thoughtfully. "Um," he said.

Cherry and her mother had long passed the point where they could say anything at all; they were seated side by side on a couch across the room, listening with expressions of strain and incredulity.

Elon said abruptly, "Excuse me. Phone call to make." He left

the room to make a brief call and returned. He said over his shoulder to his wife, "Coffee. We'll need it. Got a problem here."

Morey said, "Do you think—I mean what should I do?"

Elon shrugged, then, surprisingly, grinned. "What can you do?" he demanded cheerfully. "Done plenty already, I'd say. Drink some coffee. Call I made," he explained, "was to Jim, my law clerk. He'll be here in a minute. Get some dope from Jim, then we'll know better."

Cherry came over to Morey and sat beside him. All she said was, "Don't worry," but to Morey it conveyed all the meaning in the world. He returned the pressure of her hand with a feeling of deepest relief. Hell, he said to himself, why *should* I worry? Worst they can do to me is drop me a couple of grades and what's so bad about that?

He grimaced involuntarily. He had remembered his own early struggles as a Class One and what was so bad about that.

The law clerk arrived, a smallish robot with a battered stainless-steel hide and dull coppery features. Elon took the robot aside for a terse conversation before he came back to Morey.

"As I thought," he said in satisfaction. "No precedent. No laws prohibiting. Therefore no crime."

"Thank heaven!" Morey said in ecstatic relief.

Elon shook his head. "They'll probably give you a reconditioning and you can't expect to keep your Grade Five. Probably call it anti-social behavior. Is, isn't it?"

Dashed, Morey said, "Oh." He frowned briefly, then looked up. "All right, Dad, if I've got it coming to me, I'll take my medicine."

"Way to talk," Elon said approvingly. "Now go home. Get a good night's sleep. First thing in the morning, go to the Ration Board. Tell 'em the whole story, beginning to end. They'll be easy on you." Elon hesitated. "Well, fairly easy," he amended. "I hope."

The condemned man ate a hearty breakfast.

He had to. That morning, as Morey awoke, he had the sick certainty that he was going to be consuming triple rations for a long, long time to come.

He kissed Cherry good-by and took the long ride to the Ration Board in silence. He even left Henry behind.

At the Board, he stammered at a series of receptionist robots and was finally brought into the presence of a mildly supercilious young man named Hachette.

"My name," he started, "is Morey Fry. I—I've come to—talk over something I've been doing with—"

"Certainly, Mr. Fry," said Hachette. "I'll take you in to Mr. Newman right away."

"Don't you want to know what I did?" demanded Morey.

Hachette smiled. "What makes you think we don't know?" he said, and left.

That was Surprise Number One.

Newman explained it. He grinned at Morey and ruefully shook his head. "All the time we get this," he complained. "People just don't take the trouble to learn anything about the world around them. Son," he demanded, "what do you think a robot is?"

Morey said, "Huh?"

"I mean how do you think it operates? Do you think it's just a kind of a man with a tin skin and wire nerves?"

"Why, no. It's a machine, of course. It isn't *human*."

Newman beamed. "Fine!" he said. "It's a machine. It hasn't got flesh or blood or intestines—or a brain. Oh—" he held up a hand—"robots are *smart* enough. I don't mean that. But an electronic thinking machine, Mr. Fry, takes about as much space as the house you're living in. It has to. Robots don't carry brains around with them; brains are too heavy and much too bulky."

"Then how do they think?"

"With their brains, of course."

"But you just said—"

"I said they didn't *carry* them. Each robot is in constant radio communication with the Master Control on its TBR circuit—the "Talk Between Robots" radio. Master Control gives the answer, the robot acts."

"I see," said Morey. "Well, that's very interesting, but—"

"But you still don't see, said Newman. "Figure it out. If the robot gets information from Master Control, do you see that Master Control in return necessarily gets information from the robot?"

"Oh," said Morey. Then, louder, "Oh! You mean that all my robots have been—" The words wouldn't come.

Newman nodded in satisfaction. "Every bit of information of that sort comes to us as a matter of course. Why, Mr. Fry, if you hadn't come in today, we would have been sending for you within a very short time."

That was the second surprise. Morey bore up under it bravely. After all, it changed nothing, he reminded himself.

He said, "Well, be that as it may, sir, here I am. I came in of my own free will. I've been using my robots to consume my ration quotas—"

"Indeed you have," said Newman.

"—and I'm willing to sign a statement to that effect any time you like. I don't know what the penalty is, but I'll take it. I'm guilty; I admit my guilt."

Newman's eyes were wide. "Guilty?" he repeated. "Penalty?"

Morey was startled. "Why, yes," he said. "I'm not denying anything."

"Penalties," repeated Newman musingly. Then he began to laugh. He laughed, Morey thought, to considerable excess; Morey saw nothing he could laugh at, himself, in the situation. But the situation, Morey was forced to admit, was rapidly getting completely incomprehensible.

"Sorry," said Newman at last, wiping his eyes, "but I couldn't help it. Penalties! Well, Mr. Fry, let me set your mind at rest. I wouldn't worry about the penalties if I were you. As soon as the reports began coming through on what you had done with your robots, we naturally assigned a special team to keep observing you, and we forwarded a report to the national headquarters. We made certain—ah—recommendations in it and—well, to make a long story short, the answers came back yesterday.

"Mr. Fry, the National Ration Board is delighted to know of your contribution toward improving our distribution problem. Pending a further study, a tentative program has been adopted for setting up consuming-robot units all over the country based on your scheme. Penalties? Mr. Fry, you're a hero!"

A hero has responsibilities. Morey's were quickly made clear to him. He was allowed time for a brief reassuring visit to Cherry, a triumphal tour of his old office, and then he was rushed off to Washington to be quizzed. He found the National Ration Board in a frenzy of work.

"The most important job we've ever done," one of the high officers told him. "I wouldn't be surprised if it's the last one we ever have! Yes, sir, we're trying to put ourselves out of business for good and we don't want a single thing to go wrong."

"Anything I can do to help—" Morey began diffidently.

"You've done fine, Mr. Fry. Gave us just the push we've been needing. It was there all the time for us to see, but we were too close to the forest to see the trees, if you get what I mean. Look, I'm not much on rhetoric and this is the biggest step mankind has taken in centuries and I can't put it into words. Let me show you what we've been doing."

He and a delegation of other officials of the Ration Board and men whose names Morey had repeatedly seen in the newspapers took Morey on an inspection tour of the entire plant.

"It's a closed cycle, you see," he was told, as they looked over a chamber of industriously plodding consumer-robots working off a shipment of shoes. "Nothing is permanently lost. If you want a car, you get one of the newest and best. If not, your car gets driven by a robot until it's ready to be turned in and a new one gets built for next year. We don't lose the metals—they can be salvaged. All we lose is a little power and labor. And the Sun and the atom give us all the power we need, and the robots give us more labor than we can use. Same thing applies, of course, to all products."

"But what's in it for the robots?" Morey asked.

"I beg your pardon?" one of the biggest men in the country said uncomprehendingly.

Morey had a difficult moment. His analysis had conditioned him against waste and this decidedly was sheer destruction of goods, no matter how scientific the jargon might be.

"If the consumer is just using up things for the sake of using them up," he said doggedly, realizing the danger he was inviting, "we could use wear-and-tear machines instead of robots. After all why waste *them*?"

They looked at each other worriedly.

"But that's what you were doing," one pointed out with a faint note of threat.

"Oh, no!" Morey quickly objected. "I built in satisfaction circuits—my training in design, you know. Adjustable circuits, of course."

"Satisfaction circuits?" he was asked. "Adjustable?"

"Well, sure. If the robot gets no satisfaction out of using up things—"

"Don't talk nonsense," growled the Ration Board official. "Ro-

bots aren't human. How do you make them feel satisfaction? And adjustable satisfaction at that!"

Morey explained. It was a highly technical explanation, involving the use of great sheets of paper and elaborate diagrams. But there were trained men in the group and they became even more excited than before.

"Beautiful!" one cried in scientific rapture. "Why, it takes care of every possible moral, legal and psychological argument!"

"What does?" the Ration Board official demanded. "How?"

"You tell him, Mr. Fry."

Morey tried and couldn't. But he could show how his principle operated. The Ration Board lab was turned over to him, complete with more assistants than he knew how to give orders to, and they built satisfaction circuits for a squad of robots working in a hat factory.

Then Morey gave his demonstration. The robots manufactured hats of all sorts. He adjusted the circuits at the end of the day and the robots began trying on the hats, squabbling over them, each coming away triumphantly with a huge and diverse selection. Their metallic features were incapable of showing pride or pleasure, but both were evident in the way they wore their hats, their fierce possessiveness . . . and their faster, neater, more intensive, more *dedicated* work to produce a still greater quantity of hats . . . which they also were allowed to own. "You see?" an engineer exclaimed delightedly. "They can be adjusted to want hats, to wear them lovingly, to wear the hats to pieces. And not just for the sake of wearing them out—the hats are an incentive for them!"

"But how can we go on producing just hats and more hats?" the Ration Board man asked puzzledly. "Civilization does not live by hats alone."

"That," said Morey modestly, "is the beauty of it. Look."

He set the adjustment of the satisfaction circuit as porter robots brought in skids of gloves. The hat-manufacturing robots fought over the gloves with the same mechanical passion as they had for hats.

"And that can apply to anything we—or the robots—produce," Morey added. "Everything from pins to yachts. But the point is that they get satisfaction from possession, and the craving can be regulated according to the glut in various industries, and the robots show their appreciation by working harder." He hesitated. "That's what I did for my servant-robots. It's a feedback, you see. Satisfaction leads to more

work—and better work—and that means more goods, which they can be made to want, which means incentive to work, and so on, all around.”

“Closed cycle,” whispered the Ration Board man in awe. “A real closed cycle this time!”

And so the inexorable laws of supply and demand were irrevocably repealed. No longer was mankind hampered by inadequate supply or drowned by overproduction. What mankind needed was there. What the race did not require passed into the insatiable—and adjustable—robot maw. Nothing was wasted.

For a pipeline has two ends.

Morey was thanked, complimented, rewarded, given a ticker-tape parade through the city, and put on a plane back home. By that time, the Ration Board had liquidated itself.

Cherry met him at the airport. They jabbered excitedly at each other all the way to the house.

In their own living room, they finished the kiss they had greeted each other with. At last Cherry broke away, laughing.

Morey said, “Did I tell you I’m through with Bradmoor? From now on I work for the Board as civilian consultant. And,” he added impressively, “starting right away, I’m a Class Eight!”

“My!” gasped Cherry, so worshipfully that Morey felt a twinge of conscience.

He said honestly, “Of course, if what they were saying in Washington is so, the classes aren’t going to mean much pretty soon. Still, it’s quite an honor.”

“It certainly is,” Cherry said staunchly. “Why, Dad’s only a Class Eight himself and he’s been a judge for I don’t know how many years.”

Morey pursed his lips. “We can’t all be fortunate,” he said generously. “Of course, the classes still will count for *something*—that is, a Class One will have so much to consume in a year, a Class Two will have a little less, and so on. But each person in each class will have robot help, you see, to do the actual consuming. The way it’s going to be, special facsimile robots will—”

Cherry flagged him down. “I know, dear. Each family gets a robot duplicate of every person in the family.”

“Oh,” said Morey, slightly annoyed. “How did you know?”

"Ours came yesterday," she explained. "The man from the Board said we were the first in the area—because it was your idea, of course. They haven't even been activated yet. I've still got them in the Green Room. Want to see them?"

"Sure," said Morey buoyantly. He dashed ahead of Cherry to inspect the results of his own brainstorm. There they were, standing statue-still against the wall, waiting to be energized to begin their endless tasks.

"Yours is real pretty," Morey said gallantly. "But—say, is that thing supposed to look like me?" He inspected the chromium face of the man-robot disapprovingly.

"Only roughly, the man said." Cherry was right behind him. "Notice anything else?"

Morey leaned closer, inspecting the features of the facsimile robot at a close range. "Well, no," he said. "It's got a kind of a squint that I don't like, but—Oh, you mean *that*!" He bent over to examine a smaller robot, half hidden between the other pair. It was less than two feet high, big-headed, pudgy-limbed, thick-bellied. In fact, Morey thought wonderingly, it looked almost like—

"My God!" Morey spun around, staring wide-eyed at his wife. "You mean—"

"I mean," said Cherry, blushing slightly.

Morey reached out to grab her in his arms.

"Darling!" he cried. "Why didn't you *tell* me?"

35

*AFTER IMAGE OF
MANAGEMENT MAN*



We have absorbed the first shock waves of our newest industrial revolution. It has been bloodless. That gray flannel suit has been torn on the sharp edges of the machines of automation; the front lawns of exurbia and suburbia are choked with the weeds of conformity and the metropolises in which we work are exploding—but somehow or other we must move into a world, as Houseman said, we never made. We did make it, of course, but having made it, we must get to know it. Just as with the children we conceive—the big surprises are yet to come.

Is tomorrow to be a surprise—with all the excitement and the adventure of the unknown—or is it to be a threat? Are we to be saddled with the preconceived ideas of yesterday, or are we to be harnessed with the false presuppositions of tomorrow? Or are we simply free men, women, and children contemplating with our full capacities how we achieve a free tomorrow?

On the sidelines there are warnings that there will be no tomorrow at all. As we write these lines, an Indian mystic has proclaimed that the world will end in seven days—half the world away an American writer warns us that if we do not do this, that, or the other, the world will blow itself away. If anxiety about the future did not exist, it would be necessary, as James Joyce once said about Ireland, to invent it. These are more pertinent words than would appear because even Ireland today has invented a new picture of itself, a picture where machinery, instead of the monk's cat, purrs sweetly in the sunlight, and where the factory stands upright instead of the old cottages that yesterday's Ireland abandoned in the rain.

Tomorrow's shape is already named, catalogued, and summarized.

In a report called "Cynbernation: The Silent Conquest" by Donald N. Michael, issued by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, we are warned: "There is every reason to believe that within the next two decades machines will be available outside the laboratory that will do a credible job of original thinking, certainly as good thinking as is expected of middle-level people who are supposed to 'use their minds.'"

"The capabilities and potentialities of these devices are un-

limited," continues the author. "They contain extraordinary implications for the emancipation and enslavement of mankind."

Those thinking machines really shouldn't be a worry to us. Thinking will be generally acceptable—worth more than the scramble of eggheads threatening an election. Thinking, in our automated world, is going to bother the manager and the worker. Thomas R. Brooks quotes a steel worker in *Dun's Review*: "On my old job my muscles got tired. So when I got home I rested a while, and that was that—I wasn't tired anymore. On this new job your muscles don't get tired. But you keep on thinking about the job when you get home. It is not so easy to rest anymore. And that's something that never bothered me before."

Thinking never bothered a lot of people, but that's going to have to change. We particularly admire Eric Larrabee's comment on our abundant society:

Abundance, to say it once again, is not a social soporific but a call on society and its members to transcend themselves. It leaves us no alternative but to think; and I have nowhere found this better stated than in a remark of Gregory Corso, the Beatnik poet, to Art Buchwald. Mr. Corso was explaining that poetry was taking over the country, that soon the bankers would be Beatniks too and open the vaults, and then we would all be rich. "It won't be long," he said, "before everyone will sit in bed eating big fat pies. They got machines now to do the work. People got to start thinking. That's what's going to save us. Everyone staying in bed and eating big fat pies and thinking."

What we really want, of course, is creative thinkers.

Suddenly, there is a new interest in this country in creativity. There is perhaps an overinterest in the word itself, because despite the richness of accomplishment that creativity can achieve, the word is itself already overdressed: businessmen are beginning to clothe it in the roles of Superman, and like Superman, in reality, it will fall flat on its face when you strip it of Superman's cape and that big initial "S" again. Superman and supersuccess are both unrealistic. They are comic strip fantasies that add a tremendous burden to those round shoulders of our man in the gray flannel suit. Where does that echo in the ear come from—that monotonous higher (or lower) than consciousness decibel that drives the machine of the American civilization to that desire for supersuccess that is no success at all? Once

it was fashionable to attack mother. Philip Wylie disowned Momism—Margaret Mead argued more persuasively:

It is the mother's and not the father's voice that gives the principal early approval and disapproval, the nagging voice of conscience is feminine in both sexes that voice which says, "You are not being the success you ought to be."

Others, of course, blame father, blame dreams, where a salesman dies hard, but before he dies, leaves a heritage of shoddy merchandise, disillusion, distrust, yes, disgust as a legacy to the American child. Some even blame the child. Perhaps our distrust of the child and adolescent in our culture is that he is not yet geared to management life in any way.

The child is remarkably, delightfully, defiant of management culture, despite the middle management that is pervasive in the home as that astute critic of mores of the hearth, Dorothy Barclay points out in *THE NEW YORK TIMES*:

For every wife who complains that her husband will not discuss problems with her there is a "middle management" man vainly desiring "the opportunity to talk over problems with my superior." For every mother who has been inactivated by contradictory advice from relatives, neighbors and "experts," there is a middle-management man who would give his three-button suit to "know whose order to follow. . ."

For every wife who wishes her husband understood what she's up against, who frets at his refusal to say precisely what he wants and expects, who waits in vain for him to express appreciation, there is a man on the career-ladder who wishes his superiors recognized "the problems involved in my work," wishes his responsibilities were "clearly defined," wishes he could "know where I stand so far as my superior is concerned."

Is it only in the "rat race" of business life that problems plague the working man—and woman, too, of course? How are things in the higher echelons of endeavor? Mothers who feel stultified by "life with little people" might ponder a remark of Adlai Stevenson's, made at the dedication of an abstract sculpture at United Nations headquarters.

"I am happy," he said, "to have something on this particular wall which expresses aspiration because just inside there are over 100 delegations which are more familiar with frustration and desperation than inspiration and aspiration."

From the United Nations to the united home less blame and more action would mean a better tomorrow. Are we just barely to

manage tomorrow, or are we to live fully? In our opinion, creativity, a creative age to come, is the only way we can combat the anxieties of tomorrow. Today we have only to be superior to each other; tomorrow, and this is a thought that has occurred to all of us, we may have to be superior to giant computers.

Creativity, of course, is just a word. Management, and management man and for that matter, management woman, have been sucked into a very abyss of language in which every new phrase and statement is an eddy of excitement, a wave of new knowledge or a typhoon of understanding. Alas, words do not weather the over-evaluation put upon them by people who think the use of the word implies the action behind the word. Words, more than anything else, except possibly feeling, have been shuffled and shuttled, stretched and telescoped, acclaimed and abused and yet, they are just words.

Creativity has the sound of magic. It crops up more and more into the vocabulary of management lives. It is simple enough to see why. We hear over and over again that this is the age of conformity, that we have lost the individual in the folds of good tailoring in the winter and the Bermuda shorts in the summer. That martinis and barbecues, station-wagons and sportcars are all hurtling us into a deadend garage, the last frontier of the automotive age.

How can we change all this? Because there always is an eagerness to change. Americans, we have pointed out before, take almost a delectable pleasure in revealing their own shortcomings in analyzing and attacking their own personalities and those organizations which have contained those personalities. Because it is about time we realized that organization is the end result of the personality not vice versa. It is not the organization that has made us what we are but it is the shape, sound and mores of our peoples that have made organizations what they are. We are a creative people, but say many, we have lost our creativity. Bring it back, they cry to the Board room, make it part of the discussion room, smooth it out on Madison Avenue where "creativity" has been recently rediscovered with a glibness that shoots life up a flagpole just to see if it can quiver.

Creativity has been around a long time. The creative act was probably first started when the Lord, working seven days instead of an union protected week, created this world we live in. But management has looked upon it as it looks upon so many things as a new discovery.

The suggestion box is a good symbol of our age.

For many it is the coffin of creativity itself. For others it has lead them on to remarkable ideas. Management life feels much happier when there is a container for creativity. Creativity is still considered rather dangerous like a mad dog running off its leash. Tuck it away in a box, preferably that old suggestion box, and you have got it licensed. It can be electronically evaluated. Machines have been developed recently that can reach their own conclusions, but still do not create. Even if they do in the future, so can we. This is one area of civilization where there is always room for one more thought, one more idea.

Hanns Sachs, a student of Freud's, pointed out years ago that the real surprise about the machine age was not that it had arrived with such splendor—but rather that it had taken so long to develop. Sachs said this was caused by the narcissism of the ancient and medieval worlds that placed the earth in the center of the cosmos, and the people of the earth in the center of the universe. In our time, our position in the cosmos and the universe have been completely disputed. It is interesting that some of the cries of anguish about automation have that desperate cry of the omnipotent child who is about to be displaced in the nursery.

Spokesmen have tried to calm those children for a century and a half:

I do not look on a human being as a machine, made to be kept in action by a foreign force, to accomplish an unvarying succession of notions, to do a fixed amount of work, and then to fall to pieces at death. . . ."

The Reverend William Ellery Channing preached those words in 1838. Today Norbert Wiener warns: "I have spoken of machines, but not only machines having brains of brass and throws of iron. When human atoms are knit into an organization in which they are used, not in their full right as responsible human beings, but as bogs and levers and rods, it matters little that their raw material is flesh and blood. What is used as an element in a machine, is an element in the machine. Whether we entrust our decisions to machines of metal, or to those machines of flesh and blood which are bureaus and vast laboratories and armies and corporations, we shall never receive the right answers to our questions unless we ask the right questions."

Will we ask the right questions? We think we will. If management age developed, as C. Wright Mills put it, an "enormous file"

that closeted the imaginative side of man, the space age opens up an enormous laboratory where the stars are the quartz crystal of a new dimension. There was never a management man with a soul so—well, at least so unimaginative, that beneath the vest of the gray flannel suit, under the pocket of the Brooks Brother shirt—did not fancy himself a captain of industry. We are all Walter Mittys in some part of us—and if we orbit with the astronauts when we sit at a desk—we will simply ask better questions.

Will we survive?

A good question surpassed by the best possible word: Yes. We will be rubbing shoulders, of course, with computers and there will be rust on the lapels of some gray flannel suits. But the spirit of the new age is Go.









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